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February 1, 1930

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Romance of a Great Man

a short story
By

Adela Rogers St. Johns

Lillian — Damon Runyon's short story

FEB. 1 1930

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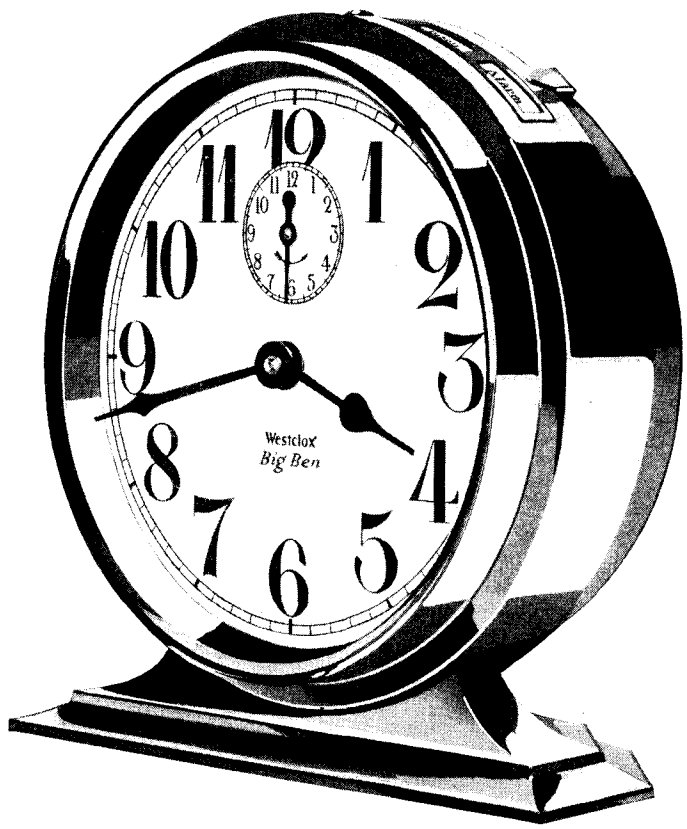

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

February 1, 1930

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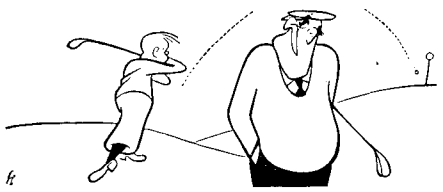
Next Week

THE story Ida M. Tarbell has written for the next issue is the story of some of the lines in Lincoln's face. Very little has been printed about Lincoln's romance with Ann Rutledge, his first love. The facts were buried away in forgotten letters, in the memories of men and women who years ago had heard their elders talk of Lincoln and Ann. Thirty years ago a stone slab was turned up in the ruins of the frontier village of New Salem and its inscription shed a little helpful light on the affair.

Piece by piece the story was picked up. Miss Tarbell, famous biographer of Lincoln, searched and studied diligently until she had the tragic story complete. Incidentally she has drawn a clear picture of the frontier town in which the Rutledges lived and to which Lincoln first came as a river boatman.



JEROME BEATTY'S story "Finders Keepers" is for golf enthusiasts, golf widows and widowers, club employees, members of greens committees, those who have not yet taken up the game and those who never will. The scenes are laid at the Two Pines Club in Kansas, a paradise where the women are permanently uninterested in refurnishing the clubhouse and believe, with good reason, that money should be spent on the course. The circumstances which brought about this blissful condition are detailed with sympathy and understanding by the Beatty boy.

—

OUR radio love-story girl gets the breaks with "Moonlight Bride," by Stephen Morehouse Avery, who is, thank Heaven, incurably romantic. The heroine gets a chance to register most of the emotions our radio girl knocks you over with on Sunday nights, beginning with despair and ending, as is proper, with joy slightly tinged with ecstasy. Go ahead and enjoy yourselves.

—

JOHN B. KENNEDY, our shy young associate, has spent the past week interviewing the girls who wear expensive clothes in fashion shows and whose pictures glorify the advertising pages of this and other American magazines. His object was to learn something about their manners and customs, how much and what they eat and—well, and so on. He learned a great deal, as you will discover in "Model Maids."

THE remainder of the issue startles us with its excellence. There is, for instance, the short story by Marc Connelly, who has gathered fame as a playwright; the last, we're sorry, of the King George articles; "Red-Hot Blues," a story by Jay Gelzer; a short short story by Guy Gilpatric; Mr. Grantland Rice, Mr. John Erskine, Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim and the rest of the boys. What a gang!

Any Week

FROM the richly talented Mr. E. L. Blystone of Ardara, Pennsylvania, we have received eleven grains of rice. On each, he has written in ink and with pen the full name, college and playing position of a member of Collier's All-America Football Team. In addition, Mr. Blystone has autographed each grain.

It was a labor of love. He asks us to forward the grains to the lads and adds that he chose rice for his tablets because Grantland Rice supervised the picking of the team. Neat, we call it.

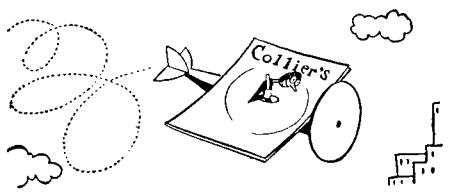
Ordinary mortals like ourselves require fine glasses to read the writing on the rice, but it's there as clear as the large inscription over the courthouse door. Mr. Blystone is one of our truly extraordinary friends. He once wrote twelve hundred letters on a single grain of rice. It may be viewed in the editorial offices of the "Rice Journal," Crowley, Louisiana.

To say nothing of his writing the Lord's Prayer once within a circle the size of a common pin head and thirty-two times within the circumference of a dime. Other details are that Mr. Blystone has no fingers on his left hand and wears no glasses for rice writing, although "for real fine work" he sometimes uses a low-power magnifying glass.

—

MR. LARRY B. CRONKETT of Portland, Oregon, congratulates us on having an aviation writer who writes of flying "with savvy."

He refers to Mr. W. B. Courtney, whose aviation articles, says Mr. Cronkett, are as well done and as scientifically sound "as I could do myself if I could write." Mr. Cronkett is a licensed pilot of long and cheerful experience. Doubtless he already knows that Mr. Courtney too is a clever and intelligent pilot. Which explains the "savvy."



"IT MIGHT interest you to know," writes Mr. R. M. Stewart of Wheaton, Illinois, "that the most clever parts of your magazine are the columns 'Next Week' and 'Any Week.'" And we thought that was our secret.

—

THE Rev. G. Wilder Pusey of Denver protests all Oppenheim stories because "they lend glamour to drinking, gambling and European crime." Mrs. Helen H. Bloomfield of Otsego, New York, claims to have read everything that Mr. Oppenheim has ever written for publication and hopes to outlive him so that she may continue ahead of the game. Several others write this way and that about Mr. Oppenheim's talents.

All of which proves an important point: That Mr. Oppenheim is widely read.

—

WHICH reminds us of what a Negro waiter said to us in the Ventura Hotel, Ashland, Kentucky. On the menu was "Ohio River Catfish à la Ventura" and we asked him whether he thought we'd like it.

"Cap'n," said he, "most of whut you asks depends on does you relish catfish."

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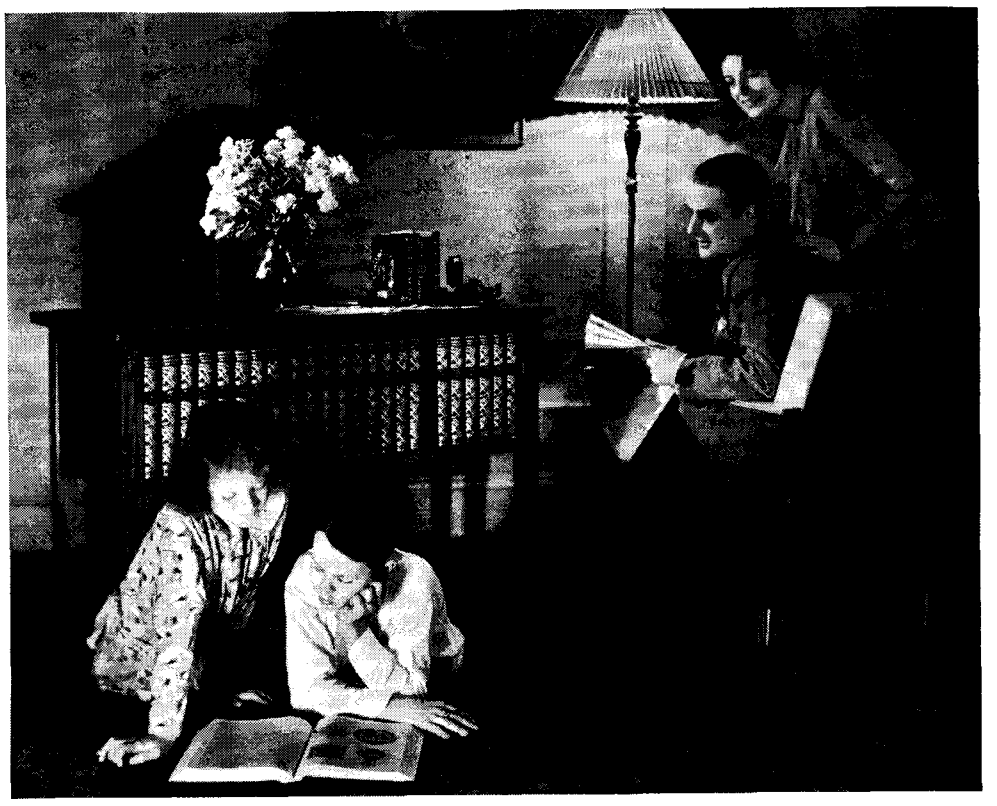

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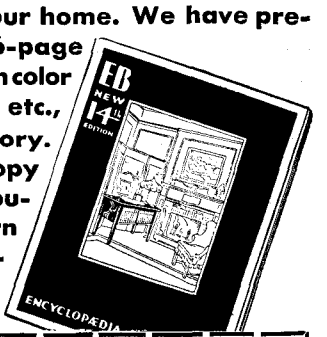

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The Romance of a Great Man

Whose genius did not bloom until it was watered with the tears of love and longing

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

THE world, which knew Freddie so well, never heard of Janey. They thought of many other women when Freddie's name was mentioned—the exquisite Fanita, with her hair like amber beads; the dark, sullen Italian princess; or Madame Abrantes, a great artist if ever there was one—but they never thought of Janey because they did not know about her.

Yet it was Janey, in Freddie's soul, that made the tears under that laughter by which he enriched mankind.

But for Janey he might not have been a great man.

She was the only woman he ever loved.

There can be scarcely anything less romantic than a music hall comic. That is what Freddie was when, in the great city of London, he first saw Janey.

Yet as he waited for her in the little square his heart was behaving as wildly as that of any leading man. And no poet could have surpassed the tremulous eccentricity of his actions.

First, he sat on a bench and drew patterns on the little path with the toe of his shoe. A woman came toward him and he suddenly froze, rigid and staring, for he was overtaken by the horrible thought that it might be the girl he expected—in such a hat!

After all, how could he tell? He had never seen her except across the footlights and he knew, having spent his life in the music halls, how great the illusion of grease paint could be. He had opened bills on which were girls who received scores of mash notes from out front but whom Freddie, seeing them close, found appallingly unattractive.

Now here he was, falling for the same game.

All his street-bred cynicism and his theater disillusionment had fallen from him when he saw her dancing up there, her feet twinkling like lights on the Thames. Such little feet. Freddie's heart melted before their helplessness.

SHE was down on the program as one of the AVALON SISTERS.

The woman in the awful hat passed by and Freddie came to life in passionate relief, jumped up and began to walk back and forth, swaggering a little with sheer, nervous bravado.

Would she come?

What would she think of him if she did?

He had done his very best for her. In fact, he had waited until he could save up some money before writing, using the freemasonry of their profession to make her acquaintance. Luck had been breaking his way lately. That new fall and the stuff on the bicycle with the fake baby had gone over big—at least big for Freddie.

So now he had a new bowler hat, quite the latest thing. Shiny, buttoned shoes and a new overcoat. The overcoat had caused him some days of indecision. Some might think it loud. But it was very sporting and Freddie had a vague feeling that he needed something rather strong if he was to be effective. For he was a little man and

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

A taxi drew up to the curb and a girl got out. Instantly he knew. An incredible feeling of warmth came over him, almost painful after his melancholy

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life had made him unsure of himself.

As he walked, he tipped the hat over one eye, experimentally. His thoughts were circling violently. Tipping your hat like that gave a bit of dash—and girls, what he knew of them, liked a bit of dash. Surely nobody would take him for a music hall comedian. He had done his best to look like his idol in the West End.

Another woman. Freddie was afraid to look. Swiftly she went her way and Freddie consulted his watch.

Four minutes past five.

He'd been here only fifteen minutes. She wasn't coming. Her wire had said five o'clock plain enough and now it was four minutes past. Of course she wasn't coming. Why should she? A little flower like that had better things to do with her time than waste it on a bum funny man. Maybe she'd seen his act, with all that vulgar tosh and that silly make-up. What was the use of spoofing himself, pretending to be a gentleman, when every time he opened his mouth he gave the show away?

A taxi drew up to the curb and a girl got out.

INSTANTLY he knew. He snatched off his hat. An incredible feeling of warmth came over him, almost painful after the cold sickness of his melancholy.

She was a very little girl in a simple, dark blue dress. Her arms were thin and the skin of them had a moonbeam pallor against the dark stuff of her dress. The thing he was always to remember about her was the wonder of her eyes. The rest of her face was ordinary enough, but he never had time to look at the rest of her face. He scarcely knew that her nose was commonplace and her mouth nothing to brag about and her chin ever so little receding.

A little thing, with winged feet, and the bottomless eyes of a faun.

In his exuberance he said too much. Words flowed from him. The combination of silence was lost to him. And she looked at him and smiled, a little half-smile.

"How about a little drive first and then say we have dinner? You'd like dinner, eh? Got to eat somewhere, now haven't you? And then I'd take you about to the theater. How's that, eh?"

"I should like that very much," she said, quietly, with the same little half-smile.

Shy, almost grave, not like most of those dancing girls, Freddie's heart recorded. And then, as they stepped into the taxi, he had a moment of frightful panic. Had he dropped any of his aitches?

For this girl was a lady. Nobody could make any mistake about that. The quiet way she carried her head, her low voice, her very gentleness stamped her. But somehow that didn't put him off. That was because he loved her.

There were some people who didn't believe in love at first sight. No more did Freddie. But this was not love at first sight. He had found something for which he had always searched. He had found the girl who stood beside him in those strange, half-true dreams that had made the horror of his life bearable. She had been with him when, at sixteen, he stood at night in the pouring rain, trying to pick up sixpence for a bed and a bite by finding a cab for late revelers. In those days, too, when he had been buffeted about as the goat of traveling tent shows.

Always, something inside of Freddie had forced him to look up at the stars and now he was sure he had seen her face there, shining down upon him.

"How long you been on the stage?" he said. "And tell me, is that your sister plays with you? I know about these sister acts. Not many of them sisters. Once, in Manchester, I played on a bill with a sister act and if you'd believe me, they was mother and daughter. Can you fancy that? And as for me, if I'd 'ave had to take my pick, I'd have picked the mother. Another act I knew—it was in Brighton one summer, the first summer I sang that song when I was on the tight rope—no more sisters than you and me. 'Ow they fought. And such langwidge. It fair made your blood run cold. Not always what they look, sister acts. But yours is different, I'd say."

HER eyes had an odd trick of following his lips.

"Yes," she said softly, "we're really sisters. Our name isn't Avalon. It's Binder. Mine is Janey and my sister's is Gladys. She thought Avalon sounded better. Gladys is wonderful. She'll be a big success some day. Nothing ever frightens her."

His heart said: "You're wonderful. You are beautiful. You are woman and you are beauty." The poetry in his heart glowed in his eyes. But his lips were awestruck.

"We went on the stage when Father died," the girl said, across the little table in the cheap café. The light played on her lips as they moved and thrilled him. "Father was a clergyman. He wouldn't have liked it. But Gladys had always wanted to go on the stage. She says it's the best place to get along. And there wasn't much else for us to do. Father had us educated but it's hard to make a living just out of education."

He noticed that her hands were very quiet. Most women had restless hands. Later, when he saw the pictured hands of the early Italian madonnas they reminded him of Janey's quiet little hands.

He took her back to the theater and then went out in front to watch her dance. Yes, Gladys had looks. But not the soft, star-like charm of Janey.

He felt one with her. No explanation for it. Every time he saw her he became more conscious of it. All the thoughts and feelings that seethed in him crystallized in her presence. The divine fire of creation flamed when her eyes watched. The power to see beauty in all things, to dream comedy and pathos into the commonplace, to lift the sordid into soul-drama, was torn out from under his fear of life because of Janey.

In her was much of the child. A sweet and simple something with which his bruised spirit could be at ease. But she did not laugh readily. He made her laugh. He worked to make her laugh as he never worked afterwards when every laugh meant thousands of dollars in the box office. Sometimes then, when he was working on a scene, he would think of Janey and how to make her laugh and then his gag would be so successful that they called it genius.

But it was the continual ache for her that made the tears, that made him so lost and pitiful, even when you were laughing at him.

HE DIDN'T need Gladys to tell him that he wasn't good enough for Janey. The clown might make the queen laugh, but what else had he to offer her? But Gladys told him just the same.

"I don't say you aren't all right, Freddie," she said, "and I haven't anything against you personally. But you'll never be anything but a funny man. Opening bills is about as far as you'll get. Janey is pretty and she's sweet and with me to help her, she'll find a soft nest some day. And it's best she should. She isn't built like I am. She needs someone to look after her and give her a home. You—tramping around in this business the way you do—what kind of a life would that be for a girl like Janey?"

There was a hard streak in Gladys.

"Besides," she said, and it is doubtful if she knew the cruelty of her words, for smart as she was Gladys could never see the quivering of a soul through the curtain of flesh, "besides, Janey's a little above—your sort. A woman would get pretty sick of being married to a funny man, Freddie."

Ah, how well he knew all that. He, who would have thought it too little to bring the sun, moon and stars to Janey on a silk cushion.

He walked out of Gladys' dressing-

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The boat docked. The place was black with people; the air mad with cheers. "Freddie! Freddie!"

room, jauntily smoking a cigarette, making out he didn't care. And when, in the dingy corridor, he met her little brother Percy he said, "Hi there, young Perce. How's things been in the City?"

Percy giggled. He adored Freddie. Once, at the Zoo, Freddie had done an imitation of a monkey in a cage that made young Percy roll on the grass with laughter. Janey had stood by and watched and smiled, her little half-smile that Freddie liked to think had just a touch of special tenderness in it when she looked at him.

The Zoo. Fifteen minutes in a railroad station where their trails crossed by accident. A week in a seaport town, when they sat and watched the ships plying up and down, carrying their cargoes to far places. A summer day in London when they went to Kew Gardens and she crushed a tiny piece of lemon verbena between her fingers and held it close that he might catch its fragrance.

That was what he had of her, glorious moments burning deep and deeper, before upheaval overtook them.

Gladys got into the Gaiety. She had always said she would.

And Freddie got an offer to go to America.

"That's a long way off," said Janey. Her eyes were veiled.

For the first time something flashed up within Freddie. Why not ask her to go with him? Why not tell her that he loved her? No one would ever love her as he did. His need was terrible.

He moved across the stuffy little sitting-room and took her hands and kissed them. He stroked their trembling as he might have stroked a frightened bird.

"I love you, I love you, I love you," his heart said.

Other women heard his lips say those words in the years to come. But only that once did his heart say them. And it seemed to him that she heard, that their hearts were tied together by some mysterious cord that vibrated in a single beat.

But the destinies of men of genius hang upon slender threads, upon moods, upon feelings that shift as a rainbow scarf shifts in the wind. With Freddie, the fates had interminably tangled the threads of comedy and tragedy.

For upon that delicate and quivering moment entered young Percy.

"O—oh, hello, Freddie," yelped young Percy, and he made a dash at the funny man. "O—oo, Freddie, do the monkey in the Zoo for me, will ya?"

Freddie stared at him.

"Freddie's going to America," said Janey. "We shall miss him, shan't we?"

She smiled at him.

Somehow, Freddie managed to smile back.

"HE'S a queer duck, that Freddie is," the boys in the office of the great film company said to one another. "Must like bouquets, that guy. Lookit the way he's always coming down here snooping through his fan mail. Gee, he goes through it with a fine-tooth comb. Wonder if Freddie's got the swell head."

That wasn't it.

He was searching for Janey's handwriting on one of the thousands of letters that poured in every week. Surely, in London, she had heard of his strange success, had seen his name blazoned in tremendous letters over theaters and upon billboards. Was it too much to hope that she would write to tell him she was glad?

He had never written to Janey. If his speech betrayed his origin, his lack of an education to match hers, how much more his handwriting. Bitterly sometimes, in those first bitter shamed days in New York, he sat down with pencil and paper and wrote out his thoughts. But he could not express himself in the unfamiliar medium and he wept over the results and flung the sodden mass into the corner.

But it was because he wanted to write to Janey that he began to study and opened golden doors into the stored beauty of all the ages. Then he began to see that his own visions were the reincarnation of ancient glory and his dreams not strange impossible things, but kin to the highest thoughts of past centuries.

At first he was almost frightened. Then his heart ached for Janey, who of all the world might understand such strange happenings in the breast of a funny man.

The ache for Janey grew into ambition at last. Was it not possible that he might somehow make himself worthy of her? All through history, he found men had climbed up to the women they loved. Time meant nothing to him if only some day he might have gifts to offer her.

But as his fame grew that deep sensitiveness grew with it. Wasn't he, after all, still a funny man? The screen's premier clown?

THEY began to say that he was a great artist. That the silent medium through which he could reach out and touch men and women upon their naked heartstrings was art in his hands. Beneath the simple little scenes he enacted for the camera, behind and through them like some rich, deep overtone, was the love and suffering that went to make up his heart. The elect no longer hesitated to call that genius. But how can genius enter in save through a broken heart?

The world loved him and laughed with him and wept over him and was grateful to him for the joy he brought.

No one could be grateful to Janey, who was in every breath and heartbeat of him, who had made his soul sensitive with suffering, his heart sublime with love, his mind a wide tolerance for the whole world, except Freddie. He was

(*Continued on page 53*)

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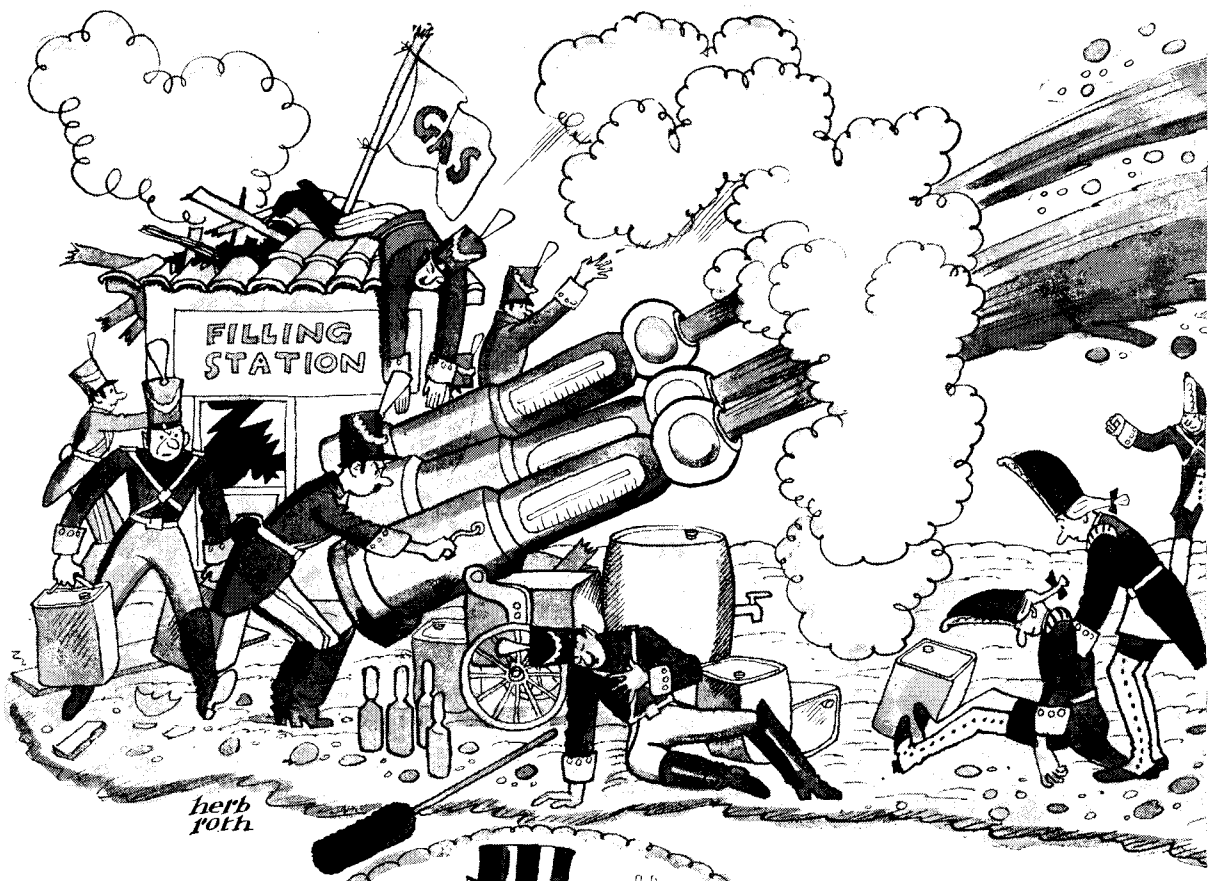
The Battle at the Pumps

Men will dig wells. And some of them strike oil. The obvious thing to do is to sell it. But there are just so many consumers—and no more. And as the well owners can't afford to store the oil, they have to find buyers. There you have the makings of battle. And if you don't think these oil producers fight over you, the consumer, read this. It will give you a fresh sense of importance

By John T. Flynn



THE next time you hear talk of the great petroleum trust that strangles competition remember the story of Bill Smith.

Bill was an impecunious gentleman in my neighborhood. He had neither money, job nor credit. So he went to the Bungle Oil Company, described his bankrupt condition and announced that he was about to set up as a merchant of gasoline.

The Bungle Oil Company promptly advised him that it would furnish the necessary pump and storage tank and a few minor odds and ends. It would install them without cost, furnish him with a sign and help him get a vacant lot on which to locate his business.

And so in a few days Bill Smith blossomed forth as the ruler of a new drive-in filling station, with beautiful red pumps, a sign bearing his name and further announcing that he sold Bungle Oil—The Gas with the Kick.

About sixty days later a scout from the Snappy Gas Company appeared at the Smith drive-in.

"You're making only two cents a gallon on this Bungle oil," he crooned. "Now I'll tell you what you do: Pull those red pumps up by the roots, put in our pumps and we'll give you a three-cent profit on your gas."

The next time I passed Bill's place I saw lettuce-green pumps and a new sign proclaiming that he sold Snappy Gas.

But lo, in a few more months I observed that the lettuce-green pumps had gone and that Smith's drive-in had taken on new airs. There was a fine concrete driveway instead of the old rough cinder road. The color scheme had changed to a brilliant yellow. Smith was selling That Grand Gland Gasoline.

But Bill was not done with progress. Before long there arose on his lot a cozy little stucco house of Spanish design. There were more pumps, lubricating wagons, compression greasing lifts and more signs and paint of another color and a different kind of gas. The place is now an elaborate drive-in. The people about whisper that this must be a pretty good business. They saw Smith start less than two years ago with nothing and now he is the owner of this prosperous-looking business.

What they do not realize is that Bill is a war baby. He has gotten in between the combatants in the Great War for Gasoline Gallonage and has collected a little bit from each one of them.

There are about 25,000,000 motor cars in this country. Each one of them uses about 560 gallons of gasoline every year. Scores of big oil companies and hundreds of jobbers are battling with each other to get their gasoline into those automobile tanks. The only place they can connect with the automobile tank is at the filling station.

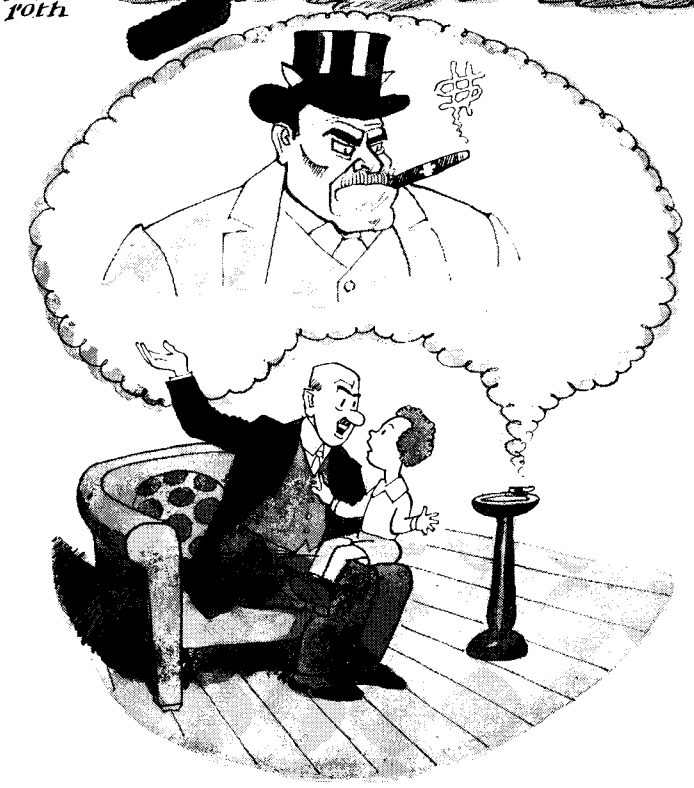
This oil business is a little world of incessant war. It is made up of innumerable battle fronts. The fight starts when the wildcatter puts his drill down into the ground for crude oil. It goes on at every stage until the automobilist drives up for his ten gallons to last through the week. And no one of these battle fronts is marked by such ceaseless, ruthless, savage competition as this last one where is being waged the Battle of the Pumps.

And this is the business which old John D. Rockefeller set out sixty years ago to make into a world monopoly. He very nearly succeeded. Back in 1909 the Standard Oil Company made eighty-five out of every hundred gallons of oil products sold in the country.

But today all this is changed. In 1928 the various Standard Oil companies turned out about thirty-one per cent of the gasoline, while their rivals, many of them great, powerful corporations, handled sixty-nine per cent.

The Great Octopus Myth

Nowhere is to be found a more impressive commentary on the futility of man's designs against the great, overmastering forces of nature and economics. Never in the history of industry has such an amount of wealth, energy, brilliant strategy and masterful field generalship, all under the command of one of the greatest industrial captains that ever lived, been organized for the capture and control of any business. It was the grand campaign to rout out competition as the one great industrial enemy. And now at the end of sixty years this industry is shot through with more intense and savage competition in all its departments than any other in the world.



The big business baron is essential in our folk tales

It is very hard to kill an old story, particularly if it is a good one. Such an old story is that which visualizes the Standard Oil Company as the great octopus, its tentacles reaching over the continent. That was true once. It isn't true any more. But you can never get anyone to believe this.

The truth is that the American people love their octopi. They must have them. The vision of a powerful industrial baron, ruling a vast industry with an iron hand, raking in millions, bowling over weaker rivals, stuffing legislators in his pocket, striding the earth like a conqueror, is a figure very dear to our hearts. He is essential in our folk tales. Newspapers denounce him. Agitators call upon the oppressed masses to tremble. And the masses pretend to tremble.

But that's only part of the show. The truth is they like it all. We insist on having our ruthless industrial freebooters, as we demand our movie heroes, our performing society heroes and villains, our favorite murderers and our prize-fight and football stars. It's all a part of our great national drama. And so we refuse to give up our great business baron, even after he has ceased to exist.

No one of these battles is

Besides, in the case of the Standard Oil Company, we see it everywhere. Its pumps dot the roads in every region. Its tanks are spread over the world. We hear of it fighting battles in England and Russia and India and South America, operating under a score of names but all ruled by a small group of master minds sitting at 26 Broadway, New York, in some mysterious way under the dominion of old John D., acting through his son. It's a perfectly grand story. But it isn't so.

When the Standard Oil Company was dissolved by the Supreme Court in 1911, there were thirty-three separate corporations all owned by the Standard of New Jersey. After the dissolution each company became a separate corporation. Of course they had the same stockholders. The old managers remained as directors. They had been closely allied under the old masters. They were friends. They therefore continued to act as friends. Under the old order, of course, each of the big marketing companies had a special region to operate in.

The Standard of New York worked in New York and New England.

The New Jersey company had New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, the District of Columbia and the Carolinas.

Pennsylvania and Delaware were served by the Atlantic Refining Company.

The Standard of Indiana had as its domain Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota.

The Standard of California had the Pacific coast and part of Arizona.

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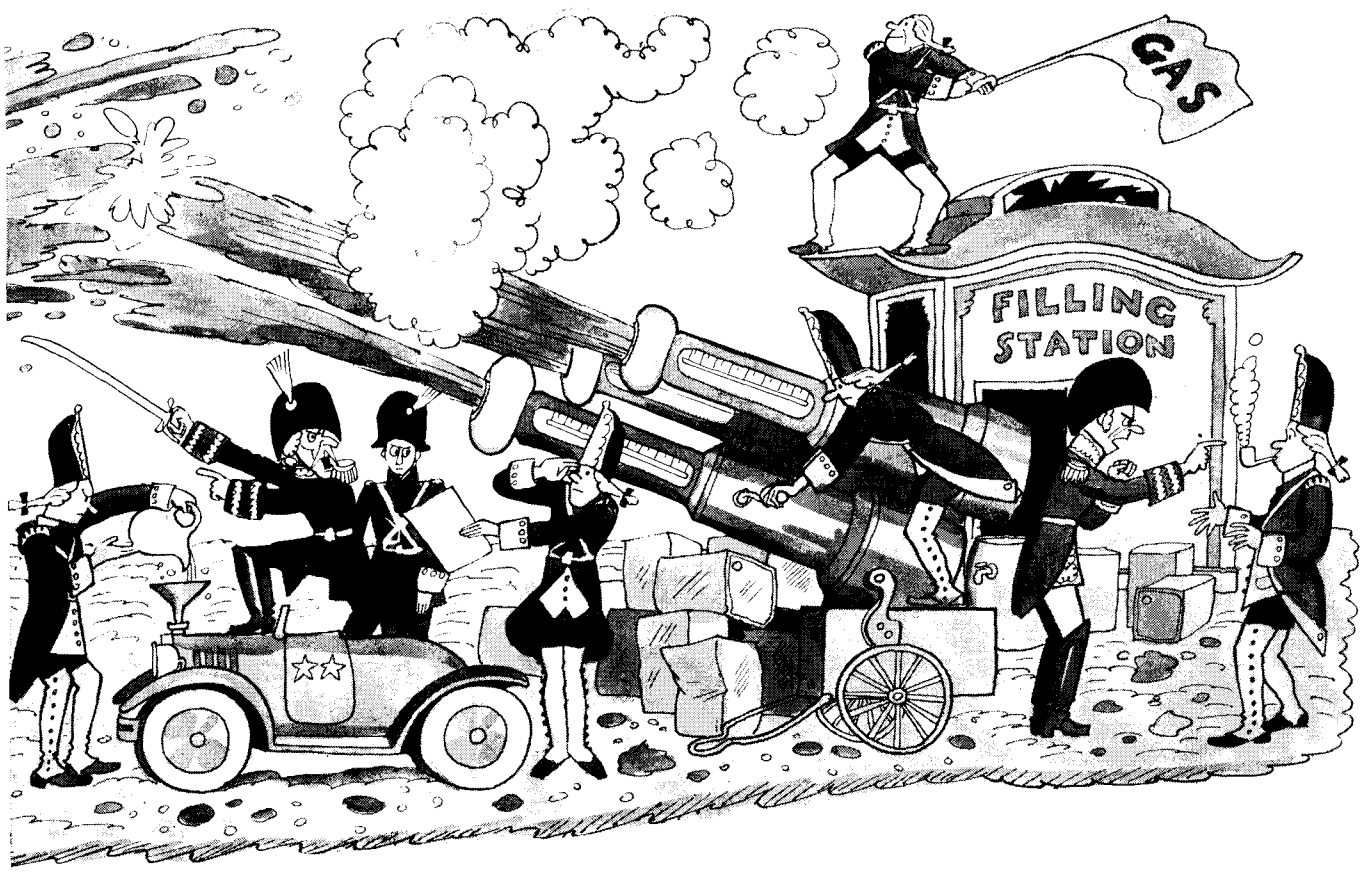


marked by such ceaseless, ruthless, savage competition as that waged around the filling stations

The Standard of Kentucky had that state, Tennessee, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana.

The Rocky Mountain region was served by the Continental Oil Company.

Then there were Standard Oil companies of Kansas, Nebraska and Ohio working in those states. There were other Standard Oil companies but they were pipe line, shipping, manufacturing and financial corporations. Those named above were the refiners and marketers. For a dozen years after the dissolution these companies continued to operate in their allotted regions, with some slight modifications. Each company respected the reservations of the others. And the people as a whole laughed when they thought of the "dissolution" decree.

But meantime the country had been growing. The old leaders were passing out of the picture. New men, unhampered by the old traditions, took the reins. New conditions arose. Then suddenly one day the news ran through 26 Broadway that the Atlantic Refining Company had opened a string of filling stations in New England.

Here was one Standard Oil company leaving its fastnesses in Pennsylvania and actually entering the preserves of another to give it battle. There was a lifting of eyebrows at 26 Broadway. Elderly gentlemen shook their heads. Could it be possible that the arch-dragon Competition which John D. Rockefeller had slain had actually returned to set Standard Oil companies themselves into rivalry with each other?

It was worse than true, for hardly had the amazement and grief abated when another Standard Oil unit appeared in New York harbor—this time the Standard of Indiana under the command of that arch-individualist, Colonel Robert Stewart, to challenge the Standard of New York for a share of the fuel-oil business. And a little later the same concern invaded the field of the New Jersey company by going into Baltimore harbor with a tanker loaded with bunker oil.

Family Warfare

The old regional frontier lines of the great Standard Oil confederacy have been almost obliterated. The Standard Oil of New York owns its famous citadel, 26 Broadway. The Standard of New Jersey is a tenant. Teagle heads the New Jersey company. Meyer heads the New York company. Their offices are on different floors of the same building. They are near neighbors. But actually they are far apart.

Only recently the New Jersey company looked hungrily at the rich territory of the New York company. Now you will see gasoline service stations all over New England selling Colonial gasoline. It is sold by the Beacon Oil Company, which controls a large string of stations. In fact the Beacon Oil Company is a subsidiary of the Standard of New Jersey, operating in the territory of the New York company. Not long ago the papers announced the organization of a new Standard Oil company—the Standard of Pennsylvania. This is also a subsidiary of the New Jersey company, which will compete with the Atlantic Refining Company in the latter's Pennsylvania demesne.

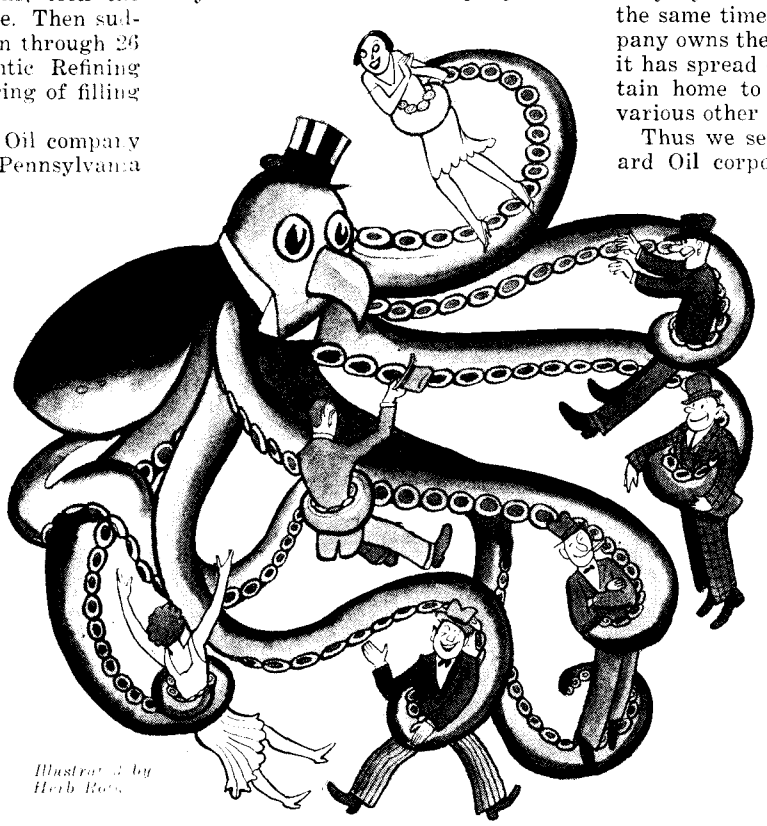
In the Southwest the Humble Oil Company competes with the Magnolia Oil Company—two Standard subsidiaries. The Pan-American Oil Company is in the field in competition with various other Standard units. This company was bought some years ago from Doheny by the Standard of Indiana. At the same time the Continental Oil Company owns the Marland Oil and through it has spread out from its Rocky Mountain home to bid for business against various other Standard concerns.

Thus we see that these many Standard Oil corporations not only are not just parts of one great confederated petroleum empire, but are so many wholly independent and competing concerns, mewed up for some years each in its own region, but now all spreading out as full-fledged rivals of each other. This was inevitable.

The Texas Company had the whole United States as its field. So had the Sinclair. It was not to be expected that a great concern like the Standard of New Jersey would long be satisfied with just seven states on the Atlantic seaboard.

What has happened to the Standard has, in a measure, happened to the whole oil industry. Oil is found in twenty-six states. As a matter of fact, the great bulk of the oil we consume is obtained from ten states grouped in well-defined regions. Formerly each region marketed its oil more or less within its limits. But that is no longer true.

California and Texas have become the great sources of recent floods. California brought to its surface in the first seven months of 1929 forty-eight million barrels of oil, but could use only twenty-one million. Texas brought up fifty-two million and used only twelve. These states, therefore, had to find markets everywhere and so California and Texas oil found its way north, south, east and west.



Illustrated by Herb Roth

The American people love their octopi

Guardians of the Pump

The year 1929 produced a billion gallons of oil. The first billion-gallon year.

Someone had to be found to buy it. And of course it is all bought ultimately at the filling pump. Hence the struggle to get control of the pumps.

The extent of this filling station business is amazing. Every now and then we hear about unemployment. Most of this talk is based upon the figures for factory employment.

New machines come into the factories and displace men. It is possible to make more automobiles today with fewer men because of modern machine methods. But after the automobile is on the road it takes men to look after it—mechanics to repair it, painters to revamp it, accessory stores to sell parts for it, tire companies to keep it shod, highway officials and workmen to supply it with roads and, not least, gas stations to keep it nourished.

I do not know how many are engaged in the other multitudinous services an automobile requires. But there are 317,000 retail outlets to supply gasoline in this country and wherever there is a retail gas station of any kind there is a man to attend it. There is at least one station which employs as many as one hundred and sixty men.

If all our roads were to be arranged end to end in one great road wrapped around and around the earth, the gas stations would be found just a trifle over a mile apart. No danger any more of being left with a dry tank. Run out of gas almost anywhere and you can coast to the next gas pump.

A survey made two years ago by the Bowser Pump Company of Indiana showed that there were 125,000 so-called drive-ins, 52,000 gasoline stations in garages and 140,000 roadside or curb-side fills. Undoubtedly the numbers are greater today. This filling-station step in the gasoline business involves an investment of a billion dollars.

Follow the Oil Line

Up to the present, anybody has been able to get into the retail gasoline business. All it has required has been carfare to the nearest oil refiner or jobber to ask him to back you. One result is that in this business, alone among retail trades, practically all the machinery for doing business belongs to the wholesalers—the refiners. The pumps, the storage tanks, the air-compressors, the lubricating lifts you see as you glide along the roads, all belong to the oil refiners and jobbers. To be precise, eighty-five per cent of them do. The service stations merely borrow them.

The course of oil from the ground to the ultimate user may not be so well understood. The oil is brought out of the ground at the wells by some seven thousand producing companies. And, outside of a few of the leading ones, they are usually in trouble—enjoying prosperity one year and sinking into

(Continued on page 34)

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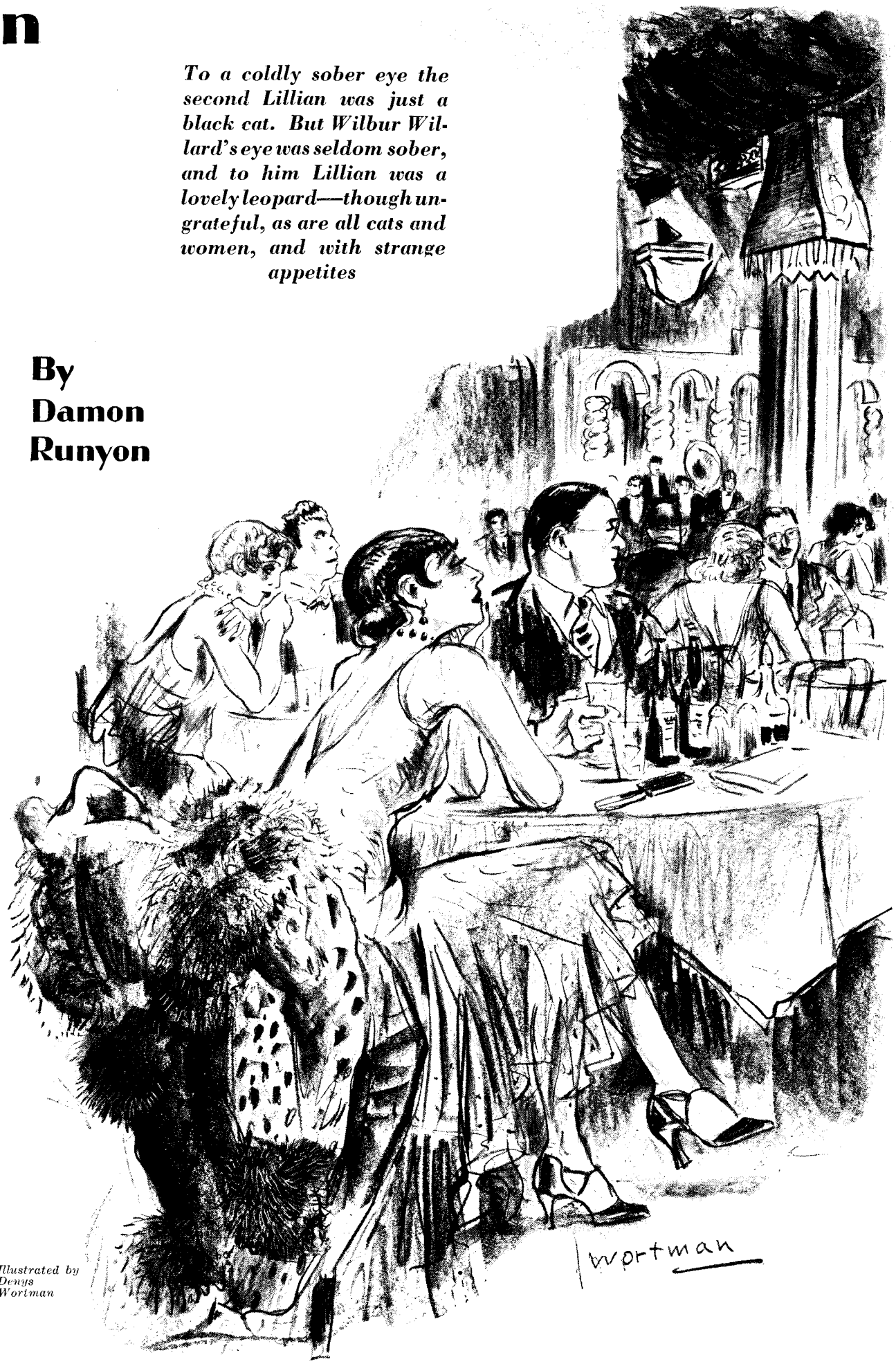
Lillian

To a coldly sober eye the second Lillian was just a black cat. But Wilbur Willard's eye was seldom sober, and to him Lillian was a lovely leopard—though ungrateful, as are all cats and women, and with strange appetites

By Damon Runyon



Illustrated by Denys Wortman

WHAT I always say is that Wilbur Willard is nothing but a very lucky guy, because what is it but luck that has him teetering along Forty-ninth Street one cold snowy morning when Lillian is mer-owing around the sidewalk looking for her mamma?

And what is it but luck that has Wilbur Willard all mulled up to a million, what with him having been sitting out a few seidels of Scotch with a friend by the name of Haggerty in an apartment over in Fifty-ninth Street? Because if Wilbur Willard is not mulled up he will see Lillian as nothing but a little black cat, and give her plenty of room, for everybody knows that black cats are terribly bad luck, even when they are only kittens.

But being mulled up like I tell you, things look very different to Wilbur Willard, and he does not see Lillian as a little black kitten scrabbling around in the snow. He sees a beautiful leopard, because a copper by the name of O'Hara, who is walking past about then, and who knows Wilbur Willard, hears him say:

"Oh, you beautiful leopard!"

The copper takes a quick peek himself, because he does not wish any leopards running around his beat, it being against the law, but all he sees, as he tells me afterwards, is this rumpot ham, Wilbur Willard, picking up a scrawny little black kitten and shoving it in his overcoat pocket, and he also hears Wilbur say:

"Your name is Lillian."

Then Wilbur teeters on up to his room on the top floor of an old fleabag in Eighth Avenue that is called the Hotel de Brussels, where he lives quite a while, because the management does not mind actors, the management of the Hotel de Brussels being very broad-minded, indeed.

THERE is some complaint this same morning from one of Wilbur's neighbors, an old burlesque doll by the name of Minnie Madigan, who is not working since Abraham Lincoln is assassinated, because she hears Wilbur going on in his room about a beautiful leopard, and calls up the clerk to say that a hotel which allows wild animals is not respectable. But the clerk looks in on Wilbur and finds him playing with nothing but a harmless-looking little black kitten, and nothing comes of the old doll's beef, especially as nobody ever claims the Hotel de Brussels is respectable anyway, or at least not much.

Of course when Wilbur comes out from under the ether next afternoon he can see Lillian is not a leopard, and in fact Wilbur is quite astonished to find himself in bed with a little black kitten, because it seems Lillian is sleeping on Wilbur's chest to keep warm. At first Wilbur does not believe what he sees, and puts it down to Haggerty's Scotch, but finally he is convinced, and so he puts Lillian in his pocket, and takes her over to the Hot Box night club and gives her some milk, of which it seems Lillian is very fond.

Now where Lillian comes from in the first place of course nobody knows. The chances are somebody chucks her out of a window into the snow, because people are always chucking kittens, and one thing and another, out of windows in New York. In fact, if there is one thing this town has plenty of, it is kittens, which finally grow up to be cats, and go snooping around ash cans, and mer-owing on roofs, and keeping people from sleeping good.

Personally, I have no use for cats, including kittens, because I never see one that has any too much sense, although I know a guy by the name of Pussy McGuire who makes a first-rate living doing nothing but stealing cats, and sometimes dogs, and selling them to old dolls who like such things for company. But Pussy only steals Persian and Angora cats, which are very fine cats, and of course Lillian is no such cat as this. Lillian is nothing but a black cat, and nobody will give you a dime a dozen for black cats in this town, as they are generally regarded as very bad jinxes.

Furthermore, it comes out in a few weeks that Wilbur Willard can just as well name her Herman, or Sidney, as not, but Wilbur sticks to Lillian, because this is the name of his partner when he is in vaudeville years ago. He often tells me about Lillian Withington when he is mulled up, which is more often than somewhat, for Wilbur is a great hand for drinking Scotch, or rye, or bourbon, or gin, or whatever else there is around for drinking, except water. In fact, Wilbur Willard is a high-class drinking man, and it does no good to tell him it is against the law to drink in this country, because it only makes him mad, and he says to the dickens with the law, only Wilbur Willard uses a much rougher word than dickens.

"She is like a beautiful leopard," Wilbur says to me about Lillian Withington. "Black-haired, and black-eyed, and all ripply, like a leopard I see in an

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In fact, many a doll does do some pitching to Wilbur when he is singing in the Hot Box, but somehow Wilbur never gives them a tumble

animal act on the same bill at the Palace with us once. We are headliners then," he says, "Willard and Withington, the best singing and dancing act in the country.

"I pick her up in San Antonio, which is a spot in Texas," Wilbur says. "She is not long out of a convent, and I just lose my old partner, Mary McGee, who ups and dies on me of pneumonia down there. Lillian wishes to go on the stage, and joins out with me. A natural-born actress with a great voice. But like a leopard," Wilbur says. "Like a leopard. There is cat in her, no doubt of this, and cats and women are both ungrateful. I love Lillian Withington. I wish to marry her. But she is cold to me. She says she is not going to follow the stage all her life. She says she wishes money, and luxury, and a fine home, and of course a guy like me cannot give a doll such things.

"I wait on her hand and foot," Wilbur says. "I am her slave. There is nothing I will not do for her. Then one day she walks in on me in Boston very cool and says she is quitting me. She says she is marrying a rich guy there. Well, naturally it busts up the act and I never have the heart to look for another partner, and then I get to belting that old black bottle around, and now what am I but a cabaret performer?"

Then sometimes he will bust out crying, and sometimes I will cry with him, although the way I look at it, Wilbur gets a pretty fair break, at that, in getting rid of a doll who wishes things he cannot give her. Many a guy in this town is tangled up with a doll who wishes things he cannot give her, but who keeps him tangled up just the same and busting himself trying to keep her quiet.

Wilbur makes pretty fair money as an entertainer in the Hot Box, though he spends most of it for Scotch, and he is not a bad entertainer, either. I often go to the Hot Box when I am feeling blue to hear him sing Melancholy Baby, and Moonshine Valley, and other sad songs which break my heart. Personally, I do not see why any doll cannot love Wilbur, especially if they listen to him sing such songs as Melancholy Baby when he is mulled up good, because he is a tall, nice-looking guy with long eyelashes, and sleepy brown eyes, and his voice has a low moaning sound that usually goes very big with the dolls. In fact, many a doll does do some pitching to Wilbur when he is singing in the Hot Box, but somehow Wilbur never gives them a tumble, which I suppose is because he is thinking only of Lillian Withington.

WELL, after he gets Lillian, the black kitten, Wilbur seems to find a new interest in life, and Lillian turns out to be right cute, and not bad-looking after Wilbur gets her fed up good. She is blacker than a yard up a chimney, with not a white spot on her, and she grows so fast that by and by Wilbur cannot carry her in his pocket any more, so he puts a collar on her and leads her around. So Lillian becomes very well known on Broadway, what with Wilbur taking her many places, and finally she does not even have to be led around by Willard, but follows him like a pooch. And in all the Roaring Forties there is no pooch that cares to have any truck with Lillian, for she will leap aboard them quicker than you can say scat, and scratch and bite them until they are very glad indeed to get away from her.

But of course the pooches in the Forties are mainly nothing but Chows, and Pekes, and Poms, or little woolly white poodles, which are led around by blond dolls, and are not fit to take their own part against a smart cat. In fact, Wilbur Willard is finally not on speaking terms with any doll that owns a pooch between Times Square and Columbus Circle, and they are all hoping that both Wilbur and Lillian will go lay down and die somewhere. Furthermore, Wilbur has a couple of battles with guys who also belong to the dolls, but Wilbur is no sucker in a battle if he is not mulled up too much and legweary.

After he is through entertaining people in the Hot Box, Wilbur generally goes around to any speakeasies which may still be open, and does a little offhand drinking on top of what he already drinks down in the Hot Box, which is plenty, and although it is considered very risky in this town to mix Hot Box liquor with any other, it never seems to bother Wilbur. Along toward daylight he takes a couple of bottles of Scotch over to his room in the Hotel de Brussels and uses them for a nightcap, so by the time Wilbur Willard is ready to slide off to sleep he has plenty of liquor of one kind and another inside him, and he sleeps pretty good.

Of course nobody on Broadway blames Wilbur so very much for being such a rumpot, because they know about him loving Lillian Withington, and losing her, and it is considered a reasonable excuse in this town for a guy to do some drinking when he loses a doll, which is why there is so much drinking here, but it is a mystery to one and all how Wilbur stands off all this liquor without croaking. The cemeteries are full of guys who do a lot less drinking than Wilbur, but he never even seems to feel extra tough, or if he does he keeps it to himself and does not go around saying it is the kind of liquor you get nowadays.

He costs some of the boys around Mindy's plenty of dough one winter, because he starts in doing most of his drinking after hours in Good Time Charley's speakeasy, and the boys lay a price of four to one against him lasting until spring, never figuring a guy can drink very much of Good Time Charley's liquor and keep on living. But Wilbur Willard does it just the same, so everybody says the guy is just naturally superhuman, and lets it go at that.

SOMETIMES Wilbur drops into Mindy's with Lillian following him on the lookout for pooches, or riding on his shoulder if the weather is bad, and the two of them will sit with us for hours chewing the rag about one thing and another. At such times Wilbur generally has a bottle on his hip and takes a shot now and then, but of course this does not come under the head of serious drinking with him. When Lillian is with Wilbur she always lays as close to him as she can get and anybody can see that she seems to be very fond of Wilbur, and that he is very fond of her, although he sometimes forgets himself and speaks of her as a beautiful leopard. But of course this is only a slip of the tongue, and anyway if Wilbur gets any pleasure out of thinking Lillian is a leopard, it is nobody's business but his own.

"I suppose she will run away from me some day," Wilbur says, running his hand over Lillian's back until her fur crackles. "Yes, although I give her plenty of liver and catnip, and one thing and another, and all my affection, she will probably give me the shake. Cats are like women, and women are like cats. They are both very ungrateful."

"They are both generally bad luck," Big Nig, the crap shooter, says. "Especially cats, and most especially black cats."

MANY other guys tell Wilbur about black cats being bad luck, and advise him to slip Lillian into the North River some night with a sinker on her, but Wilbur claims he already has all the bad luck in the world when he loses Lillian Withington, and that Lillian, the cat, cannot make it any worse, so he goes on taking extra good care of her, and Lillian goes on getting bigger and bigger until I commence thinking maybe there is some St. Bernard in her.

Finally I commence to notice something funny about Lillian. Sometimes she will be acting very loving towards Wilbur, and then again she will be very unfriendly to him, and will spit at him, and snatch at him with her claws, very hostile. It seems to me that she is all right when Willard is mulled up, but is as sad and fretful as he is himself when he is only a little bit mulled. And when Lillian is sad and fretful she makes it very tough indeed on the pooches in the neighborhood of the Brussels.

In fact, Lillian takes to pooch-hunting, sneaking off when Wilbur is getting his rest, and running pooches bowlegged, especially when she finds one that is not on a leash. A loose pooch is

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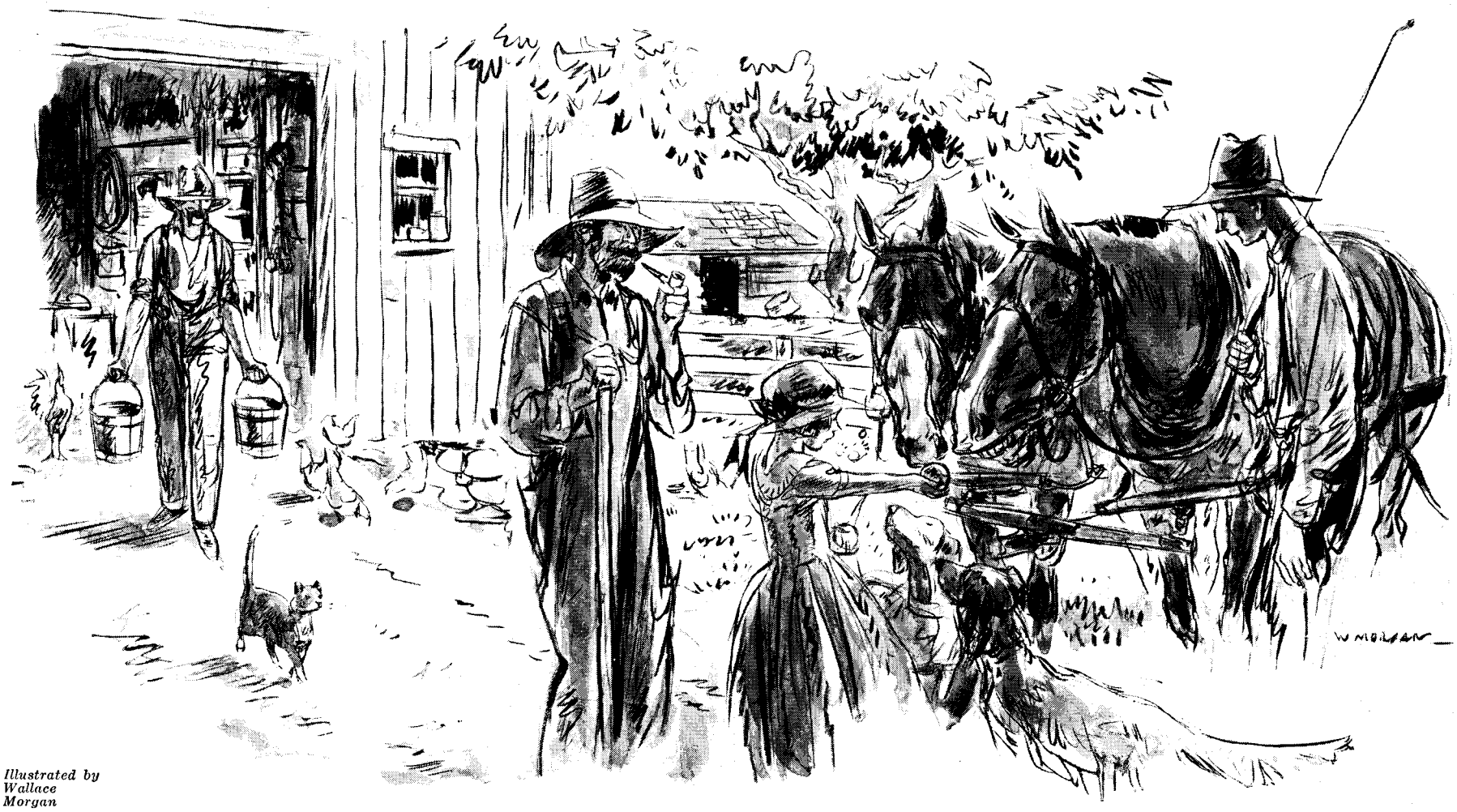

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

She was at home with all the farm hands, and devoted to all the animals

Uncle Sam

By John Erskine

The Story Thus Far:

HIS schooldays ended, young Sam (who later comes to be known as "Uncle Sam") shocks his conventional family by announcing that he intends to become a peddler! His older brothers—John, Frederick and Orlando—protest vigorously. Even Antoinette, his lovely sister, who understands and adores him, joins the chorus. All to no avail.

The boy longs to go out into the world, far from the puritanical tyranny of a small town. And having purchased a pack-load of tinware (with money lent him by Antoinette) he sets forth.

He enjoys his adventures on the road. But presently, almost penniless, he is forced to become a schoolmaster in a tiny country school. Again he is unsuccessful. William Martin, the farmer who has hired him, disapproves of his liberal methods. He resigns. . . . To his surprise, and delight, his successor proves to be a girl—Priscilla, an old schoolmate, with whom, had it not been for Mary Stewart, he might have fallen in love. . . . Sam remembers Mary with bitterness. He had met her at school. She was beautiful. Soon he was in love with her—and she (apparently) with him. His happiness was short-lived. Quite by chance the boy had learned that the girl had a lover. His rival was—his older brother, Orlando! . . .

Priscilla takes charge of the school. Sam goes to work in the country near by as a woodchopper. . . . Love comes gradually. When Sam proposes, Priscilla accepts him.

Sam becomes a farmer. He buys an old farmhouse, heavily mortgaged, and sets to work. After which he and Priscilla are married. Together they enter their new home. Sam is radiantly happy. He has a surprise for Priscilla—a wonderful secret. He knows it will delight her.

"I've sold the farm," he announces, "for three times what I paid for it!"

Joy? Delight? Happy surprise? Priscilla is merely shocked. With the very first act of her strong young husband she has no sympathy, no understanding. She wonders how Sam could ever have done it!

IV

THE beginning of Sam's success was so unexpected and so sudden that Priscilla never could remember clearly the steps by which it arrived. It was accompanied by a development or transformation of his character. It happened in the days of Irene's childhood. Naturally she put her mind on other things than their material prosperity. Marriage at best is experiment enough to occupy a bride's attention, and to have one's husband change as it were overnight from a casual uncertain youth to a determined, self-controlled man may be disconcerting. After they adopted Irene she had small leisure to watch what he was up to.

ALL that stayed with her from those moving years was the surprise at his selling the forest farm and moving south, the surprise at his complete ability to take care of her, and successive astonishments as one fragment of conversation after another revealed that either he had become a different man, or she had never observed him correctly.

Unreasonably, she regretted leaving the bleak country in which the unamiable Martins gave the tone to society. To stay there would have been heroic. If Sam had encountered obstacles, even desperate ones, she could have demonstrated her devotion as faithful wife. In her heart of hearts she would always believe that prosperity had robbed her of a happy chance.

Certainly the pioneer note was missing in the new farm. When Sam brought her to the doorstep one pleasant evening, and helped her down from the wagon, she was thinking that for all practical purposes she might as well be living in town. Hardly a mile away they could see the city of Bellevue.

Some imagination had gone into the name. The city at present housed only a few thousand souls. From any other large village it could be distinguished most readily by the fact that it had a high school, a bank, a place of miscellaneous entertainment called an opera house, and a foundling asylum. The high school and the opera house were works of public enterprise, the bank and the foundling asylum were the creation and the gift of a leading citizen, now at peace in his grave.

The farm was attractive. The house was well built and needed few repairs. The fields were rich-looking—much better, as Sam had told her, than the northern place he had cleared. Priscilla felt that her life was dislocated, but she was prepared to be happy.

For the life of her she couldn't understand how Sam had financed the exchange of farms. She suspected debts of which he hadn't spoken. She feared he might shortly be in the hands of the sheriff, now that they were near a sheriff. She determined to do what she could to keep him industriously at work, and to help with her own hands. The school teaching was gone by, the intellectual pursuits which she had dreamed of must for a while be postponed; she had married a farmer, and so long as it was necessary she would be like Mrs. Martin, a farmer's wife, only a cheerful, graceful one.

Sam was unaware of the sacrifices on his behalf. He was immensely happy. He worked hard, made money. The landscape as such no longer held charms for him. He looked for no poetry such as he had found in the woods. He tended strictly to business. And Priscilla was proud. Once he had established himself, she knew he would find time for the softer, finer side of life.

But after the first two years in Bellevue she began to fear he would some day be rich—nothing else but rich.

She broached the subject one Sunday night when they were riding home from church:

"Sam, I liked that sermon. What did you think of what Mr. Stockton said about the blessings of the simple life, and not caring too much for money?"

Sam flicked the horse with the whip.

"I understand the congregation's getting up a subscription to raise his salary."

"You oughtn't to imply he's insincere!"

"I didn't. If he cared for money, he wouldn't be a minister. On the other hand, he oughtn't to starve. I'm glad the congregation can pay him more—he must lead a dog's life."

She couldn't find the flaw in the argument, but it sounded worldly.

"Some of the best preachers, Sam, have been content with almost nothing." A sense of justice made her add, "Of course it's hard on their wives."

"It's tough luck. I won't go to a church where they don't pay the minister a living wage—at least as much as a good janitor."

SHE asked herself whether he had said all he meant, or whether she had understood all he said.

The leisure which his prosperity gave her, she spent in useful ways, in the church, in the sewing circle, in the committee of women who visited the foundlings. She had the uneasy impression that Sam regarded these enterprises as less useful than she did. The foundling asylum he positively disliked, and without his saying so she knew he wished she wouldn't go near the place. What she took for his lack of sympathy distressed her. After each visit she made a point of telling him she had been there, not to defy him but to assure herself she was doing nothing surreptitious.

"I spent the afternoon with the foundlings," she would say.

"Poor devils!" He rarely made another comment, and she knew he in-

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tended no discourtesy to her—he was thinking of the children.

"Yes, it's very sad—without parents, with no one of their own flesh and blood to love them."

Then Sam would usually make a sound which conveyed to her a disapproval no less vigorous because it was, as she believed, irrational.

She remembered the expression on his face the first time she told him of Irene.

"There's one little girl there—the loveliest thing you could imagine, Sam."

"Poor thing!"

"Well, it's lucky for her she's in the asylum. Her parents must have been awful."

"They're dead now, aren't they?"

"No—they're not married. The committee don't know who the father was, and the mother wouldn't give her real name. Just think how the child will feel about it when she grows up, and knows."

"Did the mother leave her there herself?"

"I believe so—couldn't support the infant properly—gave it to the institution."

Sam put on his look of most pronounced disgust. Though she waited for his comment, he said nothing.

"Don't you think the child is better there than with the mother?"

"I don't know its mother."

"But she isn't married, Sam! She's no fit mother for the child."

"Oh, I don't know—she may be fit enough—I wouldn't say before I knew who she was."

Priscilla started to protest, but changed her plan suddenly.

"Whenever I say something perfectly obvious, you take the other side. I know you don't think any better of that woman than I do, but you talk as though you reveled in immorality!"

He smiled a little at the attack, yet she knew he was serious.

"The only thing I'm sure of is that I don't like the asylum. It's cruel to shut up those children together, where they can never forget they've lost their parents. If you folks really felt sympathy for them, Priscilla, you'd give them a home, divide them up among the families in town. You flatter yourselves you're doing a generous thing when you may be making every moment of their childhood wretched."

AS PRISCILLA went about her work that day, she thought of Sam's remarks. An ambition began to form in her heart, but for some reason she feared he would oppose it. Their difference of opinion made her expect less coöperation than he was ready to give.

"Sam, I'd like to have Irene here next Tuesday, for lunch."

"Well, have her. Who is she?"

"She's the child I spoke to you about."

"Oh! All right."

"I thought it might give the little thing some pleasure to see the inside of a home."

Sam declined to recognize his own wisdom coming back to him.

"What's the child like? You've taken a fancy to it, I can see."

"She has dark eyes and hair, a rather dark skin, and she's a natural flirt. I'm sure she made eyes at the doctor when she was born. I guess her parents were foreign."

Sam laughed. "They might as well be foreign. None of our relatives would fall into error."

Not being sure of his meaning, she let the subject subside.

Before Tuesday came Sam had forgotten the child-guest—other matters had driven the orphan asylum out of his head. Antoinette sent them the news that Orlando too, following John's example, had taken a wife.

"You'll notice," said Sam across the breakfast table, "she doesn't say he followed *my* example. With my brothers marriage is an achievement. With me it is work of nature—the same thing as an accident."

"Sam, you're growing sensitive. She didn't say who the girl is?"

"Yes. Her name is Jones—Alice Jones—no, here it is, Alicia—Alicia Jones."

He mentioned the subject no more, and since it was his family which was involved, and not hers, she had to wait for more information till some of the neighbors from home should report.

Tuesday morning she drove into town early, and when Sam came from his work he found the child enthroned at the table—a fairy-like creature, with a gift, as Priscilla had told him, for making herself agreeable. Her hair curled slightly, but at the time he noticed the depth of its rich black, and the unfathomable eyes which burned up at him. She spoke before he did:

"I've come to lunch!"

"Well, that's a good idea! Why didn't you come before? Here your Aunt Priscilla and I have been waiting for you, and you never showed up."

Irene burst into laughter. "He's funny!"

Sam winked at the child. Soon they were friends. When he went back to the fields, she wanted to go with him. Priscilla exerted herself through the afternoon to atone for his absence.

A week went by with no reference to Irene, but on Monday Sam paused at the door, after breakfast, and asked in a casual tone:

"Is she coming tomorrow?"

Priscilla didn't pretend she hadn't had the same thought. "I'd like to have her, if you don't mind."

"Don't mind at all."

"Sam—if you like her—why can't she stay?"

He stared at her. "How long?"

"Always. If you think our home would be better than the asylum."

"You mean adopt her?"

"I just meant stay—I don't care how."

"All right—if you like. I'll think about the adopting later."

THE next day Irene brought her meager bundle of clothes, and accepted her new home as readily as she would have enjoyed a drink of soda water.

Priscilla invited her to stay in the house, but Sam found excuses to take her into the garden with him, or even into the fields. She was at home with all the farm hands, and devoted to all the animals. In the first six months or so she came so near to running wild, as Priscilla called it, that a little moderate schooling was suggested.

"Good heavens, Priscilla, you can't teach her yet—she's hardly more than a baby!"

Priscilla wore her patient expression, suggesting pedagogy.

"Irene is unusually bright for her years. I'm going to teach her the few things she can pick up now, the things she already has curiosity to learn."

Sam dropped the argument, and for several weeks Priscilla kept the child indoors mornings and tried to impart the mysteries of the alphabet and of numbers. These things seemed not to be the subjects about which Irene had curiosity. At lunch Sam found his wife in a state of nervous tension which increased daily.

"If I were you," he said, "I'd let the lessons go for a while. She's the kind that will teach herself in her own way."

"I'm afraid it's her parents, Sam. She may be suffering all sorts of things through bad heredity."

Sam remarked that in his eyes she didn't appear to be suffering in any respect, and Priscilla lost her temper so far as to intimate that he was foolish.

ONE gift Irene certainly had, a talent which without example or encouragement showed persistent growth. She loved to dance. In a house without a note of music, she would dance by the hour, satisfying an inner craving for rhythms. Her childish gyrations fascinated Sam. She knew, as children will, that he, more than Priscilla, approved. She saved her dancing for him. Priscilla suspected that this form of energy came also from an unfortunate parentage. One night as she and Sam were retiring she spoke of it reluctantly: "I hope she outgrows it quickly."

"Why?"

"You don't want her to be a dancer, do you?"

"I guess she *is* one."

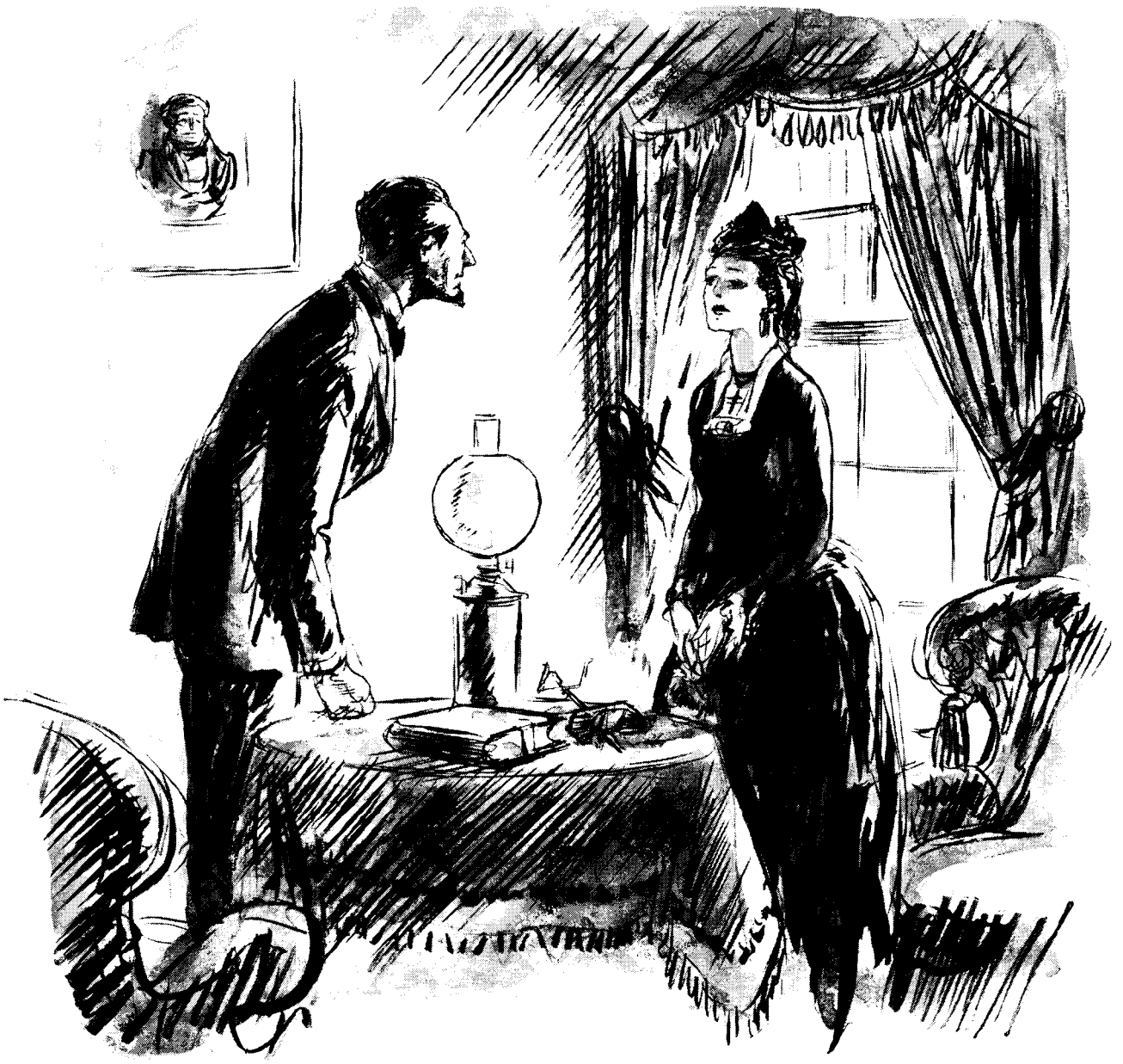
"I mean a real one, when she grows up. I can just imagine the sort of person her mother was—probably is. Trash. Those professional dancers are never respectable."

"See here, Priscilla, do you want to send the child back?"

"Certainly not."

"Well then, let's adopt her now, permanently. Once you know she's ours for all time, you won't have to consider her mysterious parents."

Priscilla would have preferred to let Irene's status remain unchanged. In



"Mary Stewart!" "You didn't know it was me, did you, Sam?"

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her own fashion she loved the child. That is, she enjoyed her as a matter of moral concern, as something to rescue or at least improve. The problem seemed more vivid, and therefore more worth while, if Irene had over her the possible shadow of the asylum. Adoption would make her practically as normal as other children. But Sam forced the issue. Irene was to be adopted.

One evening, just after Priscilla had come downstairs from putting the child to bed, Sam cleared his throat a trifle nervously.

"I'm going to the asylum tomorrow."

"Are the papers ready?"

"No. Perhaps there won't be any papers. Her mother objects."

Priscilla's face tightened.

"So she's been heard from. What right has she to interfere?"

"WELL, she's the child's mother. Maybe she can support it herself now, or hopes to soon. Naturally she won't want to give her up."

"She can't have her! If she wanted to keep her, she ought not to have put her in the asylum in the first place. Now that someone else is fond of Irene, she begins to take an interest!"

"That may be, Priscilla, but I wouldn't get too excited about it. When I have had a talk with her—"

"*You* have a talk with her?"

"That's what I'm going to the asylum for tomorrow. They had to let her know about the adoption, and she wrote an angry letter, saying she'd come tomorrow and take the child out of the institution. When she gets there, I'll talk to her."

"Had I better go with you?"

"I rather think I'll go alone. They wrote her my name, of course, and it seems to rouse in her particularly harsh feelings. I'm curious to know what she has against me. I never heard the name before—Martha Gordon."

When Sam drove to town the next morning, his face looked thinner and sharper than usual—not a pleasant face, a stranger might have said, to meet in an argument. At sight of him the directress of the home was obviously disturbed.

"Mrs. Gordon has been here for half an hour. She wants the child."

"Well, I'm not surprised. Where is she?"

The directress brought him to a small waiting-room or office. The door was half open. Standing by the window he could see a tall, rather graceful figure dressed in black. He waited a moment.

"Mrs. Gordon," said the directress, "this is the gentleman who—"

The woman turned quickly.

"Mary Stewart!"

"You didn't know it was me, did you, Sam?"

They looked at each other a moment.

He turned to the astonished directress.

"If you don't mind, I'd like a word with Mrs. Gordon alone. We are old friends."

The directress would have preferred to stay, but she went out and closed the door behind her.

Mary spoke first: "We're not old friends, and you can't have my child."

"If you don't want me to, then I can't, of course. But my wife and I would take good care of Irene, if you'd let us."

"You married Priscilla, I heard."

"Yes."

"Well, you and she can't have my child."

"Let's sit down and talk it over quietly, Mary. What are you doing nowadays?"

They seated themselves and Mary regained control of herself.

"I'm on the stage."

"When you're acting, it would be hard, wouldn't it, to look after the child?"

"Of course. That's why I put her here for a while. But some day I'll be able to take her out."

Sam nodded. "Meanwhile, she could live with us."

"I thought you wanted to adopt her?"

"See here, Mary, when we talked of adopting your child, we didn't know who you were. I'm not sure I'd want to adopt her, now that I see how you feel. But we're fond of her, and could give her a pretty good time, if you care to leave her for a while."

Mary, having made her protest, was evidently wavering.

"I'm sorry, Sam, but under the circumstances I'd rather not have her with you and Priscilla. That is, in view of who her father is. . . . Irene is Orlando's child."

Her eyes were on him to see how he would take it. He wondered at himself, that he was not more surprised.

"You didn't guess that we were—"

"No—I didn't."

"I had a quarrel with him, before I—knew. Then I was too proud to tell him."

"Doesn't he help you at all?"

"I haven't told him yet—about Irene."

"Well, it's the last kind of news I'd think you'd keep back. He's recently married."

"Yes, I've heard."

He couldn't guess whether she felt all the tragedy which he supposed belonged to her situation. She referred to Orlando's wedding in the most even, matter-of-fact tone.

"If he doesn't know, and if you haven't a grudge against him, why do you object to our having Irene?"

She smiled a little.

"Sam, you were always a bit simple! The hating part I got over long ago, but I don't care to owe anything to any of you, and I don't want her where the two might meet. She belongs to me—she's all I have. I wouldn't have brought her here if I hadn't been starving at the time."

He noticed the tears coming.

"How are you off now, Mary? Could I—"

"No, you can't do anything. I'm all right."

He thought a moment.

"If you won't let us have the child, do you mind if I say something to Orlando?"

"Sam, don't you dare! I'll kill myself."

"Well, you'd better not do that. Suicide won't help."

"I quarreled with him and sent him away. If I hadn't been so proud, perhaps we'd have married, but I couldn't come back to him on my knees, and I won't now. I'd rather he went to the end of his days not knowing he has a daughter."

Sam rose.

"I GUESS I might as well be going if you want to keep the child. I can see why the adopting wouldn't be the thing. But you might as well let her stay with us a while, Mary. It's a good home, and she likes us, and if I'm her uncle there's no harm in her paying us a long visit."

"Can I have her back whenever I want her?"

"I shan't interfere."

"How about Priscilla?"

"She'll understand." He felt he ought to say it, but he wasn't sure Priscilla would.

"You're not going to tell her my story?"

"Why not?"

"Sam, if you keep it a secret, you may have Irene for a while, till I get ahead a bit, but not if you tell your wife a single word. I like you, but she and I had no use for each other."

It seemed of little importance at the moment, one way or the other.

"All right, Mary."

"You promise?"

"I do."

She rose as though they had been transacting casual business.

"When I want news of her, I'll write to the matron. If you have anything to tell me, she knows where I am."

He thought he ought to hold out his hand, in sign of tolerant friendship. She took it absent-mindedly. He waited till she had gone.

WHEN he reached home Priscilla was in the kitchen, at her busiest.

"Mr. Stockton is coming to lunch, Sam. He wanted to consult me about the Ladies' Aid, so I asked him over. Did you see Irene's mother?"

"Yes. It's all arranged. She can stay. Later on the woman may want her back, but I don't think it's probable."

"If we adopt her, she'll stay always."

"Well, we won't adopt her. The mother doesn't approve."

"What kind of woman is her mother?"

"She's an actress, I believe—when she has a job."

Priscilla sniffed. "I can imagine the sort of home she'll set up. What's she like?"

"Good looking. Nothing to brag of. She's had a hard time, that's certain."

"What part of the country does she come from?"

Sam looked straight at her, and hoped his conscience wouldn't show in his face.

"I don't know—didn't ask."

"Did she tell you anything about the father?"

"No."

He listened to the sound of this syllable, and had the presentiment that a new relation to Priscilla had begun, not a happy relation. But even if Mary hadn't asked him to promise, he couldn't have told his wife about his brother.

"Well, if that's the best you could arrange, we'll have to be satisfied. Some day I'll have a talk with her myself. I knew better than to let a man try to manage such an interview."

"I've no doubt the result," said Sam, "would have been different if you had done the talking. From my benighted point of view, I'm pretty well pleased."

He left her to her cooking, and went out to the barn. But he couldn't put his mind on his work. He wondered why he didn't condemn Orlando more thoroughly. He wasn't sure he condemned Mary for anything except putting the child in

(*Continued on page 55*)

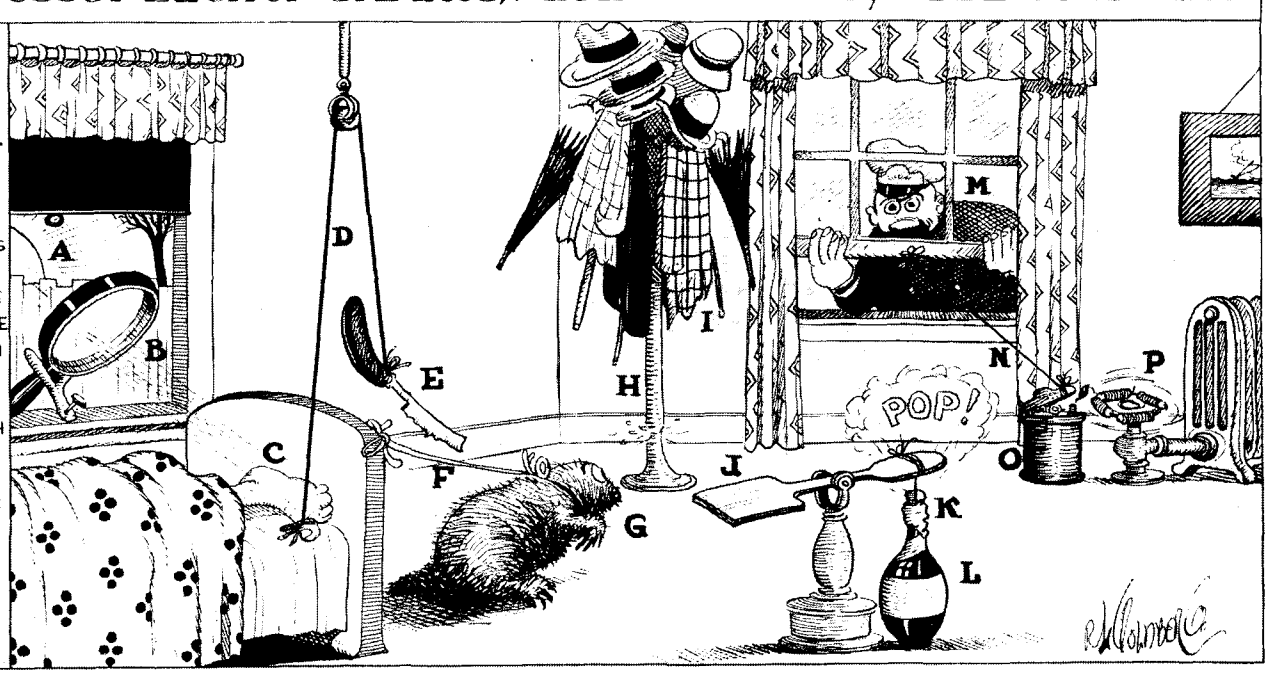
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

THE PROFESSOR PUTS THE WRONG END OF HIS CIGAR IN HIS MOUTH AND SPITS OUT AN IDEA FOR TURNING ON THE STEAM BEFORE YOU GET OUT OF BED.

EARLY MORNING SUN (A) SHINES THROUGH MAGNIFYING GLASS (B) WHICH FOCUSSES RAY ON FOOT (C). AS FOOT IS DRAWN AWAY IN PAIN STRING (D) CAUSES RAZOR (E) TO CUT CORD (F) AND RELEASE BEAVER (G). BEAVER GNAWS CLOTHES TREE (H) WHICH HE MISTAKES FOR A YOUNG SAPLING. CLOTHES (I) FALL ON PADDLE (J), CAUSING END TO PULL CORK (K) FROM CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE (L) WITH A LOUD REPORT. PASSING POLICEMAN THINKS HE HEARS PISTOL SHOT, OPENS WINDOW (M) TO INVESTIGATE AND CAUSES STRING (N) TO WORK LIGHTER (O) WHICH LIGHTS FOURTH OF JULY PINWHEEL (P) WHICH REVOLVES AND TURNS ON THE RADIATOR.

OF COURSE THE BIG PROBLEM IS WHERE TO GET THE CHAMPAGNE. AND AFTER THAT YOU MUST MAKE IT A POINT TO GET OUT OF BED BEFORE THE POLICEMAN CAN DRINK IT.



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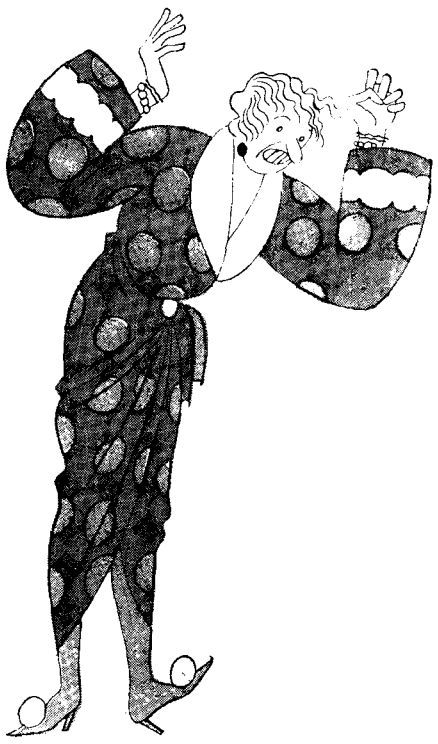
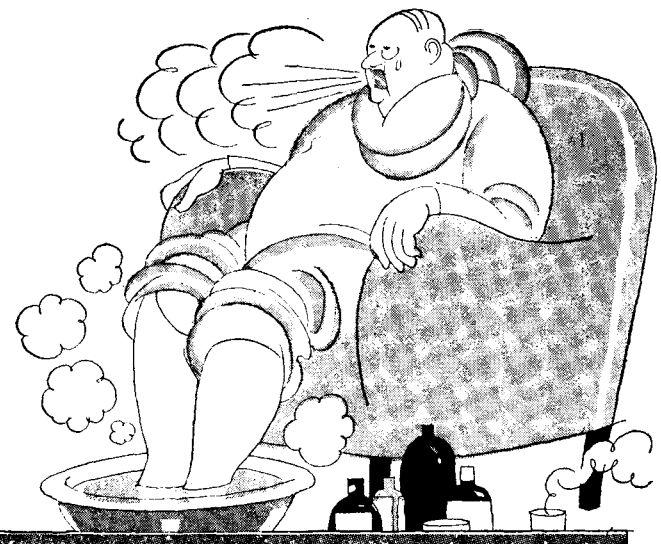


Cold Facts

Our best cemeteries are filled with intelligent people who tried to laugh off a cold. Or perhaps they tried some of the cures which have become old wives' tales —theories outworn and disproved. This being the open season for colds, we decided to ask Dr. Wadsworth to tell us where we could catch a few. In order to avoid those places, of course. What she writes is no secret—just common sense

By Ruth F. Wadsworth, M.D.



Illustrated by Loren Stout

We take colds so much in our stride, as a part of the program in winter, that it seldom occurs to us to take our temperatures

A SEPULCHRAL croak reached me over the telephone.

"How about a little skating?"

"You sound as if you had one foot in the grave," I remarked. "Why put the other in?"

"Well," came the hoarse reply, punctuated by a graveyard cough, "I have tried feeding it, and starving it, and nothing helps, so I have decided to try bluffing it away—using the heroic method. If I could crack the ice I think I'd take a swim. You're not afraid of me, are you?"

"No, I'm not afraid of you, but I refuse to be a party to a crime. If you'd take a little free professional advice, I'd suggest that you go to bed and try killing it with kindness."

The lady's response is unprintable; but I believe she went skating and then to bed with bronchitis.

Styles of Treatment Change, Too

We have gone through several stages in our feeling about colds: once we were annoyed by them but took them lightly; then we became bored by them and at the same time gave them more attention; now we have begun to look upon them as a national problem. We collect statistics about them; we compute time and money lost due to them. But fundamentally the cold is an individual problem: each man has to face his own cold problem and find his own solution.

The cold, as I have said so often that I should be ashamed to put it down on paper again, is not any one disease, like measles or scarlet fever or smallpox. It may be caused by any one of an army of germs with terrifying names. The cold you have in August may be caused by the influenza bacillus. What you have in September may be caused by the micrococcus catarrhalis. The one which creeps up on you in October and hangs along into November may be due to the staphylococcus aureus. And so on.

Which explains why, when you have optimistically had yourself immunized against colds by having your doctor give you a series of injections of what we call a stock, or combined, vaccine, you may still have a cold or two before the winter is over, if the vaccine you used did not happen to contain one of the germs to which you are susceptible.

Although your doctor cautiously warned you that the vaccine only works in about fifty per cent of the cases in which it is used, you throw up your hands in disgust, and say these modern methods are the bunk. And you go back to castor oil and a hot mustard foot bath.

Although the vaccine for colds is not one hundred per cent successful, I believe it always reduces the number of colds in a winter because it decreases the number of germs to which one is susceptible. Of course, just because you have been immunized to colds, it does not follow that you can throw caution to the winds and go on your way rejoicing. You still owe it to yourself to observe the ordinary precautions to prevent taking cold, to keep yourself in condition and to avoid exposure.

There still lingers in the public mind some of the old belief that colds come from exposure to cold air, to night air, to wet feet or from insufficient clothing. Of course it is more than a coincidence that the greater number of colds come in cold weather. But it is also more than a coincidence that in cold weather we stay more of the time indoors; that we are inclined to overdress, and not adapt our clothing to the weather; that most houses are overheated and underventilated in winter, and that we keep later hours, work harder and have more sedentary occupations.

The Rules of the Game

Also, that we eat heavier foods and don't "work them off" with exercise; that we eat less fruit because it is scarce and expensive, and that we drink less water because we don't need cooling off. At the much-maligned soda fountain we buy hot chocolate, or coffee and doughnuts, instead of lemonade.

Any doctor will tell you that the overfed person is more susceptible to colds than the person who eats moderately, and that the former does badly when he contracts the more serious respiratory infections like bronchitis or pneumonia.

The general rules for preventing cold infection in the winter are quite simple:

Don't overeat (especially the rich foods with which winter is cursed, such as mince pie, plum pudding, fruit cake, and so on).

Remember that fruit is not only a pleasant food to be eaten because it is in season. It is a necessary food for health.

Drink your full quota of water, whether you are thirsty or not. Blessed are those who develop a thirst in cold weather.

If you must work hard, go to bed early.

If you must be sedentary most of the time, get some vigorous exercise at other times.

If the weather changes, change the weight of your clothing. We might as well sew ourselves up for the winter and be done with it as to be afraid to

(*Continued on page 33*)

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I Saw Them Play

Fifteen or twenty years ago the names Travers, Travis and McDermott were part of every golf fan's vocabulary—now their fame is legendary, but they had the goods

By Grantland Rice

Jerry Travers never saw his friends, his concentration on the next stroke wiping out every other thought

IT DOESN'T take long to become a myth in sport, merely a shadow against the wall of fame. The headliners come and go with the rush of winter surf as the game travels on today.

For example there is Jerome Dunstan Travers, four-time amateur golf champion of the United States and an ex-open champion. Travers is still a reasonably young member of the New York Cotton Exchange.

He is only a year or two past forty. Yet as a golf champion Jerry is a myth, remembered only by the old guard, hardly known by the younger generation. He won the amateur championship in 1913 for the fourth and last time and was runner-up in 1914. He won the Open at Baltusrol in 1915, and from that point on he practically gave up all tournament golf to settle down to a business career. He has only played in one championship since and that was over ten years ago.

So to all the thousands and the hundreds of thousands of golfers in the decade between 1920 and 1930 Jerry Travers is a golfing myth. Yet he was one of the game's greatest champions, holding a grip on the amateur record equal to that of Bobby Jones.

What made him great? What were the reasons for his skill?

In the first place, I believe Jerry Travers had the finest brand of golf concentration the game has ever known. "He has a better tournament temperament than even Walter Hagen," Alex Smith once remarked, "because you can tell in a match whether Hagen is winning or losing. You can never tell how Jerry stands."

Travers once had the reputation of being dour and almost surly because he rarely spoke to any of his friends in the crowd following the match. He never spoke to them because he never saw them, his concentration on the next stroke to be played wiping out every other thought.

I saw him struggling to qualify at Garden City in 1913. He always had a bad flaw in his wooden club play, caused by a kink at the top of his swing which he could not correct. In this championship he suddenly developed a fit of shanking or heeling with his mashie and had to depend upon his marvelous putting touch to hang on. At the last hole, 135 yards over the water, he landed in the famous bunker to the left and finally faced a long putt to get down in seven on this hole and tie for last place. But there wasn't a change of expression on his set face as he stepped up and holed the putt.

In his first 36-hole round he drew Francis Ouimet, then just breaking into fame. Ouimet set a blistering pace and was one up, coming to the eighth hole in the afternoon. Here the Boston star planted an iron shot seven feet from the cup. As Travers was in the rough, it looked to be Ouimet's hole and a two-up margin. But without any flurry Travers hammered the ball within two feet of the cup to win the hole and square the match. From that point on he ran away with the championship.

I have seen him miss shot after shot under heavy pressure in big matches without showing the slightest sign of annoyance, of being upset in any way. All he wanted was to get in range of the cup and his deadly putting would do the rest. He was a fine long iron player, a high-class jigger and mashie player, but above all he was a master at laying a chip shot close and he was a double master on the putting green. I played with him in one friendly match at Englewood where he had to beat thirty coming home to win a certain medal bet. He came back in twenty-nine, seven under par, with ten putts on the nine greens, and six of the putts he holed were from fifteen to forty feet.

Jerry Travers and Walter J. Travis, two of the great rivals of golf from 1905 to 1915, were probably the two best putters that ever played. Not even Bobby Jones and Walter Hagen were quite up to their standards, day in and day out. They first met at Nassau when Travers was fifteen and Travis was over forty. The youngster won and they both holed putts all over the place.

Ten years later, when Travis was over fifty, he beat Travers in their last match, played at Apawamis during the Metropolitan championship, by holing a thirty-foot putt on the last green, where Travers rimmed the cup from a distance of twenty feet.

Travis could do more with a putter than any other golfer. He often used his putter from a bunker, several feet deep, guarding some green. He used his putter ten and fifteen yards off the green. His long approach putt, one of the hardest shots in golf, almost always stopped stone dead.

In one big match at Garden City where he was two down and two to play at the seventeenth green he faced a forty-foot putt with a double slope. The ball had to travel up one ridge, swing down and climb a ridge to the left before turning again towards the hole. The veteran figured it all out and the ball took the double turn to reach the cup.

Hale and Hearty Golf

Yet the putting methods of this great pair were entirely different. Travers stood almost erect above the ball with his heels close together. He had a perfect pendulum motion, with the wrists in control, much as Bobby Jones has today. Travis had more of a crouch, with his feet farther apart, in which respect his method was more like Walter Hagen's. But the main fact is that all four of these stars, Travers, Travis, Jones and Hagen, have relied for most of the work on hands and wrists that had a stroking, unhurried touch, with motionless bodies that were at the same time free from the poison of tension and tautness.

Few golfers have ever been as straight as The Old Man, who never swung at a golf ball until he was thirty-six. In one match Travis hit direction poles three times and just missed three or four others. The second hole at Garden City is an extremely tricky affair, bunkered all around and with a yawning chasm in front. It is no easy three. Yet after he had passed sixty, not long before his death, Travis had six consecutive twos on this hole in a week's play. If his pitch failed to stop stone dead his putter did the rest.

I followed another golfer of that period whose shadow is now faint against the wall of fame. This was Jack McDermott, the stocky ex-caddie from Pennsylvania who blazed into fame for three years, before a mental breakdown drove him into retirement. McDermott tied for first place in the United States open championship of 1910, won in 1911 and repeated in 1912. No other golfer has ever had such a three-year record.

McDermott had more confidence in himself than any two others put together.

I followed the match when Harry Vardon was paired with McDermott at Shawnee in 1913. Vardon was playing fine golf, but when his iron shots continued to drop eight, ten and twelve feet from the cup you could read the look on McDermott's face which seemed to say, "If you think that was good, watch this one."

A Mythical Challenge

His score was below Vardon's continuously for thirty-six holes that day and he finally beat Vardon by thirteen strokes in the seventy-two-hole grind. McDermott had a rather flat swing. He had a way of spreading his feet for the drive and then drawing them closer by mathematical figuring for the shorter ranges. By the time he reached a chip shot his heels were only a few inches apart and when he came to the putting green they were close together. A friend of Jerry Travers once wanted to back Jerry against McDermott for $500 at thirty-six holes. "I'll take that bet," McDermott said, "and then I'll bet you another five hundred I beat him five and four." That broke up the betting.

How would Travers, Travis and McDermott at their best compare with Jones and Hagen as they are today? Or Horton Smith? Travers lacked enough control over his wooden club play and Travis lacked the length to face one of these modern, well-trapped, seven-thousand-yard tests. In other respects they were up to the modern standard, and a trifle better around the green.

McDermott could have met the modern test, but he was never the putter Jones and Hagen are today. He was just about as good from the tee to the green, a fine wooden club player and a fine iron player, and above all a bold, brave, confident competitor who fought to the finish without any sign of weakening. There was no test that he wouldn't meet with a stout heart and a cool head.

These three veterans from other years were all great competitors. Travers made up partially for the flaw in his wooden club play by the great distance he got with a driving iron, a club he used to win two championships when the wood failed him. But that would be too much of a burden to carry today over the longer routes.

Any one of the trio at his best would still offer a golf match that not even a Jones or a Hagen could face lightly. There would be a battle worth looking at.

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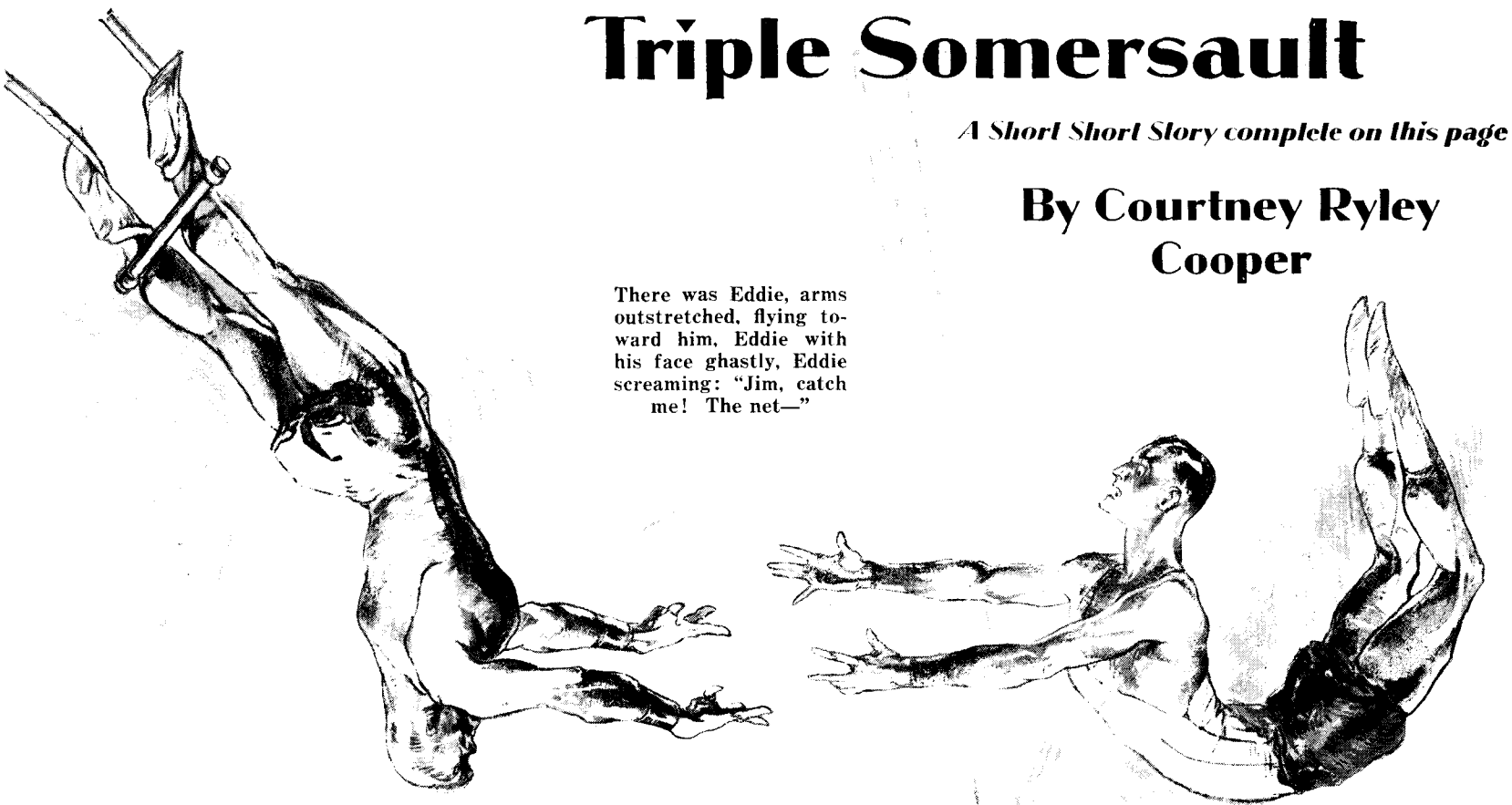
Triple Somersault

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Courtney Ryley Cooper



There was Eddie, arms outstretched, flying toward him, Eddie with his face ghastly, Eddie screaming: "Jim, catch me! The net—"

FOR eleven years Jim Slade and Eddie Dunn had been partners of the air. Eddie was the flier of the act. Far the more youthful and engaging of the pair, his graceful evolutions caused the applause to roll thunderously up from the close-packed seats of the Grand Amalgamated Circus. That's why Jim Slade, as time passed, had come to a feeling of resentment which at last had boiled to hate. Jim Slade got no applause.

He was the catcher, who swung continually from his trapeze to toss Eddie into space and to catch him safely when he came hurtling back from the "double and the twist" or even the triple somersault. He was the backbone of the act, bulky, unattractive insurance for Eddie's daring and grace. His work was not spectacular. He only swung, head down, heavy shoulders set for action, great, strong hands extended—and wondered what that audience would think about their Adonis of an Eddie if some day these huge arms should fail, allowing Eddie to fall—from the triple somersault, for instance. Even a safety net is dangerous, if struck from a wrong angle.

SO JIM SLADE swung and caught, swung and caught, twice each day, swung and caught and thought, but said nothing. Eddie didn't know that his partner had come to hate him, just as Jim didn't know that Eddie looked upon himself only as the representative of the pair, acknowledging the plaudits on behalf of both of them. Then one day the act halted momentarily for the clearing of a distracting commotion on the hippodrome track below.

The show was being "railroaded" shortened for an early loading because of a long run to the next town. An iron standard, projecting from the careless arms of a hurrying roustabout, had struck the boss property man in the temple, knocking him, unconscious, to the ground. The excitement lasted only a moment. Then some men came with a piece of canvas and carried the boss away. The band played with new ardor, the property men went back to their positions, standing with one arm about the wooden poles which supported the net, in instant readiness to tear down at the shrill of the substitute boss's whistle; the audience shifted, forgot the injured man and looked up once more. Always the show must go on.

Eddie swung off his platform and flew lazily across space to the grasp of his partner. Then, hanging there, he looked below.

"Poor old Pokey!" he said. "Boss property man at last, and scared to death with stage fright."

"Yeh, he's only half-baked anyway," grunted Jim. "Trying to work and boss at the same time."

"Sure. No brains." Then: "All right; give 'er the gun."

They swung together, then Eddie went forth to his own trapeze, working mightily for momentum. High toward the top of the tent he soared, while Jim swung and watched and envied. Then his sleek figure shot upward and out, to double somersault, twist mightily and catapult onward to where Jim's great hands closed in upon him and returned him to his own trapeze with the ease of a boy tossing a ball. Then came the roar of applause—Eddie was bowing as usual. Jim looked away, downward, anywhere except at Eddie. Wild, horrible desires often came over him in moments like this, when Eddie smilingly took the applause. If only once he would admit that it was really Jim who counted!

Below, Pokey, the substitute boss, ran here and there distraughtly, trying to be all over the tent at once and failing.

Across the way, Eddie gracefully hooked his trapeze within reach, tested its balance and took off anew, swinging higher, higher, still higher until the ropes stood almost at right angles. Then his hands loosed and he shot forth into the beginning of the triple, while on the catcher's trapeze Jim Slade suddenly galvanized. Pokey had made a mistake. He had blown his whistle, and dumb men, paid to obey blindly, had leaned their weight against the stands which held the net. Already it was falling, while up against the sky of the tent Eddie was swirling into the second of his somersaults, a twisting, unknowing ball, directionless, dazed by speed, tumbling on through space.

AND now the net was down! Jim Slade stared below, gaping. The net was down, and it could not come up, even though Pokey, cognizant now, strove frantically to right his ghastly error. It's slow work to raise a net. No doubt now as to what might happen to the man who fell, head down, sixty feet to the ground!

A flash of fire went through Jim Slade. The triple catch was difficult; there'd be no blame if he missed. Eddie was turning now into his last convolution; a moment more and he would plunge toward him. Jim's eyes gleamed strangely. So he was only a catcher, eh? It'd be different next time. Next time he'd pick a partner who wouldn't steal the act. Just a miss of a half inch, a quarter of an inch, a touch of the fingers before Eddie went down—

And then there was Eddie, arms outstretched, flying toward him; Eddie, with his face ghastly, screaming: "Jim, catch me! The net—"

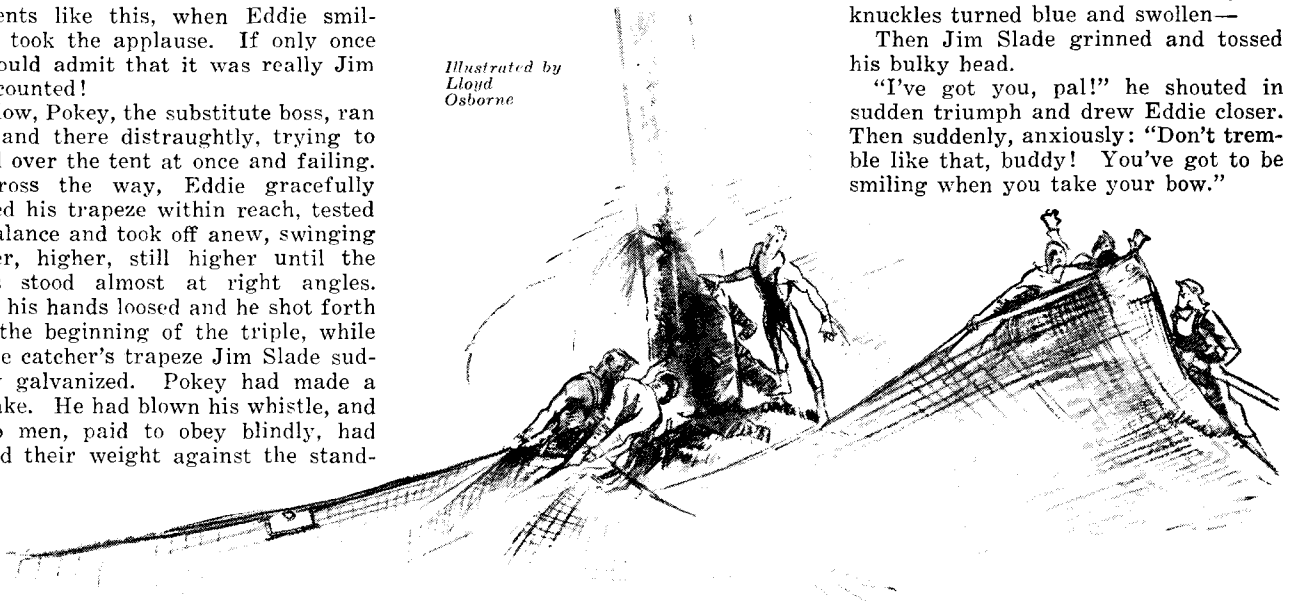
Again fire swept Jim Slade's heart, a different fire. Eddie, who always had leaned upon him, boyish, harebrained Eddie, calling to him for help, trusting to him above all in time of danger! His giant leg muscles suddenly pumped against the trapeze bar until the ropes bent, he literally bolted through the air—he did not know how far nor how he did it. There was the smack of contact—a coughing curse went over Jim's white lips with the realization that his catch was short; his heavy fingers were not on Eddie's wrists, but on the hams of his hands, digging in, slipping—slipping—

They tore deep into the other man's flesh. They dragged their way to Eddie's palms, while muscles stood forth like carvings. They slipped to the fingers and twined there, twined and twisted and gripped in ghastly agony of uncertainty as the two swung farther backward to the end of momentum, and knuckles turned blue and swollen—

Then Jim Slade grinned and tossed his bulky head.

"I've got you, pal!" he shouted in sudden triumph and drew Eddie closer. Then suddenly, anxiously: "Don't tremble like that, buddy! You've got to be smiling when you take your bow."

Illustrated by Lloyd Osborne



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Druid's Eyes

By Fred MacIsaac

There is one way to capture a girl whose spirit is a leaping flame, who is as Irish as a witch or a fairy, and who doesn't want to be caught—but not every man could do it

Illustrated by Charles Lassell

"You she-devil," he growled. "I'll tame you. How do you like this?"

MOLLY DORE was Irish. All her ancestors for a thousand years back had been Irish. Her grandfather, a small Galway farmer who had lost his farm, came to America in the steerage of the steamship Circassian in 1850 and contributed a pick and shovel to the building of the New York Central Railroad. After a year or two he married a Galway girl he found in New York, put her in a covered wagon and transported her to the Rocky Mountains, where he dug for gold and found it, millions of dollars' worth of it.

His son Michael Dore returned to New York with the family fortune, broke into Wall Street in a big way, married a society girl whose ancestors also were Irish, and pretty soon had a baby daughter who was christened Mary but whom everybody had always called Molly.

Oh, Molly was Irish and in her blood danced the sublime insanity of the pure Celt. It puffed her up with high spirits and deflated her like a punctured tire. It lifted her upon the heights and cast her down into the abyss. It endowed her with various talents and denied her the perseverance to develop them. It made her sparkle and glower. It gave her a druid's imagination, too vivid to be healthful. And it furnished her with the beauty of the devil.

Certain women pointed out that she wasn't beautiful at all because her face was round and her features too flat, and she was too plump for fashionable clothes. They said, without meaning to compliment her, that she looked Irish, and she certainly did. She resembled also a statue of alabaster with a moving flame behind it.

HER skin was clear almost to transparency and the red blood colored it exquisitely. She had a fine pair of eyes in her head, had Molly Dore; great limpid black eyes which you couldn't gaze into without getting dizzy. If her nose was a bit flat and her upper lip a trifle too long, the mouth was adorable, with full, petulant, passionate lips so highly colored that she never used a lipstick, and large, even, milky teeth. The neck of her was a column of gleaming marble and the shoulders, in an evening gown, were plump and snow white. She was a brunette with the skin of an ash blonde, a combination peculiar to the Irish and deadly to the male.

Maybe she was ugly when she was in a black mood, as jealous women declared. Suppose her profile wasn't very good because of her small nose and long upper lip and too solid a chin. Suppose anything you like. Men were crazy about her. If she hadn't had a cent she could have married about anybody she wanted.

That druid's imagination was her curse. She hoped to marry and have a lot of children and she knew she was wildly passionate and she thought that love was everything, but she would turn her mystic orbs on a man and see him as he would be at forty and fifty and sixty, which killed his chances; or else he would turn into a pig or a parrot or a wolf or a hyena, and she couldn't have that.

Heaven had given her a wonderful voice, a dramatic soprano of astonishing volume and marvelous quality, but had neglected to give her the will to train it over a period of years and make it do exactly what she wanted it to do. And she had great natural dramatic ability.

If she hadn't been a very rich girl she might have gone on the stage and become famous; that is, if she had found anybody who could make her work. Although she was a big girl and not thin, she was an unusually gifted amateur dancer and she played the piano beautifully—by ear.

Once she was posing for a famous French portrait painter and after the third sitting she insisted upon looking at what he had accomplished.

"Good Lord, that isn't I," she exclaimed angrily. "You're not painting a wax doll, Monsieur Duplan."

"Perhaps mademoiselle can improve my work herself," replied the indignant artist.

"Give me a clean canvas and maybe I can," she retorted insolently.

With a snort he whisked away the unfinished portrait and set before her a white square of canvas. Molly grasped a palette knife, squeezed colors out of various tubes and plastered them, apparently without method, upon the sheet. In five minutes, out of a mess of black and red and yellow and brown paint peeped the impudent face of Molly Dore.

"Take a look at this," she challenged.

The artist gazed and was astounded. "It's a miracle," he exclaimed. "You have genius, mademoiselle. In a few seconds you have found what I sought for hours. Where have you studied?"

The light went out of her face. "Oh, here and there."

"Well, you must finish it yourself."

"Oh, I couldn't finish it," she said with a sigh. "I'm through. I'm just a flash in the pan, Monsieur Duplan."

"But you must study."

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"It's a miracle," he exclaimed. "In a few seconds you have found what I sought for hours"

"Oh, I can't study. You finish it."

He shook his head sadly. "I do not work with a knife but with a brush. It's not for me to do."

"Then throw it away. And I don't want my portrait painted. You'll get your check just the same."

The artist did not throw it away. He took it back to Paris with him and sometimes looks at it and sighs.

Molly was twenty-four years old when she met Steve Gordon. She met him unconventionally. She had intended to go into Carnegie Hall to a piano recital but it was a bright March day and a Riverside bus hove in sight and was stopped by traffic at the corner of Seventh Avenue.

WHEN it moved on, Molly Dore was sitting on top of it in the front seat. She pulled off her hat and allowed the chill wind to toy with her thick black mane while she opened her fur coat and permitted the breeze to play on her bosom, which was covered only by a thin silk waist. The fires that thrive in her body prevented her from feeling the cold.

Just as the bus turned into Riverside Drive, Stephen Gordon took the seat alongside of her. He was tanned a healthy brown but he wore a blue ulster with the collar turned up and had his coat buttoned to the throat.

Molly stole a glance at him. She saw a long straight nose, a firm chin, a pleasant mouth with rather thin lips and a clear blue eye. There was blond hair visible between the rim of a gray hat and the top of the collar. She wondered what animal he looked like and decided he didn't look like any except, maybe, a lion. She wondered how he would look at fifty and thought he would look about the same only a trifle more stern. She thought it funny a man like this should wrap up upon a comparatively mild March day, so she spoke to him:

"I should think you would freeze to death on such a cold day with so little on."

He looked full at her, astonished, and met the drollness of her smile. He grinned agreeably.

"You must be a Valkyrie with your hair blowing wild and your coat open upon a blustering day," he replied. "I think it's cold."

"It's stimulating. Unbutton your coat and get the good out of it," she commanded imperiously. She liked his smile and she gave him one of her best.

"Not I," he said with a laugh. "I'm just off a boat from the tropics and I'm not flirting with pneumonia. Tell me, what made you speak to me? You don't look like a girl who picks up."

Molly thrust out her chin and frowned. "I do what I please," she said tartly. "I was curious to know why you were muffled up. Consider the conversation closed."

He bowed and his mouth set sternly. There was silence for a moment. She stole a glance at him. He was looking directly ahead.

"What were you doing in the tropics?" she asked as blandly as if she hadn't suspended relations.

He turned, caught her eye and laughed. "Just passing through them," he told her. "I'm off a mountain-top in Peru. Mining engineer on six months' leave of absence. What do you do for a living? Trained nurse?"

She bit her lip and flushed angrily. "What makes you think so?"

"Well you are so high-colored and healthy and wholesome and sort of free and easy. I've met nurses of your type. Fine girls."

"Irish, no doubt. I'm Irish. Are you?"

"I'm afraid I'm Anglo-Saxon with a bit of Scotch and a trace of Scandinavian. Look here. Don't misunderstand me, please. I have no friends in New York. I know you're all right. Why not play around together?"

Molly's big eyes shot forth sparks.

"How would you like to be thrown off this bus?" she asked fiercely.

His propitiating smile froze and he bit his lip. "I sincerely beg your pardon," he said stiffly. "But you had it coming to you. You spoke first."

STEEL tinkled against steel, figuratively speaking, and then she dropped her weapon. "So I did," she said with a twinkle. "What do you mean by play, Mister Miner?"

"Perfectly innocent merriment," he assured her. "Dinner and a theater. It's three years since I've seen a New York show."

"Hum. Whom were you working for in Peru?"

"The Inca Doro Mine. One of the Dore properties. I suppose you've heard of Michael Dore."

"Of course I have," she asserted with an impish laugh. "He's my own father, you see."

"Eh?" He laughed understandingly. "That makes us brother and sister. He's my father, too."

She looked at him reproachfully. "You don't believe me."

"Certainly I do. And, being brother and sister, it's all right for us to dine together."

"You can arrive at your proposition from any angle," she observed. "Well, tell me the story of your life and I'll make my decision by the time we get to 145th Street."

He told her that he was a graduate of M. I. T. and that he had worked on a copper job in Alaska for a couple of years and then went to China and finally landed with the Dore enterprises in Peru. He lost himself in his enthusiasm over his work and Molly studied him as he chattered.

"My grandfather was a miner," she informed him. "He struck it rich back in the fifties."

He looked quizzical. "How did he lose his money?"

MOLLY was angry and then amused. "Sure he gave it all to the Fenians."

"The Fenians?" He was puzzled.

"They were the Sinn Fein of the sixties. You're very ignorant, aren't you?"

"I wouldn't be surprised. We're at 145th Street. How about it?"

"I had a date with the Lothians"—she named one of New York's very well-known families—"but I'll break it if you'll take me to Childs'. I've always wanted to eat in one of those places."

"Why not the Ritz? I've three years' pay to squander."

"The fleet's in," laughed Molly. "Watch your pocketbook, young man. I accept your invitation."

"Great," he said heartily. "I assure you you won't regret it. We've got to get off this bus."

They stood on the sidewalk for a moment. "What are you doing the rest of the afternoon?" he wanted to know.

(Continued on page 40)

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The Lion and the Lamb

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Story Thus Far:

A GANG of criminals, operating in London under the leadership of Tottie Green, a master crook, plans to steal Lady Frankley's famous diamond, the "Virgin's Tear." Cast out by his father—stern Lord Newberry—confronted by starvation, desperate, David Newberry joins the gang and, in the act of taking the diamond, is arrested and sent to prison, due to the cowardly treachery of Reuben Grossett and Cannon Ball Lem, his two accomplices.

Old Lord Newberry dies. David succeeds to the title. On his release, however, he has but one object in life: to wipe out the gang, which he loathes. Organizing a band of jiujitsu experts, who will fight for him, he boldly declares war on the crooks.

A series of wild encounters follows. There is much bloodshed on both sides. But David survives. . . . All this time the diamond has been lost. Where is it? Tottie Green feels sure that David knows the answer. David doesn't. His theory is that the glorious gem is secreted somewhere in Lady Frankley's home. So, when Sophy, Lady Andersley's lovely daughter, informs him she is going to a dance to be given soon by Lady Frankley, he gladly promises to act as her escort.

Scotland Yard learns of the war. Detective Inspector Milsom calls on David and tries vainly to force him to coöperate with the police. At any minute Belle—a beautiful girl, who is a member of the gang—may arrive, for an interview. To save her from arrest, David has the detective locked up in his cellar. The girl arrives. She has promised Tottie Green to "get" the young man—and learn where the diamond is hidden. . . . Soon David learns the truth: the girl has fallen in love with him. To prove her devotion, she reveals the gangsters' latest plot: to raid some street stalls on Widows' Row, at five minutes to eleven, Saturday night.

David repulses the girl's advances. He doesn't love her. But he resolves to act on her tip. Interviewing his lawyer, he makes his will (naming Sophy as his principal beneficiary) and prepares for a thrilling encounter—in Widows' Row, at five minutes to eleven, Saturday night!

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

"I believe," he said firmly, "that there has been a deliberate attempt to poison this young lady. You'd better send for a doctor and put that tumbler in a safe place"

IX

THE taxi was brought, and the lawyer drove away. His late host, with a yawn, sank into an easy-chair. Outside, the rain was beating against the windowpanes.

"David, you pig!"

He turned round with a start. The heavy curtains which separated the semi-circular annex in which he was seated from the main library were partly drawn aside. A very pathetic, a very wistful, a very charming face slowly disclosed itself. Then came a lissom, pliable body, long legs, and fingers that stole out to the two sides of the curtain.

"Fancy," she went on indignantly, "sitting hour after hour, drinking wretched whisky-and-soda with that terrible Mr. Atkinson, whilst here I was all the time, waiting impatiently."

"I don't believe your tale of woe for a minute," he replied, as he pushed an easy-chair towards the fireplace. "Look at your hair, and your skirt's all crumpled. I believe you've been fast asleep."

She smiled.

"How clever of you! Almost uncanny. But there, I couldn't help it. I was doing the dutiful young débutante last night, out with Mother, dancing with a crowd of young rabbits who bored me stiff."

She flung herself into the chair and, leaning forward, rang the bell.

"What's that for?" he asked.

She looked at him in surprise.

"It's past six o'clock," she pointed out.

Dowson received the necessary orders and withdrew. Sophy smoothed her hair, looked into the mirror of her vanity case thoughtfully, and sat up in her chair.

"David," she announced, "during my long and solitary vigil this afternoon I was visited with a wonderful idea."

"If it's anything to do with the mixture of a new cocktail—" he began.

"Don't be silly," she interrupted. "It's something far more subtle. It will affect particularly our enjoyment of this evening. It may even affect the whole of our future lives. Are you donning an apache costume tonight and roaming the streets?"

"I certainly am not. No stunts of any sort. My busy evening comes a little later on."

"The affair grows simpler," she declared. "My respected mother is dining in Kensington—somewhere elderly where *ingénues* are not welcome. I have promised to go to bed early."

"That sounds reasonable," he remarked, "especially as you look a little sleepy."

"Don't be a goose," she rejoined. "I've slept too much. That's why I look sleepy. What I need tonight is a bright young man to entertain me, a good floor to dance upon, some really first-class music, and a small supper. You promised me we'd have one soon, and I can't wait till my birthday."

THERE was a brief interlude whilst Dowson brought in and served the cocktails. As soon as he had gone, Sophy lit a cigarette.

"Well?" she queried, with that fascinating little crinkle at the corners of her eyes.

"All right so far as I am concerned," he assured her, "but, tell me, is this sort of thing done? Can elderly gentlemen take out young women of your tender years unchaperoned? I don't want a furious visit from any indignant relative."

She laughed softly.

"You are funny," she murmured. "Absolutely and hopelessly out of date in most of your ideas. Besides, you are as good as my uncle, except that I am very glad you're not."

"Why?" he asked quickly.

She looked at him, and smiled—a smile of reminiscence. Then she knocked the ash from her cigarette.

"Ah, well," she muttered, "there might be many reasons."

THE elevator man, the hall porter and the cloakroom attendant of the Milan Court drifted together to discuss the affair. The hall porter was almost breathless.

"She was just an ordinary, decent-looking young woman when she came," he remarked. "A bit tall, and lazy-looking like, but nothing out of the way. She was done up in furs, and wore one of those little hats so that I never caught a glimpse of her face."

"Number 68 she is," the elevator man observed. "I went to her room with a parcel this afternoon. She was sprawling all over the couch, her clothes half on and half off her, an old wrap round her shoulders. Couldn't make out myself what she was doing in a hotel like this."

"She's the Queen of Sheba all right tonight," the cloakroom attendant put in. "You should have seen them sit up and take notice when she sailed in."

In the meantime, the head waiter in the grillroom was having his little turn. A commotion amongst his myrmidons attracted his attention to the person who was standing upon the threshold. He had probably never traversed the length of the room at such a pace before in his life. Belle in her strange costumes, lolling about in the public house parlor in Bermondsey, was striking enough, but Belle in a chiffon dress of Poiret's, with a diamond necklace whose full history would have required the reading of a dozen crime records, her magnificent hair judiciously dealt

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with by the hotel barber, would have created a sensation wherever she had chosen to appear. The *maitre d'hôtel* gasped as he gazed at the diamonds.

"Madam desires?" he murmured, a little breathlessly.

"Is this the restaurant?" Belle inquired.

"It is the grillroom, madam," the man replied. "I can find you a very nice table if you'll allow me."

She looked around her discontentedly.

"But where does one dance?" she asked. "And where is the music?"

"That will be in the restaurant proper, madam."

"And where is that?"

"If you will permit me, I will show the way."

She made imperious passage through the crowded room, either unconscious of or indifferent to the fact that at every table she passed, every man, and most of the women, turned to look after her.

"Madam has just arrived?" the *maitre d'hôtel* ventured, as they traversed the lounge.

"I have just arrived," she admitted.

"From Spain, perhaps, or Paris, or South America?" he persisted, conscious of the fact that he would be besieged by questioners when he returned to the grillroom.

"It doesn't matter, does it?" she answered indifferently. "I have just arrived."

He accepted the rebuke, and at the foot of the stairs leading down to the restaurant handed her over to a confrère.

"Madam desires a table in a favorable position," he explained. "She would like to watch the dancing."

The new *maitre d'hôtel* swallowed hard. He had just seen the diamonds.

"If you would be so good as to come this way, madam," he invited, with uplifted hand.

BELLE made another triumphal progress. There was a smile upon her face, however, as she took her seat.

"So this is the famous Milan Restaurant," she remarked, looking around with the menu in her hand.

"It certainly is, madam. A very beautiful room, most of our patrons think."

"I don't care for it very much," she decided. "It seems very small to me, and the people are very rude to stare at a stranger so."

"I am sorry, madam," the man apologized. "I don't think anyone meant to be rude. We always find," he went on, "that people nowadays are very interested in jewelry, and the diamonds you are wearing—if you will forgive my saying so—are very extraordinary."

She shrugged her shoulders.

He leaned a little forward.

"You see the gentleman dancing with the young lady in green? Well set up—looks like a military gentleman."

Belle saw him all right, but she was speechless. She had recognized David a few seconds before the man had pointed him out.

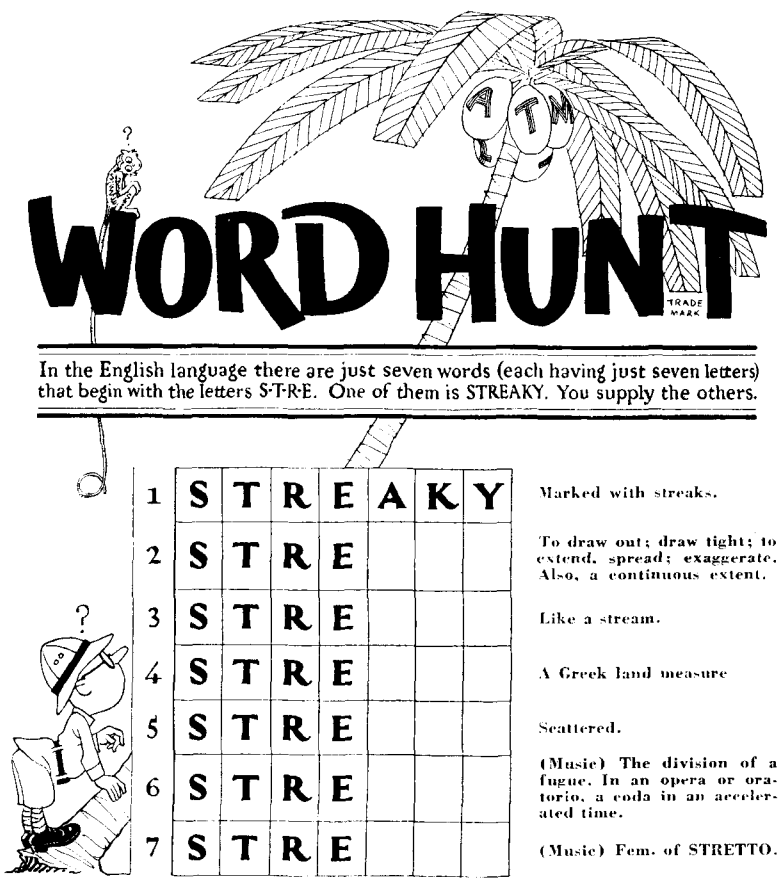
"That's Lord Newberry, just come into a title and estates," the head waiter confided.

"Who is the young lady with him?" Belle asked.

"A sort of connection, I believe, madam. If I remember rightly, she's the daughter of Lady Anderleyton, who married Lord Newberry's brother. . . ."

The head waiter hovered around in the background. Besides the curiosity of many of his patrons, he had his own now to gratify. . . .

The dancing floor became crowded. Belle leaned back in her corner, her eyes seldom wandering far from David and his companion. A child, but in love with him, she decided, with an impatient


WORD HUNT
TRADE MARK
In the English language there are just seven words (each having just seven letters) that begin with the letters S-T-R-E. One of them is STREAKY. You supply the others.
1 S T R E A K Y
Marked with streaks.
2 S T R E
To draw out; draw tight; to extend, spread; exaggerate. Also, a continuous extent.
3 S T R E
Like a stream.
4 S T R E
A Greek land measure
5 S T R E
Scattered.
6 S T R E
(Music) The division of a fugue. In an opera or oratorio, a coda in an accelerated time.
7 S T R E
(Music) Fem. of STRETTO.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Franc
2. Frail
3. Fraud
4. Frame
5. Frass
6. Frank
7. Frawn
8. Fraik
9. Fraze
10. Frase

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today—Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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frown. Herself as yet unrecognized, she watched David with a curious and almost morbid interest. Not the type of face to which she was accustomed, she acknowledged.

The mouth was firm enough, almost hard, yet kindly. The eyes seemed to speak of suffering. There was a certain pride of carriage and expression, the dominance of one who had met trouble and never permitted himself to go under. Well, his time had come now, she told herself, with a sort of savage distaste for her share in his fate. He was dancing there, smiling down at his little companion, dancing with the sentence of death written on his forehead. He had not an earthly chance of escaping the gang tomorrow night. Four armed men against one, weaponless and unprepared. What a fool David had been to trust her, or anyone! It must be because he was used to speaking the truth himself, because of a certain simplicity of thought which she had always remarked in him, that he should think that she, for no reason at all, was giving away the gang just for his benefit. Murder! That was what it would be. David was out for a fight. She knew that he wasn't going to get one.

Murder! She realized as she had never realized before the ugliness of Tottie Green's methods. There was something revolting, she reflected, in the thought of a cowardly bullet crashing its way into a brave man's forehead. Men couldn't fight bullets. They could never dodge the knife they couldn't see.

THIS life of crime—she began to wonder whether she was tiring of it all. There was plenty of excitement about it, but very little happiness. She watched this—to her—absolutely new chapter of life, the dancing and merriment of this gay, light-hearted throng, and began to wonder about happiness. Certainly she had never associated it in any way with that foul public house parlor with its reeking odors, its absence of every single indication of culture and beauty. Why, she speculated, had she been content to stay there so long?

She moved her chair an inch or two. From her changed position, she could see the table where David and his companion were seated. He had his chance, she murmured, half to herself. He could have had what he wanted. A man always knows. He classed her with that herd, and despised her! Why not? She was one of them. . . .

The manager brought her some very beautiful roses and laid them by the side of her plate. She was conscious all the time of admiring glances from the men, mostly a little too bold. These things afforded her no surprise. She had always taken her beauty so entirely for granted that it had never occurred to her to doubt it. Indifference such as David's she had never dreamed of. Well, it was going to cost him his life.

"Belle!"

She looked up, and her eyes flamed with sudden fury. It was Reuben who stood before the table. It was surprising to her that after years of unrestraint she could moderate her anger, that she could imitate almost automatically the ways and manners of the crowd around. Her voice was raised scarcely above a whisper, her anger shone only from her eyes.

"How dared you follow me in here?" she demanded. "How dare you come and speak to me?"

HE ACCEPTED the chair which a waiter had brought, and sat down uninvited. He was correctly enough dressed, his manners were passable, his appearance very little different from that of many other young men who were dancing. Nevertheless, she could see nothing but the gangster claiming acquaintance with her, and she was infuriated.

"It was understood," she continued, "clearly understood—you heard Daddy Green promise it—that not one of you should attempt to communicate with me whilst I was on this business. I should never have taken it on otherwise. I should never have come into these parts if I had dreamed that I was going to be followed. It was bad enough when you schemed your way into my sitting-room. This is far worse. You have no right to speak to me in public."

He answered coldly, and with little in the way of apology.

"Sorry you don't fancy me round," he said. "I'll admit that I haven't said anything to Tottie about it. We're working the show many ways without consulting him nowadays. Getting too soft for his job, the old man is."

"Why don't you tell him so?" she gibed. "There isn't one of you has the pluck to do that."

Reuben calmly ordered a whisky-and-soda from the waiter, who was still hovering round the table.

"Oh, I don't know about that," he reflected. "I don't think we Lambs funk much. A few years ago I should have said that it took more pluck than I had to show myself here. I killed a man in this hotel once."

"You're asking for pretty bad trouble tonight," she told him. "You're doing your best to spoil everything. David is here, dancing. If he sees us together he'll never believe that I've broken with the gang. He'll be suspicious about Saturday night, and he very likely won't turn out at all."

Reuben frowned at the cigarette which he was holding in his fingers.

"That's one way of looking at it," he acknowledged. "I may have done harm by showing myself. On the other hand, Lem and I agreed this morning that someone ought to keep an eye on you up in these parts. How is it that you're not dancing with his lordship?" he went

(*Continued on page 48*)

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The Age of Youth

By Arthur Somers Roche

He locked the door, put the key in his pocket. "Donna, you've gone too far. Now, you're going to stay. Gardner won't wait—"

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

The Story Thus Far:

DONNA RAYNOR, a beautiful young girl who has failed to make a living in New York, believes she can find happiness by marrying a wealthy man. Convinced that she can meet the right man if she has money enough to enable her to work her way into society, she appeals to Randolph Granby, a rich bachelor, who gives her nearly twenty-five thousand dollars—and stands by, to observe her maneuvers.

Soon, to her backer's amazement, the girl is actually in the smart set, with Frank Gardner, the greatest catch in America, madly in love with her. Gardner is a hard drinker. While intoxicated one evening he insults Donna, attacks Granby—after taking an unfair advantage of him—and gives him a severe beating.

Donna determines to get revenge. But can she? The gossips are busy. Already "Chit-Chat," a scandal-sheet, has tried to blackmail her by threatening to publish an ugly "story" about her ordinary origin and her relations with Granby. What can she do to protect herself?

The girl thinks the problem over and has an inspiration. Why not win Frank Gardner—become engaged to him? His name will protect her—render her invulnerable to attack. Why not use him for a time—until the scandalmongers are silent—then calmly drop him?

Almost immediately Gardner proposes, and Donna accepts him. . . . Granby is still in bed, suffering from the effects of his battle with Gardner. Donna telephones him. He asks her to come to his apartment. Wondering what he will say to her, what he will do, if he will threaten to tell Gardner everything, she goes.

Her reception surprises her. Like the splendid gentleman he is, Granby discusses the engagement, advises the girl how to conduct herself, and finally offers to give her two hundred thousand dollars—so that Gardner will never be aware of her peculiar financial condition! . . . A caller arrives. Granby leaves the room, greets someone. A conversation ensues. Donna listens. The caller is Frank Gardner! "I've got to talk to you," he tells Granby. "It's about Donna. I've heard stories—"

"Bring him in," says Donna. Now, at last, the worst has come!

XII

SHE saw Gardner, incredulity and rage mingled on his countenance, appear in the doorway. Behind him was Granby, and the latter was making frantic signs to her, signs which could have had no meaning to any onlooker save Donna, but which to her were easily translatable. She was to say nothing, to leave the situation in his hands. . . .

"What are you doing here, Donna?" demanded Frank.

"Does that matter?" she asked.

"Matter? Well, I'll say it matters. Don't you think it matters that I find my fiancée in Ran Granby's apartment?"

"No, I don't," she replied.

"Then I'd like to know what you think *does* matter," he cried.

"What you think about my being here—that's what matters," she said. "It doesn't seem to me very important why I'm here. What *is* important is the construction you place upon my being here."

"What construction can you possibly expect me to place upon it?" he asked.

"What I expect doesn't count, either. It's what you think, Frank."

"I don't know what to think," he stammered.

"Then, before you say anything, *think*," she advised.

"My God, are you trying to put me in the wrong?"

"I'm not trying to do anything, Frank," she gently told him. "But I want you to put yourself in the right."

"A lot of words," he cried. "I want to know—here, look here! Look at this!"

He waved a sheet of paper before her eyes.

"I got this from the office of Chit-Chat," he said. "They sent a man up to me this morning—I wanted to kill him—he gave me this—it's a photograph of a letter you wrote to Ran Granby, asking for money—Chit-Chat bought it from a valet of Granby's—I saw the original copy, all pieced together—Chit-Chat got hold of it only yesterday, and when our engagement was announced—their man came to see me—to blackmail me—"

HE PAUSED, out of breath, ablaze, however, with rage.

"Why didn't you come to see me about it? Why did you call on Mr. Granby?" asked Donna evenly.

"Because I wanted the truth," said Gardner.

"And thought that I might not give it to you?" asked Donna.

"I didn't say that. I mean—is this your handwriting, Donna?"

From a pocket he produced another piece of paper, the pasted-together letter which Ran Granby had torn up contemptuously and tossed in his waste paper basket months ago, and which had been retrieved by Curtin, his valet.

Donna shook her head.

"It probably is, but I don't care to read it. If it is a request that Mr. Granby give me money—I wrote such a letter to him. Moreover, he gave me money. Further, he's been trying to make me accept much more money from him today."

Gardner wheeled on Granby, threat, menace, in his movement. But the older man merely shrugged his shoulders, turned his back, walked—heavily, it seemed to Donna—to a chair and sat down.

"Why are you trying to give her more money, Ran?" asked Gardner. "*Trying?*" His laugh was bitter. "I suppose you had difficulty in persuading her—"

"STOP right there, Gardner," said Granby. "And I'm not taking any more chances with a maniac like you. The next time I'll put a bullet right through that silly head of yours. Miss Raynor *has* refused any more money from me. Further, I've been arguing with her that she must not tell you anything about having taken money from me before. She's been insisting that she must tell you—"

"You expect me to believe that?" cried Gardner.

"I expect you to believe every single word that either Miss Raynor or myself tells you, Gardner," said Granby. Donna had not known that his voice could be so flatly hard.

Gardner sneered.

"You won't blame me if I find it difficult, though. I'm given evidence that my fiancée has had an affair with you—I *buy* the evidence from Chit-Chat to shut their filthy mouths—come to talk the matter over with you, and find my fiancée here. Then, with proof in my hand, I'm expected to believe that she was about to confess everything to me."

"That's exactly what you are expected to believe, Gardner," said Granby, still in that curiously flat, hard tone.

The younger man stared at him a moment. Baffled by the look in Granby's eyes, he turned to Donna.

"Well, explain," he said.

She shook her head slowly.

"I don't think I want to explain, Frank," she said.

"You mean you can't?" he asked.

"I mean that I don't want to, Frank," she reiterated.

"You can't mean that, Donna. Why, you're engaged to marry me."

"Am I?" she asked.

"My God, aren't you?" he demanded.

"That depends," she said.

"On what?" he asked.

"On you," she told him.

"On me? What have I done? You've taken this man's money—wrote and asked him for it, said you wanted the proper setting to get a rich husband. Apparently he gave you the money you wanted."

"Well?" she said, as he paused.

"I want an explanation," he said.

"The matter explains itself, doesn't it? Mr. Granby gave me twenty-five thousand dollars. I used it as I had told him I'd use it, to put myself in a position where I could—meet men like

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you. That's about all there is to it."

"And Granby asked nothing?"

"And wanted nothing, and got nothing, Gardner," interjected Granby.

"But might have got something," said Donna.

Gardner turned back to her.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"I mean that, if I weren't successful—if at the end of two years I weren't married or engaged, I told Mr. Granby that—well, he wouldn't have to marry me."

"You mean—you'd have been his mistress?"

"That is the usual term for such things, isn't it, Frank?" she asked.

"You speak as though there were nothing surprising in your attitude," he said.

"I don't think there is," she said.

"I do. It's a bit of a surprise to learn that the woman I loved contemplated being another man's mistress," he commented.

"ANY man—every man, I think, would be surprised if he knew the thoughts that sometimes were in the mind of the woman he cared for," she said.

"Decent women don't think that sort of thing," he said.

"How do you know they don't?" she countered. "Have so many of them told you so? Is passion an exclusively masculine possession, Frank?"

"And yet, having made such an arrangement with Granby—"

"Don't be silly, Frank," said Granby. "You know perfectly well that Donna would never have gone through with it."

"Yes, I would," said Donna. "And will," she cried.

"I wouldn't let—"

She cut Granby short:

"We made a bargain. If by any chance it is necessary, in fulfillment of that bargain, that I—come to you—I won't shirk."

"And you tell him that in front of me?" cried Gardner. "The man you intended to marry?"

"How do you know I intended to marry you?" asked Donna. "You insulted me publicly. The only way I could prove to the world that you could have had no basis for your charge was to become engaged to you. So—I did that very thing."

"And didn't intend to marry me?"

"I don't know."

"I suppose," he sneered, "that if I say to you now that I'm willing to believe everything you want me to believe, that you're a good woman and all that, and ask to marry you, you'll refuse me."

"I don't know," she said.

HIS attitude changed. He had been certain of things, but now he was uncertain.

"Donna, don't you love me?"

"I don't know," she said.

"But if I'm willing to forgive—"

"Forgive what?" she interrupted.

"Why—your taking money from Granby," he replied.

"What business is that of yours?" she demanded. "Have you ever given money to women?"

"What has that to do with it?" he evaded.

"If it's your business that I have accepted money from a man, why isn't it my business that you have given money to women?"

"Men and women are different," he declared.

"In what way? What's wrong for a man is wrong for a woman. I have asked you no questions. I will listen to none from you."

"Surely you'll admit that a girl owes some obligation to her fiancé," he said.

"Then you're not engaged to me. You want release? Well, I give it to you. And now, will you go?"

"And leave you here with Ran Granby? Look here, Donna, you can't blame me for feeling as I've felt."

"It isn't a matter of blaming you," she said. "It—it—the whole thing is impossible; it always was impossible. Men—I wouldn't expect any man to—to—accept a situation like this and make no fuss about it. Blame you? Not a bit, Frank. But—I wish you'd go. I—I want to talk to Mr. Granby."

Gardner turned to the older man. He tore in pieces the patched letter and the photostatic copy. The pieces fluttered to the floor.

"Better burn them this time," he suggested. "They might be picked up by another servant. Chit-Chat destroyed the plates. The matter, I believe, will never arise again through them. I—ought to be pretty sore with you, Ran. But I'm not, somehow. I—believe you and Donna."

He turned to the girl.

"Donna, forgive me. I'm crazy about you. I know you couldn't lie. I—I can understand your letter to Ran. I—I can understand your—bargain," he gulped at the word, "with him. I know perfectly well that Ran is too decent a sort to have—taken advantage of a bargain like that, and I know perfectly well that you'd not have gone through with it, either. Come, dear."

"Come where?" asked Donna, in surprise.

"We're going to be married," he said.

She shook her head.

"No, Frank."

"But you love me, don't you?"

OBLIVIOUS of Granby's presence, he pleaded his cause.

"I told you that I didn't know. I don't. Please go."

"I won't leave you here," he declared.

"Despite your great faith in me?"

He colored at the sneer in her words.

"Donna, I want you to forgive me."

She smiled wryly.

"Life with you, Frank, would be one forgiveness after another, wouldn't it? You'd forgive me, and I'd forgive you—please go."

He took out his watch.

"Donna, I don't think any wrong of you and Ran. It was a shock—you won't maintain that taking his money was a conventional thing to do, will you?"

"I won't maintain anything," she said.

"I'll leave you here. I'll be waiting downstairs. I'll wait exactly half an hour. If you aren't down by then, I'll wait no longer. I'll assume that we are no longer engaged, that you don't intend to marry me."

He turned to Granby.

"If Donna comes downstairs, Ran, I wish you'd let me send you a check for—whatever amount she borrowed. You won't mind?"

Granby's expression did not change.

"If Donna marries you, you may repay me," he said.

"Well, settle up your affairs quickly, Donna," said Gardner to her. "I—I'm sorry for the way I acted. I still believe that I had occasion for suspicion, for anger—for whatever I showed. Only, knowing you, Donna—oh, well, there isn't anything I can say. But—after everything that's happened—you should know now, Donna, as well as you'll ever know, whether you care for me or not. A hundred years of acquaintance wouldn't change you, wouldn't help you to make up your mind. You know, now, all that is worst in me, and I hope you know some of the things that aren't so bad."

He drew a long breath.

"Telling about your love, in front of

(*Continued on page 36*)

"A lot of words," he cried. "I want to know—here, look here! Look at this!" He waved a sheet of paper before her eyes

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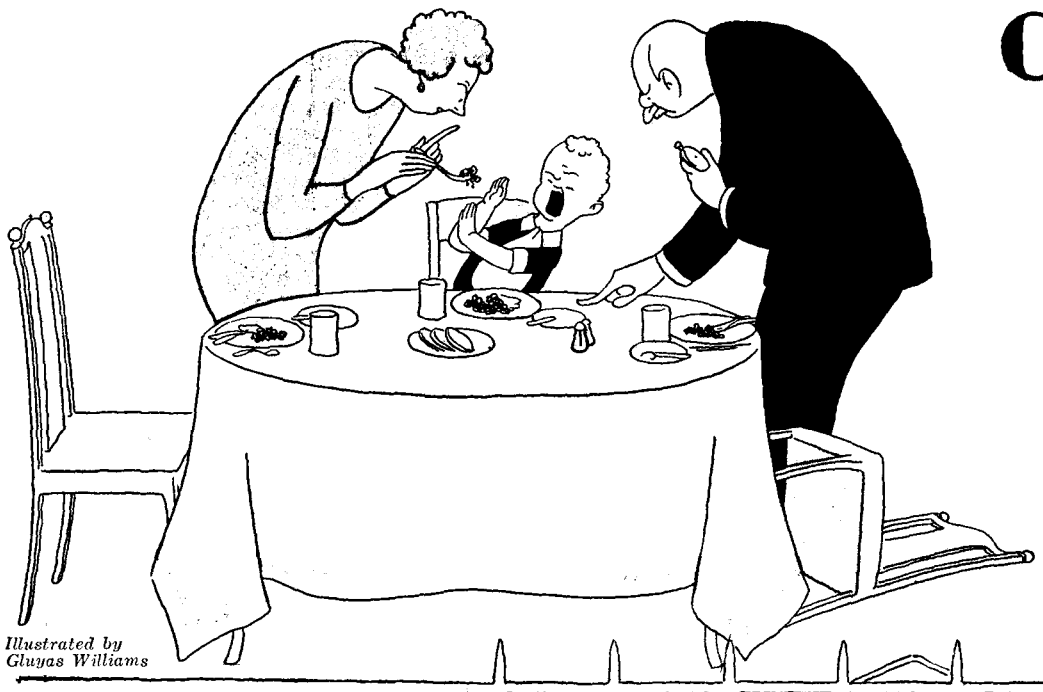
Orphans of the Deep

"What to do with battleships has come to be as much of a problem as the disposition of old razor blades an' tenth-hand automobiles. You can't take 'em in at night like you do the lawn mower. An' they can't be stored in an attic or sent to the Salvation Army"

Uncle Henry



Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

"Mr. Hoover expects to get some information as to jes' what food really is"

"I'M a Big Navy man an' I don't care who knows it." Mr. Stubbs shook his head belligerently. "Hoover's all wrong in cuttin' down on battleship construction."

"Well, the good Lord knows I hold no brief for the President," Uncle Henry declared. "I'm about the only man in the United States that he hasn't called into conference on somethin' or other, an' it certainly looks like mean discrimination. What's more, I'm jes' as much of a patriot as Mr. Shearer, even though I don't work at it by the hour. But when it comes to buildin' dreadnaughts an' cruisers, I must say I stand squarely behind Mr. Hoover.

"Even if we went ahead an' turned out a bunch of battleships, 'Lonzo, what would we do with 'em? Surely you've got gumption enough to know that they couldn't be sent to sea, for that would be invitin' their destruction. What with submarines lurkin' below, jes' waitin' to belch torpedoes, an' airplanes circlin' above, ready to drop bombs, the ocean is about the last place in the world to put a battleship.

"Of course, you might well ask what the protective tariff's for, but the tariff, my dear 'Lonzo, can't protect *everything*. Joe Grundy's so busy lookin' after pig iron, an' worryin' over backward states, that he hasn't got any time to be huntin' up a safe parkin' place for dreadnaughts an' cruisers. An' Senator Bingham, who might have solved the problem by hirin' a man from the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association, has gone deep into silence. Not angry, you know, but jes' hurt.

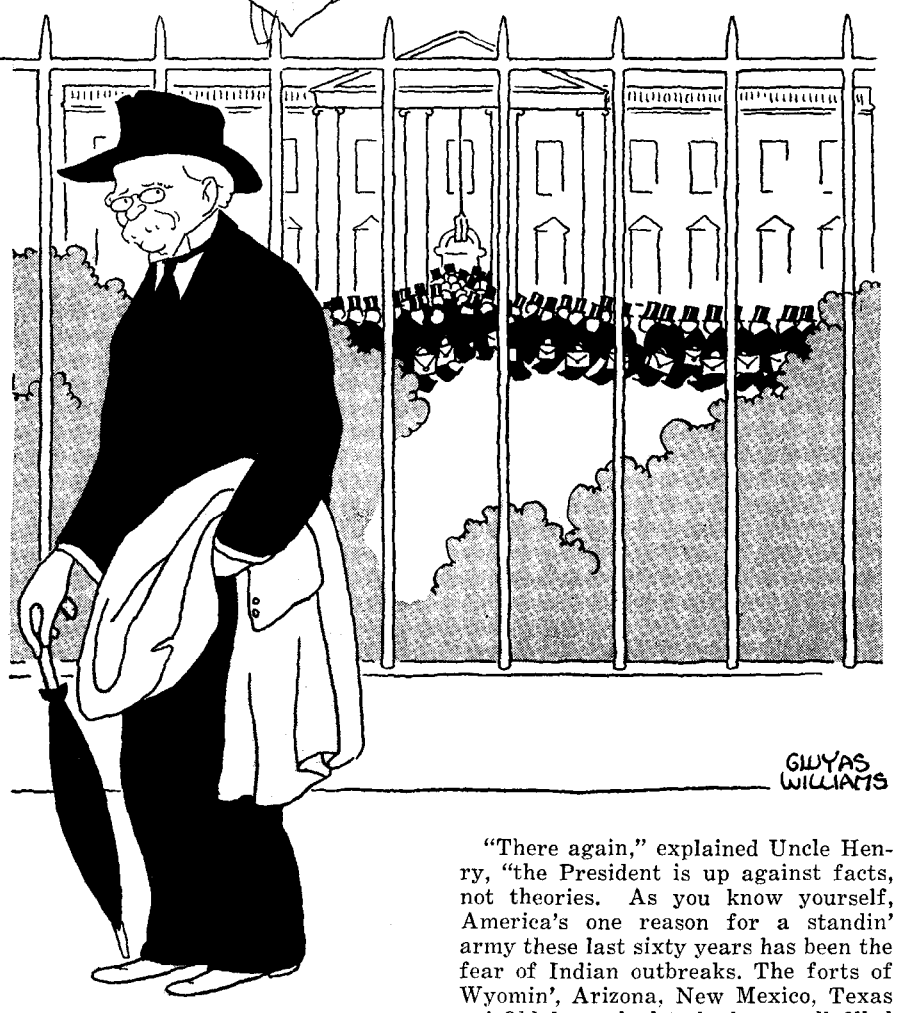
"What to do with battleships has come to be as much of a problem as the disposition of old razor blades an' tenth-hand automobiles. You can't take 'em in at night like you do the lawn mower an' garden hose. They can't be stored in an attic or sent to the Salvation Army.

Dreadnaughts in Retreat

"As for movin' 'em inland, well out of harm's way, Chicago is the only city wet enough to take care of a navy, an' I think you'll agree with me that Chicago is hardly a safe place for anything of value.

"I heard the other day of a suggestion that all our battleships be put on rollers an' trundled out to the Yellowstone, but the park is already so overcrowded with the wild life we're preservin' that an animal doesn't dare kick in its sleep.

"The storm cellars of Kansas are too small, an' John Rockefeller refuses to admit battleships to the refuge for migratory birds that he maintains down in Louisiana. Los Angeles has plenty of space for every dreadnaught, and right in her city limits, too, but Hiram Johnson is still sulkin' over that White House dinner he wasn't invited to. But even if he had been invited, Hi would be sulkin' about somethin' else, so it really doesn't matter.



"I'm about the only man in the United States he hasn't called into conference"

"Of course, you may say that the loss of a forty-million-dollar battleship doesn't matter to a rich country like America. But people have changed a good deal since the Wall Street crash, my dear 'Lonzo. No question that our basic industries are sound, as Secretary Mellon keeps tellin' us, with every pickle factory reportin' undiminished production, but go up to any man on the street an' he'll tell you that forty million is forty million. Yessir!"

"Hoover doesn't seem to want us to have any defense at all," insisted Mr. Stubbs. "He even wants to reduce the army."

"There again," explained Uncle Henry, "the President is up against facts, not theories. As you know yourself, America's one reason for a standin' army these last sixty years has been the fear of Indian outbreaks. The forts of Wyomin', Arizona, New Mexico, Texas an' Oklahoma had to be kept well filled with soldiers on account of the Sioux, the Arapahoes, the Blackfeet, the Moose, the Elk, the Shrine an' other Indian tribes, always lookin' for a chance to take the warpath.

"But now the noble red man has quit the plains entirely, an' gone into the curio business with blankets an' bracelets made in Germany. Almost all of 'em own automobiles, buyin' a new one rather than change tires, so that the Indian problem, 'Lonzo, is really a traffic problem. They park anywhere, regardless of rules, for they can't seem to get the white man's knack of drinkin' while drivin'.

"With the Indians all hived in the cities, what's the point in a standin' army? Of course, there's always the chance of developin' a polo star, but the Long Island bunch wouldn't let an outsider get in anyway, so what's the use? Here again the question of money enters into consideration, for while $134,000,000 a year—the cost of our army for enlisted men alone—didn't amount to much before Wall Street went native, now it's looked on as an amount well worth savin'.

"Too bad! It may mean the closin' of West Point, an' if so, where will all the college boys go for another four years of football? But what are we to do? With no annual game between West Point an' Annapolis, the two institutions are jes' a dead expense."

"All this talk is jes' so much bunk," exclaimed Mr. Stubbs. "All the nations signin' this here Kellogg Packed, Hoover an' MacDonald doin' everything but kissin', an' right now they're fightin' over the way the next war is goin' to be fought."

"To the lay mind," answered Uncle Henry, "meanin', of course, the kind of mind that you let lay, I suppose it is rather confusin' to hear Mr. Hoover askin' to have the rights of neutrals defined, an' wantin' to know about food ships an' the freedom of the seas. But it's really nothin' more than Mr. Hoover's way of gettin' information.

"By puttin' out his question about food ships Mr. Hoover undoubtedly expects to get some valuable information as to jes' what food really is. Some say one thing an' some say another. You know yourself, 'Lonzo, that we're eatin' some mighty queer stuff these days. Broccoli, for instance, an' various other queer forms of vegetable life that ought never to be served outside of a silo.

Freedom of the Seas

"As for Mr. Hoover's question about the freedom of the seas, that has nothin' to do with war, but deals with a purely social matter. The United States, as you know, is in the steamship business, an' one of the features of transatlantic travel is the so-called student rate for the benefit of young collegiates of both sexes. How do they act? What is their deportment while on the boundin' wave? That's what the President is tryin' to get at by askin' about the freedom of the seas.

"No, 'Lonzo, I think you're wrong. The whole world is sick of war, an' means to do away with it. Of course, we may have another war while we're discussin' means to end war, for peace is somethin' that we've always taken very seriously. I'd feel better about it, though, if the delegates at these Geneva conferences were men who'd been in first-line trenches rather than cabinet ministers, diplomats an' admirals."

"Speakin' of the Army an' Navy football teams," interrupted Mr. Stubbs, "don't the colleges have a rule that no boy can play who's been helped through school? An' don't the country pay every cent of expense for the lads at Annapolis an' West Point?"

"Maybe a term at either institution isn't generally regarded as comin' under the head of helpin' a boy," answered Uncle Henry.

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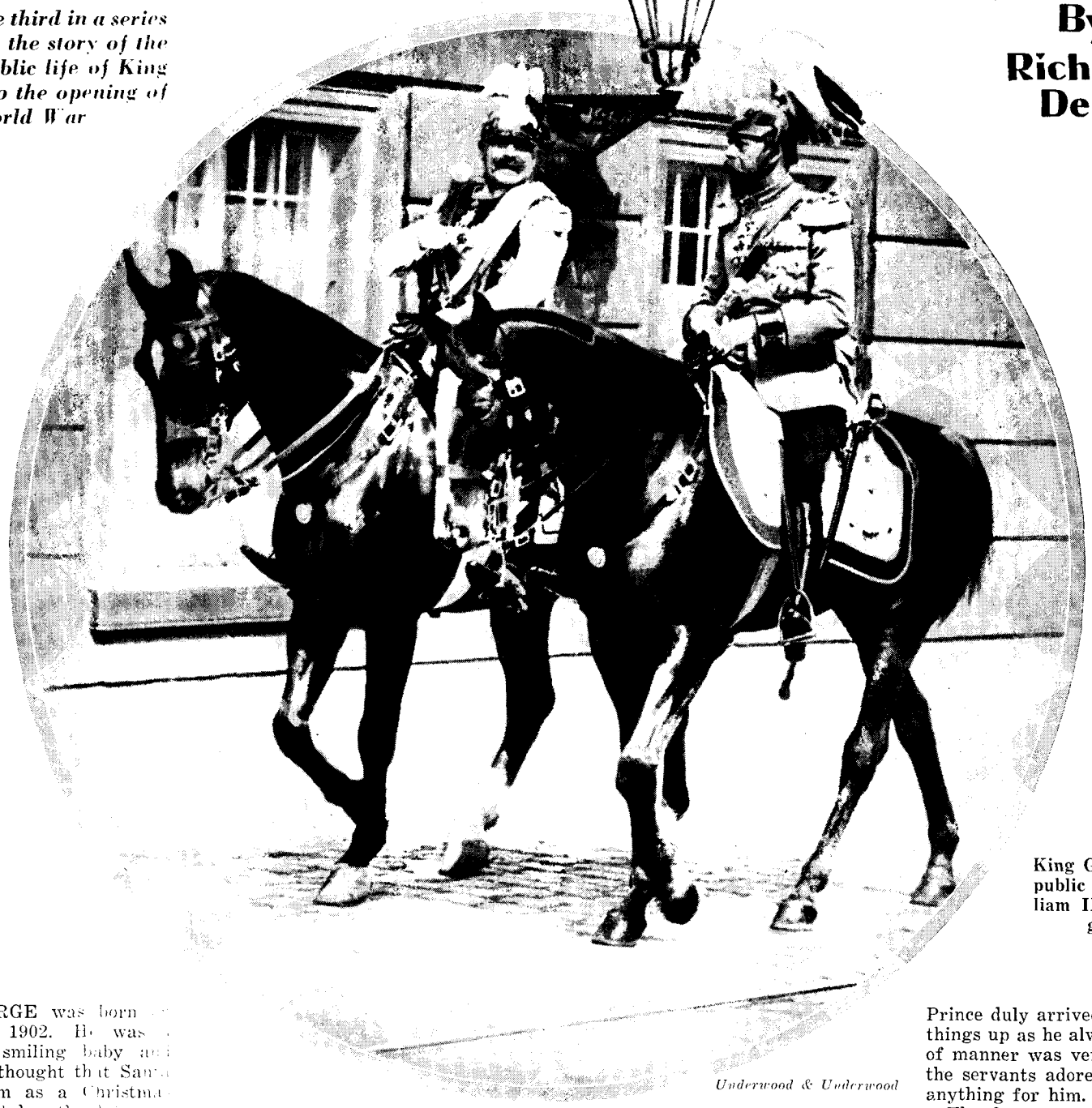
We always call it Home

This article, the third in a series of four, brings the story of the private and public life of King George down to the opening of the World War

By Richard Dent



King George V appears in public with Emperor William II—as it was in the good old days

Underwood & Underwood

PRINCE GEORGE was born on December 20, 1902. He was a most happy, smiling baby and Prince David thought that Santa Claus had sent him as a Christmas present but had mistaken the date.

After Christmas the Prince of Wales told his two elder sons that they were to have a tutor and that they must do their best at lessons with him. Public work was now taking up so much of their Royal Highnesses' time that they decided to move from York Cottage to Marlborough House. There was great sorrow at leaving their dear little home, as they called it, and the children were heartbroken to say good-by to their favorite trees and the places in the woods where they most loved to picnic.

On July 12, 1905, Prince John was born, and christened John Charles Francis at Sandringham. The Prince and Princess of Wales had planned an Indian tour but before they left they managed to have a few weeks at Sandringham and in Scotland with their family. King Edward was at Balmoral and in October the Prince and Princess had to bid a long farewell to Balmoral and to their children. The Empire tour on the Renown would take them away from England for eight months. Into King Edward's and Queen Alexandra's willing hands they once again committed the care of their children.

King Edward wrote to his son while he was away that "the children are very happy, so neither of you is to worry. I know it isn't any use my saying that because you will, but still there isn't any need."

This time the children were older and the parting was felt acutely, especially by Prince David. "India can't want you nearly as much as we do," he said to his father. It was on this occasion that the Prince took his son into his study and told him something of the duties and responsibilities that fall upon royalty. It was a quiet, thoughtful little boy who came out. The only remark, however, that he made was to his little confidante, Princess Mary, "I think Father's fine," he said. "I hope I shall grow like him. Only I know I shan't be anywhere near as good."

A Lad Who'd be a Sailor

Prince David's letter, which arrived when his parents were at Punjab, was characteristic, and the Princess showed it to me laughing and, I fancy, nearly crying at the same time:

"Darling Both,

"Do come home soon. All the animals are missing you, especially Gyp. [Gyp was his father's little terrier.] I am trying hard with my lessons, but like sailing the boat you gave me in the pond better. Your loving little David."

It is quite impossible to mention a quarter of all that their Royal Highnesses did on their tour. But family ties meant everything in the world to them, and, although they had enjoyed India and shown that keen interest which had never deserted them, "home" was a precious word which could not be mentioned while Empire called. When the hills of old England came into sight once more when the Renown reached Portsmouth on May 7, 1906, the bands burst into the strains of Home, Sweet Home and on the deck two people stood, straining to catch the first glimpse of those they had had to leave.

The next few years passed with the usual round of State duties and 1909 opened with a family party at Sandringham as usual. All the royal family were there from King Edward to his tiniest grandson, John. Everything was as merry and jolly as it ever had been, but I remember feeling that it seemed almost too good to last.

Prince David, now in the navy, managed to join the party at Sandringham and there was great excitement on the day he was to arrive. Princess Mary, with her usual charming thoughtfulness, had put flowers in his bedroom but had removed them when Bertie had referred to pampered pets. The young Prince duly arrived and began to wake things up as he always did. His charm of manner was very noticeable and all the servants adored him and would do anything for him.

The first part of this year was unusually free from public engagements and the Prince of Wales, to his great delight, had the chance of doing some serious reading. Naval history had always fascinated him and in the course of years he had collected many valuable books on the subject. He also took up again his long neglected hobby of stamp-collecting and began at this time a habit from which he has since rarely swerved, of reserving one afternoon a week for philately. Woe betide the children if they disturbed their father on that afternoon although at any other time he was the confidant and playmate of them all.

"Where's Father?" I once heard Prince Bertie ask Princess Mary.

"Stamp day," was the enigmatical reply.

A New Hand at the Helm

Early in 1910 it was reported from Paris that King Edward, who was traveling in France, had a cold. When he arrived at Biarritz, his favorite seaside resort, the news leaked out that it was bronchitis. This attack passed, however, and the King returned to England apparently in good health. But the end came suddenly, not long afterward. There was only one day in bed, following a chill, and on May 6th the King was dead.

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King George and King Edward were in every sense of the words an ideal father and son, and his father's death was an immeasurable loss to King George.

Another person whose grief was great was the Prince of Wales, as Prince David now became. He didn't say anything at all when he heard but went very white, and then a little later, with apparent carelessness, said, "I think I'd better go and take Cæsar out for a walk. He'll be missing him."

On May 7th King George communicated officially King Edward's death to his first Privy Council. After paying tribute to the King's memory, he said, "To endeavor to follow in his footsteps and to uphold the constitutional government of these realms, will be the earnest object of my life. I am deeply sensible of the very heavy responsibilities which have fallen upon me. I know that I can rely upon Parliament and upon the people of these islands, and of my dominions beyond the seas, for their help in the discharge of these arduous duties, and for their prayers that God will grant me strength and guidance. I am encouraged by the knowledge that I have in my dear wife one who will be a constant helpmate in every endeavor for our people's good."

There was much speculation as to the new King. He was universally beloved, it is true, but he had not had that long apprenticeship for kingship which King Edward had had. His many voyages on behalf of the Empire had made him necessarily a little remote from the general public. But King George was the ideal man to come to the throne when he did. Besides his charm and integrity of character he has political gifts of a high order although his modesty may sometimes obscure these from view.

The funeral procession passed mourning crowds to Paddington and the coffin was taken by train to Windsor. In the procession King Edward's charger, Kildare, was led by a groom and his dog, Cæsar, followed behind the gun carriage. I had done my best, before the procession started, to comfort the little dog, but he would have nothing to do with any of us except the Prince of Wales, for whom he would occasionally wag his tail. On his collar were the words, "I belong to the King."

Home from the Sea

After King George had been proclaimed King, he issued proclamations to the army and navy, the Dominions and the Indian Empire. To each he sent some personal message and to the navy he sent a very special message. He spoke of it as "the profession which I love too dearly," and went on to say that his retirement from active service would in no sense diminish his feelings of affection for it.

Queen Alexandra stands out at this time a beautiful, pathetic figure sustained in her deep sorrow by the love of her son and daughter-in-law. Soon after King Edward's death King George said to his wife, "We must think of Mother before anyone else."

King Edward had assigned Marlborough House and Sandringham Hall to King George in his will with the request that they should be at the disposal of Queen Alexandra during her lifetime. King George at once transferred to Marlborough House everything that was in King Edward's study at Buckingham Palace and Queen Alexandra settled once more in the home of her early married life.

The New Home

Buckingham Palace was rather strange to us all at first after York Cottage—it was so immense. King George chose for his study a room that King Edward used and it was made to resemble his study at York Cottage as much as possible. "I hate change," he told me. "I like to have all my photographs and books in exactly the same place. It's very old-fashioned, I suppose."

It is just these human little traits of King George that endear him to his friends. When a number of people interested in the housing problem were received by the King some years ago, the conversation happened to touch on Buckingham Palace in its aspect as a house. "You know," said the King, "among ourselves—in the family, I mean—we never speak of Buckingham Palace; we always call it home."

Soon after the King and Queen moved into the palace they made a tour together of most of the rooms, deciding what should be left and what should be altered. A more modern spirit seemed to creep into the old palace guided by Queen Mary with her exquisite taste and knowledge of interior decoration. How the King and Queen managed to infuse homeliness and cheerfulness into some of the great dull reception-rooms of Buckingham Palace, I do not know. Somehow they managed to enliven the whole building until today there is not a single depressing room in the palace.

Neither the King nor the Queen made the slightest difference in their mode of living on their accession to the throne. Plain food as ever was the order of the day and wine and spirits were used very sparingly, often not at all.

On June 23d, his sixteenth birthday, Prince David was created formally Prince of Wales and was afterward appointed midshipman to H. M. S. Hindustan, joining the ship in August and being treated exactly like all the other cadets. King George was most insistent that his son should mix with people and find his own level exactly as he himself had done. Now that he was Prince of Wales the boy would not have very much longer in the navy. The young Prince was beginning to love his profession and the King felt it deeply when, having finished his training on October 26th, David went to Sandringham for the winter to undergo a course of study with Mr. H. P. Hansell, his tutor, preparatory to a university career.

Those who say that royalty do not have to suffer cannot know what it means to give up a beloved profession at the call of duty. It is what King George and his son did willingly, but

(Continued on page 56)

Father and Mother keeping a watchful eye on their roaming sailor lad—the Prince of Wales

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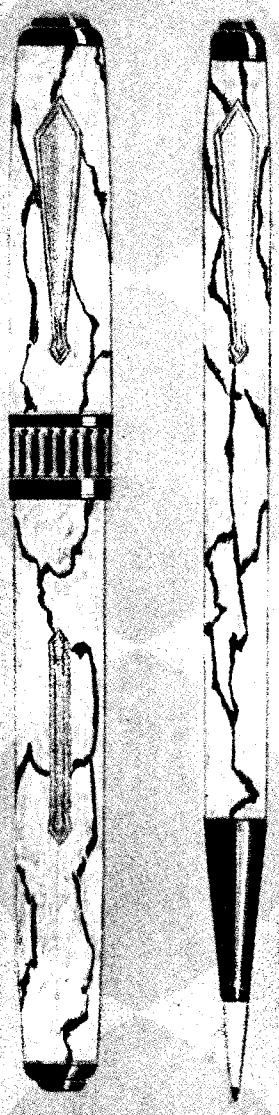

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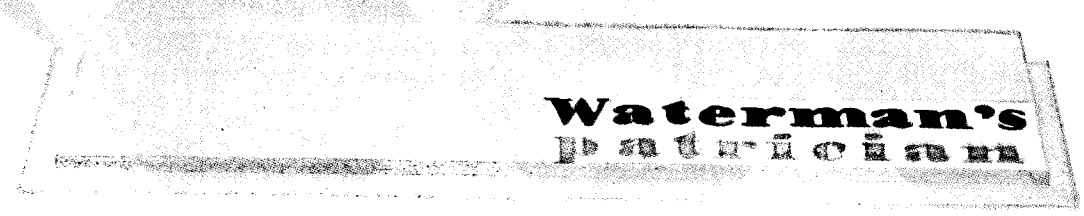

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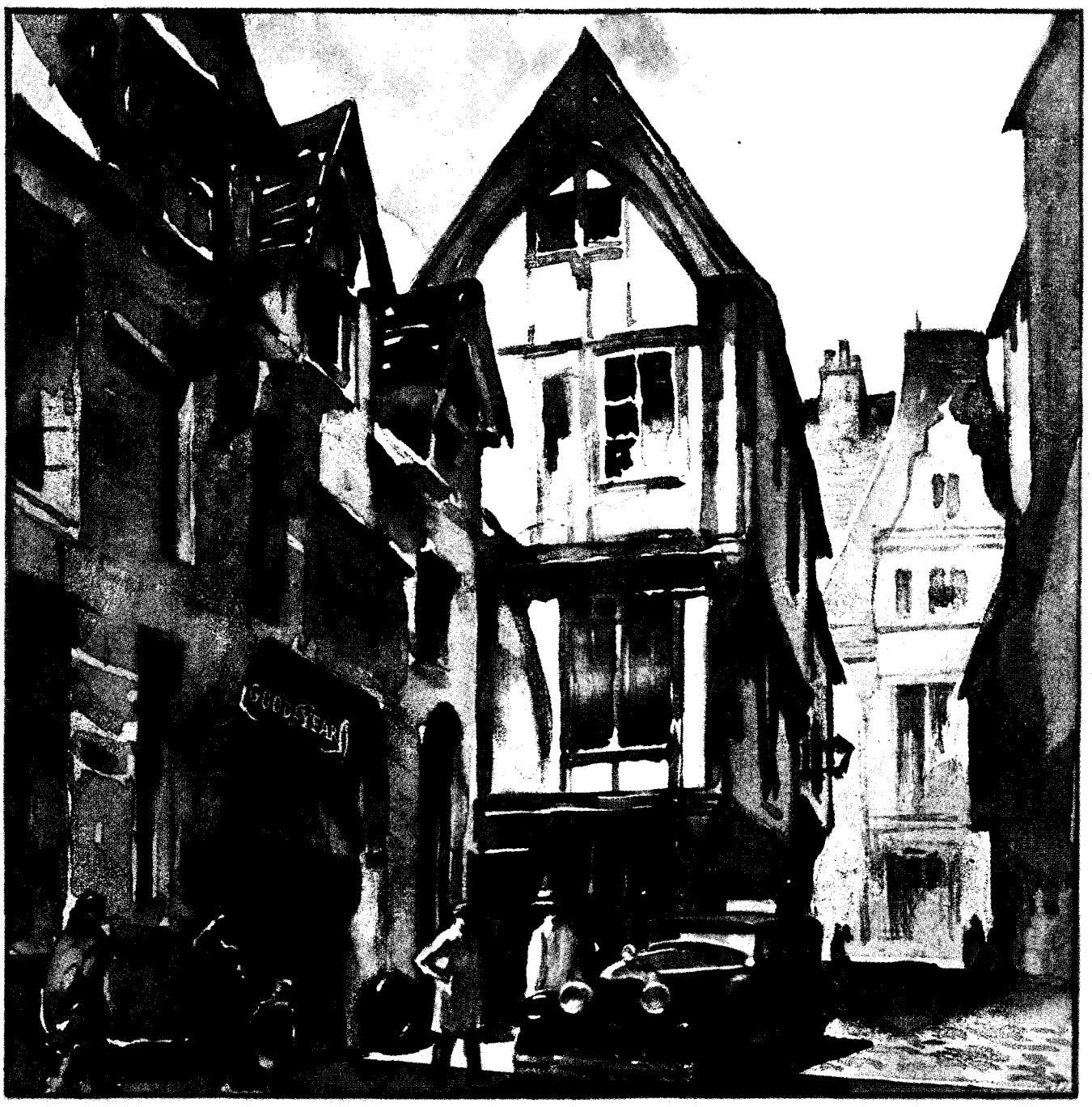

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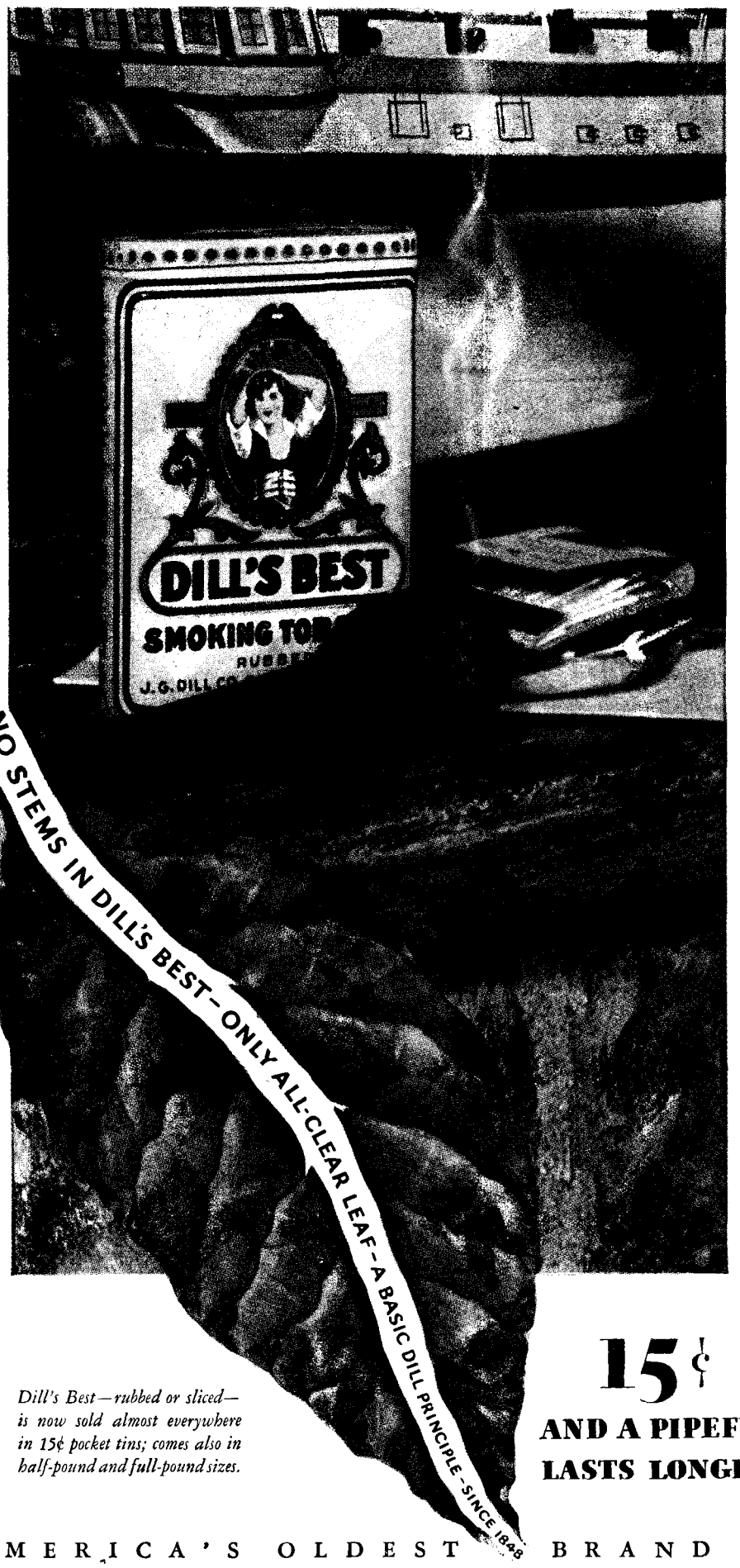

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Cold Facts

Continued from page 17

change the weight of our clothes on a balmy day, or wear our fur coats when we don't need them because we are afraid to leave them off.

Don't tolerate a heat in the house that you would not endure out of doors in summer.

If you haven't fireplaces to ventilate your house, or children who leave doors open, ventilate it deliberately at least once a day.

Don't go around shivering and complaining and fearing the cold.

Don't *expect* to get a cold if you get your feet wet.

There are three ways in which a cold may be caught:

First, from the outside air which is filtered in your own nose.

Second, from some chronic source of infection in your own body, such as an infected sinus or tonsils.

Third, from intimate association with another person suffering from a severe cold in the infectious stage—when there is sneezing or coughing.

Beware of Family Colds

We may say at the start that a cold will be caught in none of these ways if you have done right by yourself and kept up your resistance. If you are overtired, the comparatively innocuous germs of the air will not be cared for in your nose and you will take cold. If you are run down, the latent infection in your body will light up and you will get a cold. If you spend an evening with a friend who has a bad cold, and are feeling fine and rested yourself, the chances are his cold will not touch you. If, however, a cold of a virulent type gets started in a family or in an office, each person who contracts it is more infectious than the victim before; the germ gains potency as it passes through different people, and it is harder for healthy people to resist it.

This is particularly true of the form of cold which affects the larynx, and is known as laryngitis. But in ordinary circumstances it is a waste of time to try to trace your cold to someone who has had one. You have only yourself to blame.

What is good for a cold is a question anathema to all physicians. It is asked them on an average of eighty times a week in winter. The answer hoped for and expected is a simple prescription, to be taken pleasantly with meals in a little water. The correct answer is quite long, troublesome to give and more troublesome to carry out. Most doctors satisfy themselves by saying, "Go to bed and drink lots of water." Mean ones say, "See your doctor." Nobody thinks a cold is important enough to spend money on, except at the drug store.

There are just a few cardinal rules about treating a cold:

First, the earlier the treatment, the more successful it is likely to be.

Second, if the early symptoms of the cold are local, the early treatment should be local.

Third, the cold is an infection, and should be treated like any other infectious disease, by rest—preferably in bed.

Fourth, the two principles of cold treatment are local disinfection and general cleaning out or flushing of the entire system.

Fifth, the cold is a depressing and debilitating infection, and should be treated kindly but firmly, not with heroic and drastic measures.

For information about drugs useful in colds, there is only one person to be consulted—your doctor. Don't ask the druggist—it embarrasses him. Or should. And don't take the advice of your well-meaning friends, however eager they may be to give it. There are several drugs which are of benefit in each class of preparations used for colds: the local disinfectants, the diuretics, or kidney stimulators, and the cathartics. Your own doctor probably has his personal preferences, and knows what is best for your particular case.

Early in the course of a cold, when there is dryness and tickling of the nose or throat, or both, the part affected is swabbed with the drug of choice. The nostrils, and the passage between the nostrils and the back of the throat can be painted, and the tonsillar surface and the back of the pharynx.

At the same time a mild cathartic is taken, and the kidneys are stimulated either with a drug of your doctor's advising, or by drinking large amounts of water and lemon juice.

The old advice to feed a cold is no longer favored. Eat if you are hungry, but make fruit a large part of your diet, and don't feel that you must stuff yourself.

As the cold is primarily a disease of the breathing apparatus, the inhalation of drugs of a soothing and mildly disinfectant nature is generally effective, and is particularly useful when the infection is in the windpipe and large bronchial tubes. There are several good inhalant drugs on the market, any one of which can be used by heating in a croup kettle, or in a teacup, with a paper cone above to direct the vapor, or simply by rubbing liberally on the nose and under the nostrils when you go to bed.

The great virtue of the inhalants and the cartarrhal jellies is not that they are strongly disinfectant enough to kill the germs of the cold, but that they soothe the irritated mucous membranes of the nose and throat, thereby reducing their discharge and helping them to combat the infection.

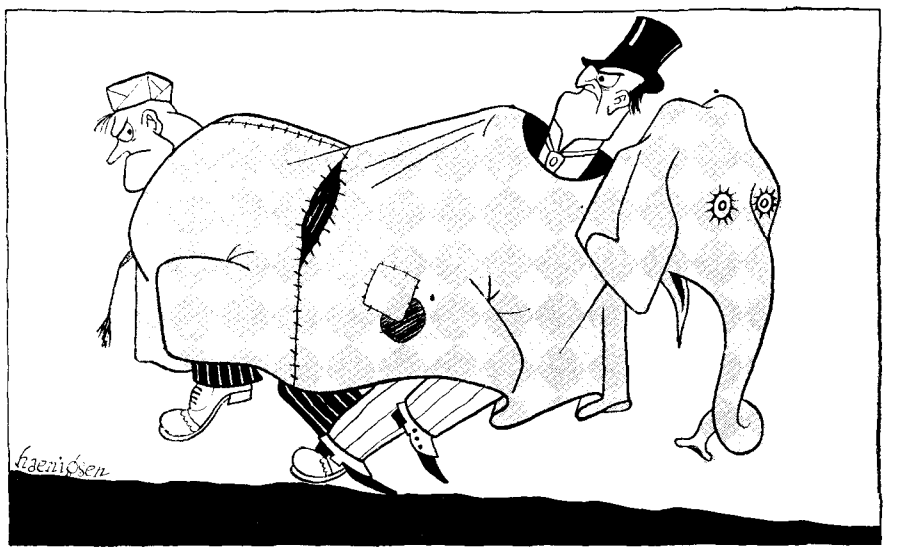
Why We Cough

The cold with fever should be treated only in bed. The trouble is that we take colds so much in our stride, as a part of the program in winter, that it seldom occurs to us to take our temperatures. A great many of the after effects and unpleasant complications of colds would not occur if we made it a habit to determine that there is no elevation of temperature with colds. An increase of one half of a degree above normal, mouth temperature, must be considered a fever, and an indication that, if not cared for, the cold will go on developing more fever.

An aching in the bones or muscles with or without fever, is also an indication that the infection should be treated in bed. It means a generalized rather than a local infection; that, at least, the toxic material of the infecting organism has invaded the blood.

The cough accompanying respiratory infections generally has a purpose—to dislodge particles or masses of mucus in the throat or tubes. If it accomplishes this purpose it should not be artificially stopped. Sometimes it is not productive, but is simply a response to dryness or irritation, and it wears out the victim. In such cases the cough is greatly helped by rest and isolation, which is best got in bed.

The sooner we treat the common cold with respect, the sooner we will conquer it. If it can become an incentive to keep ourselves in condition in winter, it will not have existed in vain.



High and Dry

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

IF WILLIAM S. VARE should retain enough health to carry out his determination to enter the primaries in May and seek another nomination to the Senate from Pennsylvania, there will be a fight between him and Joseph R. Grundy which will make the contest between Vare and Pepper seem like a love affair.

Grundy is a much more robust person than the pious Pepper, and he means something in Pennsylvania politics, which the pious Pepper did not. And if Vare for reasons of health should become no longer available as a candidate, the Vare machine, if it should not be rent by rivalries, might put up a candidate who would raise the same issue in a senatorial campaign that Vare himself would.

This issue is the discontent of the lower-class element in the Republican party with the party's habit of giving all the swell jobs to its silk-stocking element. The masses of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh provide the Republican party of the state with most of its votes, and what do they get out of it? The wealthy and well-born receive the senatorships and the governorship. The more energetic and able men of humble origin become aldermen, assemblymen, sheriffs and, once in a while, mayors.

The same issue was presented in the last mayoralty election in New York. A hero of the masses, LaGuardia, extorted the nomination for mayor from the Republican organization. And the result was that the higher-class Republicans all voted for the Tammany candidate, Jimmy Walker, or for the Socialist candidate, a superior person, Norman Thomas.

Not of the Elect

Here is an illustration of how the social division works in the Republican party: The Union League Club in Philadelphia, whose members are of the more well-to-do and better element in the party, always gives a reception in honor of Republicans elected to the Senate. Mr. Vare was elected to the Senate in 1926. But did the Union League Club give him a reception? It did not. And it was not because Mr. Vare was a city boss. Nor because he spent too much money in the campaign. Nor because the members of the Union League Club did not vote for him, for practically all of them did. It was because Mr. Vare was not socially of the right sort.

This conflict of classes in the Republican party is steadily tending to make Northern and Eastern states with large urban populations Democratic in state elections, though they remain Republican in national elections. New York State almost invariably elected Republican governors from the early nineties until 1918. From 1918 to the present it has had only one Republican governor, though three national elections carried by the Republicans have taken place.

Governor Roosevelt is almost certain to be reëlected next fall. The Republican party in New York is so demoralized that it is no easy job to find a candidate worthy of opposing him.

New Jersey for several years has tended to go Democratic in state elections, though heavily Republican in national elections. Massachusetts, with an almost unbroken record of Republicanism, when the Democrats presented to its masses a candidate after their own hearts in Governor Smith, went Democratic.

Good for the Other Fellow

The prohibition issue contributes to the difficulties of the Republican party in these states. That party has, in the North and East generally, whatever drys there are. It is hardly safe for a Republican to run as an out-and-out wet, as the experience of Senator Wadsworth in New York showed.

Prohibition is more resented by the masses than it is by the classes. The latter, if they are wet, incline to regard prohibition as a salutary thing for those who draw their pay by the week.

It is to be noted that the Republican national administration inclines steadily toward the dry side of this issue. President Hoover in his message remarked upon the growing tendency to observe the dry law, and he called for laws which would make Washington a model city from the standpoint of prohibition enforcement.

This utterance was highly significant. It is going to be difficult for Republican candidates in the wet North and East to run as wets and at the same time as supporters of the national law-enforcement program of President Hoover. In particular it would be difficult for Joseph R. Grundy to run as a wet in Pennsylvania with the support of Mr. Mellon, an important member of the Hoover administration.

So the business elements which have made the Republican party the remarkably successful thing that it has been for more than two generations, are losing their influence in two directions: the working classes in the North and East are breaking away from them in state elections, and the agrarian classes in the West are sending representatives to Congress who are not responsive to their leadership.

All of this would be of good augury for the Democratic party if it were not disintegrating in a similar way.

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The Battle at the Pumps

Continued from page 11

utter disaster the next under the influence of overproduction or exhaustion of their wells.

From the producers the oil goes into the hands of the pipe line companies for transportation and storage. From them it goes to the refiners. The Standard Oil companies were originally refining companies. But now they own their own producing wells and their own pipe lines as feeders to the refining business. The same is true of the Sinclair, the Texas, the Gulf and most of the best-known companies among the big refiners. From the refiner the gasoline goes to the marketing company or jobber. There are countless jobbers. And they in turn sell it to the retail service stations.

This explanation is necessary to understand the development which is now taking place. The retail filling stations were at first small independently owned outlets. Slowly, however, the more enterprising among the service station men began to add to the number of their stations. They applied to their business the universally adopted principle of the chain.

Then the jobbers, in order to control outlets, began acquiring these chains. Of course, many of the big refiners have their own marketing departments. And they too began buying up retail stations and small chains and opening new ones. Now we find the largest chains owned by the refiners themselves.

Two years ago, of the 125,000 drive-in stations, 20,000 were owned by the refiners. Of these a large percentage were not only owned but actually operated by them. This movement has had its greatest development in California. There forty per cent of all gasoline sold is retailed by the big oil companies directly through their own stations operated by them. Another thirty-two per cent is sold through stations owned by the oil companies but leased by them to individual operators. Twenty per cent is sold by the oil companies direct to large commercial users who buy in bulk. Only eight per cent is sold in individually owned stations.

A better picture of this can be got in a glance at a single town. Fort Wayne, Indiana, for example, is a city with a population of 117,000. It has 30,000 automobiles. There are 127 drive-ins. Of these the various oil jobbers—including the big companies—own 102. The town gets its gasoline from 506 pumps. Some 246 of these belong to the big oil companies, 212 to the smaller oil companies. Only 48 are individually owned. The Standard Oil of Indiana owns the largest number of pumps—82. But a local oil company runs a close second with 79.

The Filling-Station Chains

The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, in the seven states in which it operates in its original territory, owns one thousand retail gasoline stations and operates many of them directly. But it owns many more in the territories served by the Beacon Oil Company, the Humble Oil Company, the Standard of Louisiana and the Standard of Pennsylvania.

The tendency is toward chain stations. The development takes many forms. One chain, the Co-Service Oil Company, sells its stock to car owners in the neighborhoods in which its stations are located and it has twenty-three stations. Then there is the L. V. White Company of Kalamazoo, Michigan, which has developed a standardized type of gasoline station, including group purchasing, accounting system, service methods, management, and so on, and has organized forty jobbers and some 3,500 stations.

However, while these smaller and locally owned chains are growing in number and strength, there is a further tendency toward their absorption by the larger refiners.

I do not mean to imply that the large companies are going to wipe out the individually owned stations. But there are too many stations. Great numbers of them do not make a living. They have been able to spring into life only because of the bad business methods of the large companies in handing over equipment without cost to anybody who wanted to open a drive-in. The companies have now started a determined campaign to end that.

They have just adopted a Code of Practice, with the approval of the Federal Trade Commission. One article declares that the practice of lending equipment is unsound and should be discontinued, but that, pending its abandonment, when equipment is lent the retailer shall pay the cost of installation and a deposit of $100 on each piece of underground equipment installed.

Another article provides that companies may buy or erect stations and lease them, but the station shall not be leased for some inadequate sum as a kind of disguised discount.

This will tend to reduce the number of smaller stations. On the other hand the companies have taken a stand against secret rebates, which has been one means by which the larger chain owner has been able to push his smaller competitor from the roadside.

But the war for gallons still goes merrily on. It has been a fierce one. It has covered the country, but it has flared up with especial vigor in certain places.

This year there was a bitter price war in Oklahoma. In Minneapolis and St. Paul there was a four-year war which brought gas down at one time to fourteen cents a gallon including a two-cent tax, and which involved all the well-known characteristics of industrial war, including newspaper advertisements, charges and counter-charges, court proceedings and the indictment of an alderman. In California the battle was bitter. Gasoline slid down from 20½ cents to 12½ cents and some 300 individual station owners quit business.

Now we see another movement—a movement toward the so-called super-station. This super-station will do all sorts of things for you. It will fill your tank with gas, furnish oil, lubricate your engine and chassis, fill your radiator with water, clean your windshield, take care of your punctures, sell you a tire or any other spare part, attend to your battery or fix it for you and furnish you with any kind of repair your car needs. Indeed, many of them go still further. They will put your car up for the night and you along with it, giving you a bath and your meals!

Such a station is the one erected in Chicago by the Cord Tire Company. It occupies 150,000 square feet of space, employs 160 men and cost $1,000,000. The Sinclair Company has built six "greasing palaces" in Chicago costing $250,000 each.

Who Will Control Them?

Harvey Firestone is now working on a plan for creating a great chain of stations which will sell you gas, tires and batteries. Other concerns are building these super-service stations. Behind this development lie the seeds of another fight. Who will control the stations? Now they are controlled by the oil people. Will the tire people take them over? Can they?

Then there is another phase to the war. There is the Shell Oil Company.

One of the most picturesque and imposing figures in the whole drama of oil is Sir Henry Deterding, the ruler of the Royal Dutch-Shell combination. More than once in the markets of the world he has challenged the power of Standard Oil. These two industrial giants have fought many battles. Only two years ago Deterding locked horns with the Standard of New York over the Russian oil question. The New York Standard bought oil from the Soviets and sold it in India. Deterding, having acquired the claims of the ejected Russian nobles to this oil, and at war with the Soviets about it, called it "stolen oil." To punish the Standard for buying it and thus blocking his plans to cripple the Russian oil business, he went into India and began to undersell the Standard.

War communiqués were issued by both sides, and a bitter price war ensued for the capture of the Indian markets and the possession of Russian oil. This was the Standard of New York, mind you. The head of the Standard of New Jersey is Walter Teagle. And Teagle and Deterding have always been friends. They have gone grouse hunting together. Only last year they spent the grouse hunting season at Sir Henry's castle in Scotland. And when the Standard of New York and Deterding came to grips in India, Teagle turned up on the side of the great Dutch-English mogul. It is said Standard of New Jersey is interested with Deterding in those outlawed Russian émigrés' claims.

China gets the American idea of throwing rice at weddings

And now Deterding is here in America and looms as one of the most formidable factors in the American oil situation. The Shell Company—a subsidiary of the Royal Dutch-Shell, of England and The Hague—has been acquiring vast producing, refining and marketing machinery in this country. Unlike the old Standard companies, it has felt at liberty to spread out everywhere. It controls, perhaps, more gasoline pumps in America than any other single concern—more than 25,000 according to the Petroleum News. Since that figure was made the Shell has been adding pumps and stations by the hundreds.

Last August it bought the Western Oil Refining Company of Indianapolis, one of the largest independent oil jobbing companies. Thus it acquired another 45 bulk filling stations and 213 retail filling stations. Several millions of dollars were involved in this deal and it is to be the nucleus of the Shell's fight for business in Indiana and western Ohio. This is the old stamping ground of Colonel Robert Stewart, the former president of the Standard of Indiana, who was ousted because of the oil scandals. This very year Colonel Stewart sailed away to London and it was said he would enroll under the banner of the Shell. Is the purchase of the Western the first stage of the Colonel's new alliance?

Meantime the motorists of the country have been getting the benefit of gasoline prices lower, in comparison with pre-war prices of gasoline, than the price of any other commodity.

It is difficult to say what part of the saving to consumers has resulted from competition and what part from the scientific development of the industry. Certainly it is true that the intensity of the competition has driven all the big companies to quicken their efforts to introduce economies in operation, while that same competition has forced them to pass the savings on to the consumers.

The Result of Anti-Trust Laws

With the elimination of the little filling station owners, and the spread of company owned and operated stations, it is possible that price wars will become less frequent. But there will be plenty of competition left.

Those who have seen in the rise of big business the decline of the competitive system will do well to examine this industry where the first great attack on that system was made. It is inevitable that at no distant day there will be a resolute effort to repeal the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and to modify in a drastic way the Clayton Act. Certainly this legislation deserves to be calmly re-examined in the light of the developments in industry since its adoption. But a glance at the oil industry must make it very plain that the anti-trust laws have not been, as their critics insist, ineffective. The breaking up of the Standard Oil Company has turned out to be not only effective but productive of an amazing resumption of the competitive character of the industry.

Now we see the oil industry beginning all over again to attack the abuses of competition. The present tendency is toward those kinds of mergers which produce integration of the industry, with the great refiners at the center. On one side the refiners are moving toward the acquisition and control of production of crude oil. On the other side they are driving toward the acquisition of the marketing machinery—both wholesale and retail.

When these developments have been more or less completed there will still remain a dozen great petroleum giants ranged against each other in relentless competition.

After that, what?

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Men like the brisk way it *whitens* teeth and *firms* the gums

Here is a dentifrice that will win you the moment you try it.

You will be delighted by the wonderful refreshing effect it has on the mouth—a feeling of cleanliness, invigoration and well-being that you associate with Listerine itself.

Note, too, how gently but how swiftly it erases tartar and discolorations from the teeth. Particularly those caused by tobacco. Note how it penetrates into those hard-to-get-at crevices between teeth, and sweeps away fermenting food particles.

After you have tried Listerine Tooth Paste a few days, examine your teeth and see how much more attractive they are. You will also perceive that they are beginning to have a delicate, lovely luster. This is due to the presence of modern polishing agents, which keep teeth looking their best.

Moreover, Listerine Tooth Paste is safe for all types of teeth. Its cleansing ingredients are the most costly obtainable and are selected because of their gentle action. They simply cannot harm enamel.

Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste from your druggist today. You will be delighted by its results and by its economy. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Let this tooth paste buy you a new hat

There are so many things you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A hat is merely a suggestion.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

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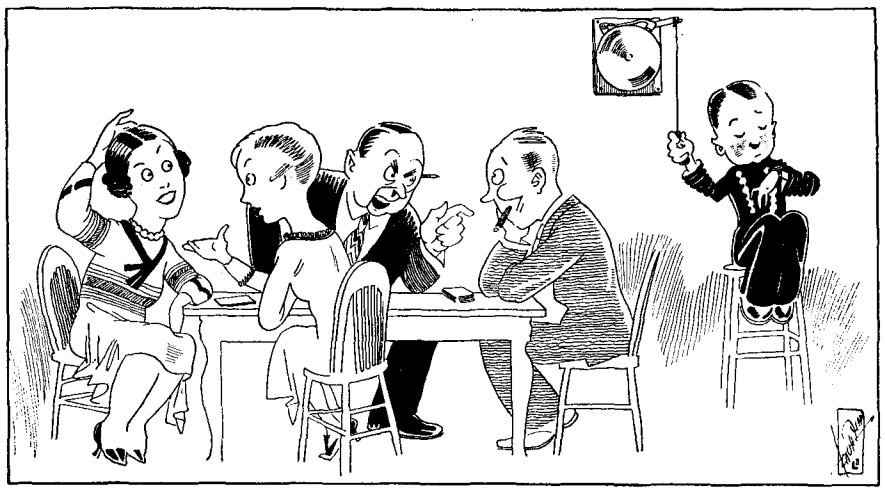


For conversationally inclined bridge players this gong, allowing recesses at intervals, will be appreciated

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

	North S. Q-10 H. 8-6 D. J-9-8-3 C. 10-9-7-6-2	
West S. 8-5 H. K-Q-10-7-3 D. K-Q-6-5-2 C. Q		*East* S. 9-6-4 H. A-5 D. A-7 C. A-K-J-8-5-4
	South S. A-K-J-7-3-2 H. J-9-4-2 D. 10-4 C. 3	

THE hand given in Collier's last week should be bid in Auction as follows: South (Dealer), one Spade; West, two Hearts; North and East, pass; South, two Spades; West, three Diamonds; North, pass; East, three Hearts, which, of course, would obtain the contract.

South's hand is not of the type that calls for a bid of more than one. An original two-bid at Auction conventionally shows a six-card suit headed by the three top honors; and a preëmptive bid of more than two shows great length and strength in the suit, probability of game if the bid stands, and generally—if made in a major—shortness and weakness in the other major. A bid of three would show a minimum of seven tricks; and a bid of four, nine probable tricks.

At Contract Bridge the bidding would be terminated much sooner. South's opening bid of one Spade would be the same, so would West's two Hearts and North's pass; but East would face a trying situation. His hand counts 22 for assisting partner's suit-bid; viz., 3 for the Ace of trumps (when holding but two cards of the suit), 5 for the Ace of Diamonds, 11 for the Ace-King-Jack of Clubs, 1 for the doubleton Diamond, and 2 for a suit of at least five cards (Clubs) headed by the Ace-King. To jump partner's one-bid to four a player needs only a count of 21; but it is possible that West has bid two Hearts with a four-card suit (King-Queen-Jack-Ten), and if so, East's six Clubs might furnish a more effective contract as East has only two Hearts. If East shifted to Clubs, he would have to bid four in order to show strength; and doing so might induce West to believe that the Ace of Hearts was adversely held, but would urge East to bid again. It is a very close question which four East should bid; in this hand, however, it would be immaterial because in either event four Hearts would become the contract.

Over East's four Clubs West would call four Diamonds, and East then would bid four Hearts.

The Play

The deal was played in a fifteen-table duplicate Auction match and at all of them West was the Declarer with a Heart contract. In all cases North's opening lead was the Queen of Spades, and South overtook with the King and led two more rounds. Astonishing as it may seem, only a few of the Declarers succeeded in making game. There are three possible sources of error and all but a few Declarers found one or more of them.

In some cases West trumped trick 3 with a small Heart and was overtrumped by North. This was pitfall number one. Where West trumped with the Ten, he followed up with three rounds of trumps, North refusing at trick 6.

At trick 7 came traps two and three. One Declarer at this point qualified for the booby prize by leading his last trump and putting South in to reel off three more Spade tricks. Others won with West's Queen of Clubs and then put East in with the Ace of Diamonds with the idea of discarding West's losing Diamonds on East's established Clubs. Those who played in this manner had dummy's first lead of Clubs ruffed by South, who then forced West in again with a Spade. After that, Declarer could not reënter dummy and had to lose a Diamond trick at the end if North protected his Jack.

Those Wests who stopped to reason for a moment saw that only two Diamond discards are needed even if one adversary holds four to the Jack; and therefore after three rounds of trumps the Queen of Clubs should be led and overtaken by the King in dummy. Dummy then continues Clubs and it is immaterial what South does. If he trumps, West discards a Diamond and trumps the next trick if South leads a Spade; in that case dummy still has the Ace of Diamonds as a reëntry for the Clubs. If South refuses to trump, Declarer makes two small Diamond discards and then can lose but the one trump trick, which South can take whenever he chooses.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North S. Q-9-2 H. J-10-7 D. J-9-8 C. A-7-5-2	*East* S. 7-6-4-3 H. 9-8-6-4-3 D. 3-2 C. 4-3
West S. 8-5 H. A-K-Q-5-2 D. 10-7-4 C. K-J-9	*South* S. A-K-J-10 H. None D. A-K-Q-6-5 C. Q-10-8-6

The Age of Youth

Continued from page 25

a third person, isn't easy. One doesn't ever expect to have to. But—the whole situation is a bit off the normal, isn't it? I don't mind Ran knowing how I care. I haven't any silly, false pride about my love for you. I can't be ashamed of the decentest feeling I've ever had.

"And, Donna, these things will never be mentioned between us again. Be certain of that, my dear. Good-by, Ran."

"Good-by, Frank," said Granby.

HE BENT slightly over Donna's hand, turned and left the room. The outer door closed behind him.

Donna felt in her vanity bag for her cigarette case, didn't find it, and looked at Granby. He fumbled in his gorgeous house suit, produced a cigarette, and gave it to her.

"And now," she said, "how long are you going to give me?"

"How long am I—what do you mean?" he asked.

"Frank gives me half an hour in which to decide my whole future. If I don't come down to him within thirty minutes, he'll know I don't love him. Now, how much time do you give me to decide whether or not I shall marry you?"

"You seem," he said, "rather confident of your effect upon men."

"There are times for the exhibition of modesty and times for the presentation of one's honest beliefs. I believe you love me," she said.

"A gentleman can't argue with a lady about such matters," he said. "Only, I would be interested in knowing just how you have managed to arrive at the conclusion. My remark of the other night I think I have explained, haven't I?"

"You mentioned, or implied, a certain chivalry which well becomes you," she smiled. "I do not believe you. But the argument is not without its embarrassment to me. I'd rather discuss something else in the half hour Frank allows me. You spoke of two hundred thousand dollars. How do you propose to transfer that amount to me?"

"Why—er—you see—"

She interrupted him:

"You'd like to say that, inasmuch as Frank knows all about us, it isn't necessary to give me the money. Is that it?"

"Why—er—"

"Frank has nothing to do with us in our peculiar financial relationship," she said. "I'd like a check."

"Certainly," he said.

He seemed to have aged in the last few minutes, or else his injuries had suddenly begun to pain him. For he limped perceptibly as he rose and walked to his writing desk. His face was an impassive mask, as he wrote a check. She took it from him.

"Donna, what are you going to do with that money?"

"Do you care?" she asked. She made a tentative gesture but he waved the check aside.

"I don't want it back, but—why do you take it? Frank won't let you keep it."

"You heard Frank, didn't you? Whatever I do—it's all right with him."

"Are you going to marry him?" he asked.

"Why?"

"It's a natural question, in view of everything, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is," she admitted. "Still, I'm curious to know exactly why you ask. Mere avidity for information, or —rivalry?"

"Rivalry? I don't love you," he declared.

"Then I couldn't wangle a proposal from you?" she persisted.

"You're being vulgar," he accused.

"I think, in vital moments, almost anyone may be vulgar," she said.

But she had baited him too far.

"Donna, for God's sake, be kind to me," he pleaded. "You know I love you. Love you? I adore you, worship you. Want you to marry me? I'm mad to have you. And mad is the right word, I guess," he went on, self-contemptuously. "I'm years older than you. I haven't a thing in the world but money. Nevertheless, I'm asking you to marry me."

HE ROSE and walked across the room and back.

"There, your vanity is gratified. You know how I feel. I wonder if there's anything more."

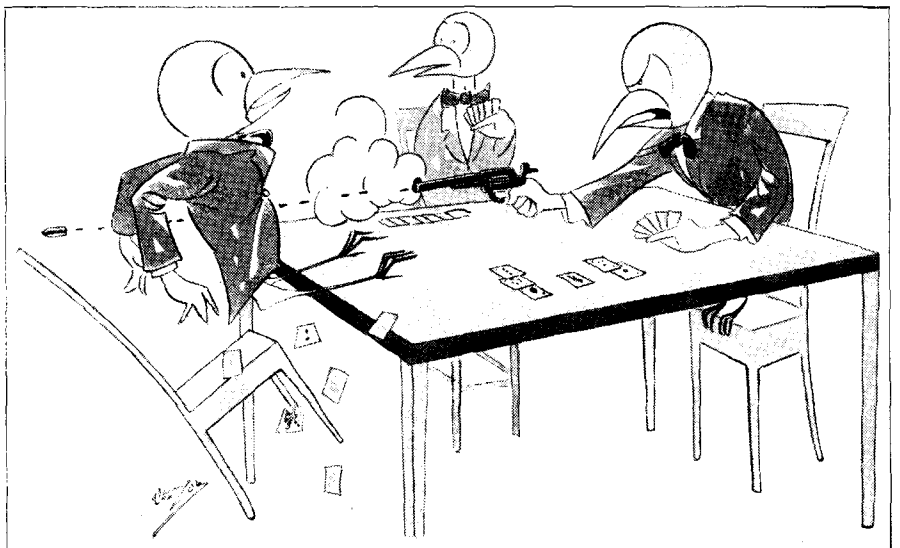
"You aren't as rich as Frank, are you?" she asked.

"Good God, what are you trying to make me believe of you, Donna? That you're as mercenary as you sound? Because I won't believe it. I won't believe it."

"Then," she said, folding and placing the check in her vanity case, "you must not credit the evidence of your senses, of your mind."

"I don't credit them," he said. "I didn't credit them when I got your letter months ago. It was the sort of letter, I thought, that any gold-digger

(*Continued on page 38*)



"The latest theory is that Cock Robin was a poor bridge-player and—"

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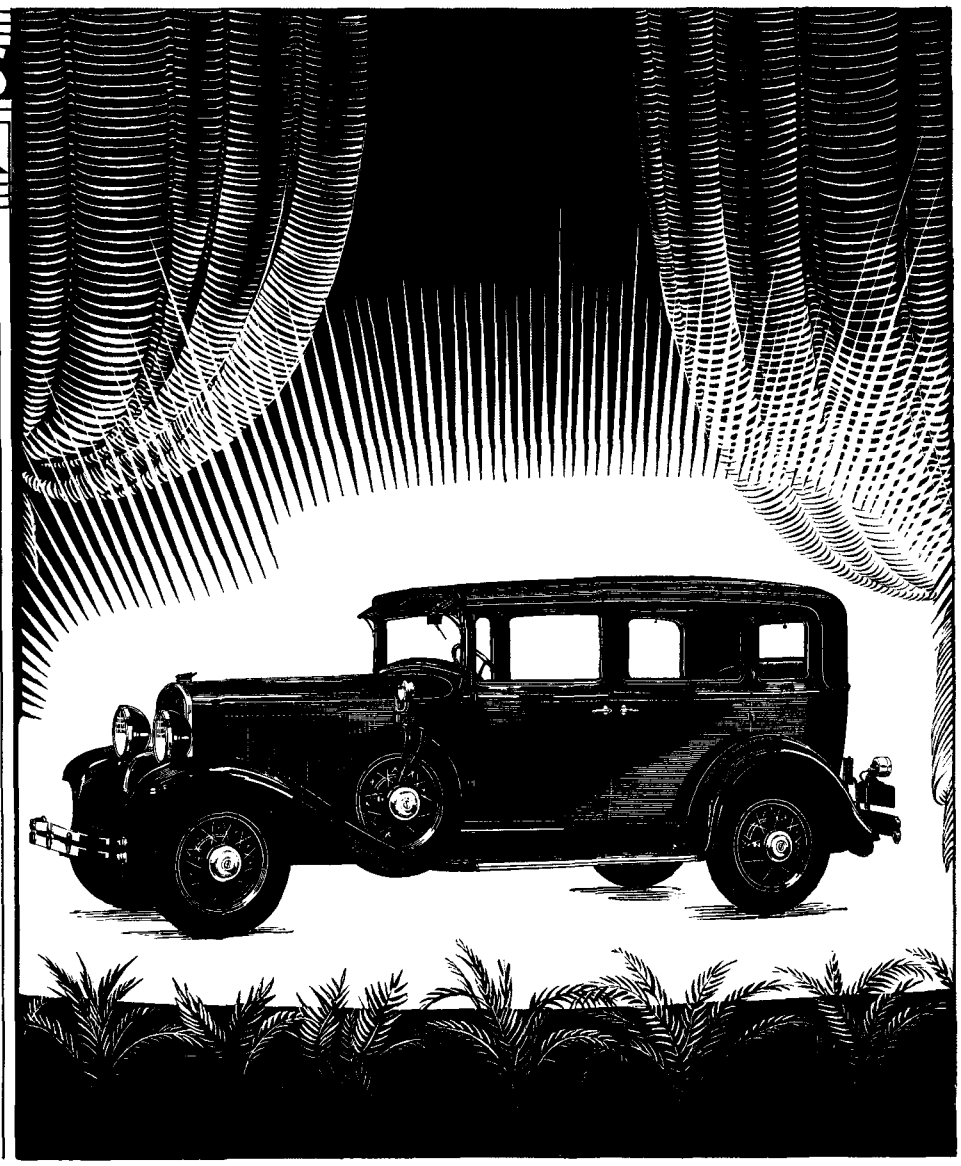
CHRYSLER INSPIRES A PRIDE ALL ITS OWN



New Chrysler "70" Royal Sedan, $1445 (Special Equipment Extra)

Performance that belongs to Chrysler ALONE!

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All Chrysler models will be exhibited at the Chicago Automobile Show, January 25th to February 1st. Also, special displays in the Balloon Room and lobbies of the Congress Hotel.

AFTER all is said and done, performance is the true index of a motor car—a car's one way of proving how good it is in basic engineering. And today, by all tests, all standards and all comparisons, the new Multi-Range Chryslers, with four-speed transmission and gear shift, are first among all cars in performance ability.

This statement holds true in pick-up. It holds true in smoothness and flexibility—all the way up the scale of speed. It holds true in hill-climbing. It holds true in ease, quickness and non-clashing quietness of gear-shifting. It holds true in every other phase and aspect of motor car performance.

These are not mere claims, but facts; not something you have to take on anybody's say-so, but something you can easily verify. Demonstration and comparison furnish the proof. One ride in a new Multi-Range Chrysler and you will find out immediately why ownership of a Chrysler inspires a pride all its own.

MULTI-RANGE

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THE IMPERIAL	8 Body Styles, $2995 to $3575	THE 77	9 Body Styles, $1625 to $1825	THE 70	7 Body Styles, $1295 to $1545	THE 66	6 Body Styles, $995 to $1095	ALL PRICES F.O.B. DETROIT

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5th and LAST

IS there any logic that can keep more and more makers of furniture hardware and weavers of upholstery materials from locating here?

For the active Piedmont Carolinas' furniture industry, fifth *in the Nation, is still* importing the bulk of its upholstery fabrics, varnishes, and finishes, and *all* of its hardware.

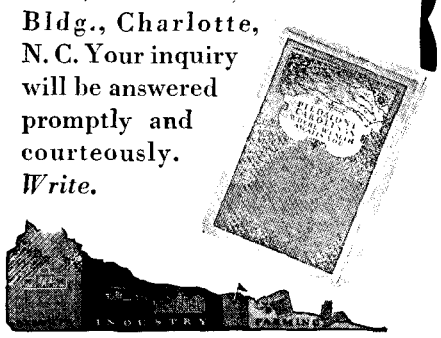
Only three years ago there was *no local source of supply* for tapestries, velours, brocades and other fabrics used by the furniture industry.

Today, those factories that have been established here have made exceptional progress. There is still room for many more. They *do not have to hunt for a market.*

As to the making of hardware, the field is still completely open. Yet every factor that favors success exists right here.

Why not know? The facts are here for you in this book—"*Piedmont Carolinas.*" *All* the facts. Send for it today.

Address Industrial Department, Room 335, Mercantile Bldg., Charlotte, N. C. Your inquiry will be answered promptly and courteously. *Write.*



DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

The Age of Youth

Continued from page 36

might write. But I knew better. I saw you—you wanted money, wanted it from a stranger, from a man you didn't know. But—I didn't think you were cheap. I kissed you, and—I was ashamed of myself. It doesn't matter what you do, what you say, Donna, I love you. I always will love you. Donna, will you marry me?"

"I don't know whether or not I love you," she replied.

"Do you love Frank?" he asked.

"He kissed me," she said.

"I imagined as much," he said.

"I kissed him," she said.

He whitened.

"Then you love him," he said.

"Do I? Perhaps. I guess— Ran, I think you're right. Forgive me for—for flirting with you. You will forgive me, Ran?"

"I'll forgive you anything in the world, my child, if you'll only leave me now," he said.

She glanced at her wrist watch.

"Twenty minutes of the half hour have gone, Ran," she said. "Don't you want the nine minutes more that I can spare you? The last nine minutes you'll ever have alone with me?"

He shook his head. "I don't want them," he said.

"Why not? You love me, you say."

"That's why I want you to go," he cried. "Good God, Donna, do you think—what do you think I'm made of? To know that Gardner is waiting downstairs for you—will you go? Or shall I put you out? What pleasure is there for you in tormenting me?"

"Eight minutes to go," she laughed. "It will take me one minute to reach the sidewalk. That gives me seven with you. Ran, Frank will be a very jealous husband. He will forgive, but he will never forget. If I should ever dance with you—he won't like it. And you have been very kind to me. A woman can love one man yet be fond of another. I am fond of you, Ran. I owe you—my husband, even. Isn't it natural that I should like to prolong our farewell meeting as long as possible?"

"You may prolong it too long," he said thickly.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I might lock the door, keep you here—let Gardner drive off—"

"Melodrama? It isn't your style, Ran. That's more like what Frank would think of doing. You won't do that."

HE SIGHED. "No, damn it, I won't. Too silly. Rash things like that don't sit well on middle-aged shoulders. I won't lock the door."

"You probably won't even try to kiss me as I leave—in three minutes," she added.

"No, I won't even do that," he said.

"But four months ago, when you were almost as middle-aged—you kissed me then."

"That was different," he said.

"What was different? Am I any different? You mean that I am less attractive, less—er—kissable?"

"I know you better," he said. "I—you can't blame me for having tried to kiss you then."

"You didn't *try*, you succeeded," she corrected him.

She glanced at her wrist watch.

"One minute more, Ran. And you won't kiss me good-by?"

He made no response. She walked to his chair, dropped her hand upon his head and let it lie there a moment.

"Good-by, my friend," she said. "And—here."

Upon his knees fluttered the check he had just written.

"What's that for?" he asked.

"Silly man. Did you think I really wanted it?"

"Then why ask for it?" he asked.

"Because—I wanted to see if you'd give it to me. I wanted to see if, seeming *mercenary to all common sense*, I could nevertheless seem unmercenary, lovable, to you."

"Wanted to coquette, eh?" he sneered.

"Or flirt, or whatever you wish to call it," she admitted. "Why not?"

HE LEAPED to his feet. He passed by her, reached the door, locked it, put the key in his pocket.

"By God, Donna, you've gone too far. Now, you're going to stay. Gardner won't wait—"

She smiled at him.

"If he kept his word, he stopped waiting ten minutes ago," she laughed. "The thirty minutes were up ten—twelve minutes ago." She glanced at her watch.

"Then—then—"

"It's taken me forty-two minutes to get you to do what you should have done weeks and weeks and weeks ago," she said.

His arms were about her now, and his lips had found hers. Oh, only yesterday she had felt a man's lips, had returned their passionate pressure and wondered if she cared. But there was no wonderment in her mind now. She knew, knew finally and irrevocably.

"Weeks and weeks and weeks ago," he said at length, "I was thousands of miles away."

"And that was silly, wasn't it?" she mocked.

"Of course it was. Donna, I'm eighteen years older than you are. I've been a bachelor. I'm spoiled."

"I shall unspoil you," she promised.

"Grumpy, selfish, set in my ways," he said.

"Kind, generous, sweet," she told him.

There was an interlude, an interlude of a kind that has punctuated all lovers' speech since romance entered the workaday world.

"How did you know I loved you?" he finally asked.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," she laughed. "As if a woman doesn't know."

"Not," he said sternly, "unless lots of men have loved her."

"Hundreds," she said. "And I've kissed them all, to find out if I really cared—"

"Men have beaten their wives for such poor jests," he told her.

"I am not your wife," she reminded him.

"If only for the right to beat you, I shall remedy that defect in an otherwise perfect person as soon as possible. How long does it take to get a license in this city, Donna?"

"I forget," she said.

"Forget!" he raged. Then, as the body he held in his arms quivered with mirth, his eyes softened.

"*Donna, my child, you must put up* with a great deal from me. I am so much older—I shall be jealous."

"I'll enjoy that," she smiled.

"And exacting."

"Women like being ordered about," she laughed.

"I like to go to my clubs," he told her.

"An occasional evening out with another man would be fun," she said.

"Donna, I'm afraid you're going to devil me a lot."

"I'm afraid I am," she admitted.

"It will enrage me," he said.

"Doubtless," she conceded.

"I think," he said, "that I'd better unlock the door. If my servants returned—"

"It is high time we thought of the proprieties," she admitted.

"Donna, suppose—suppose you hadn't been engaged within two years—would you—would you have held to your end of the bargain?"

"Would you have held to yours?" she countered.

"I'm a man," he said.

"I'm a woman," she stated.

"Deceivers ever," he laughed. "Donna, when did you decide to marry me?"

"WHY, Ran Granby," she said, "you know I'm giving in to your wish for marriage only with the utmost shy reluctance. You know I'd never *dreamed* of you as a possible husband until—a moment ago."

"Donna, for a wicked little liar who planned to marry me months ago—didn't you?"

"I honestly don't know," she said.

"Well, for a wicked little liar who honestly doesn't know, you're the most adorable girl in the world!"

"For a silly man who planned to marry me months ago—didn't you?"

"I honestly don't know," he said.

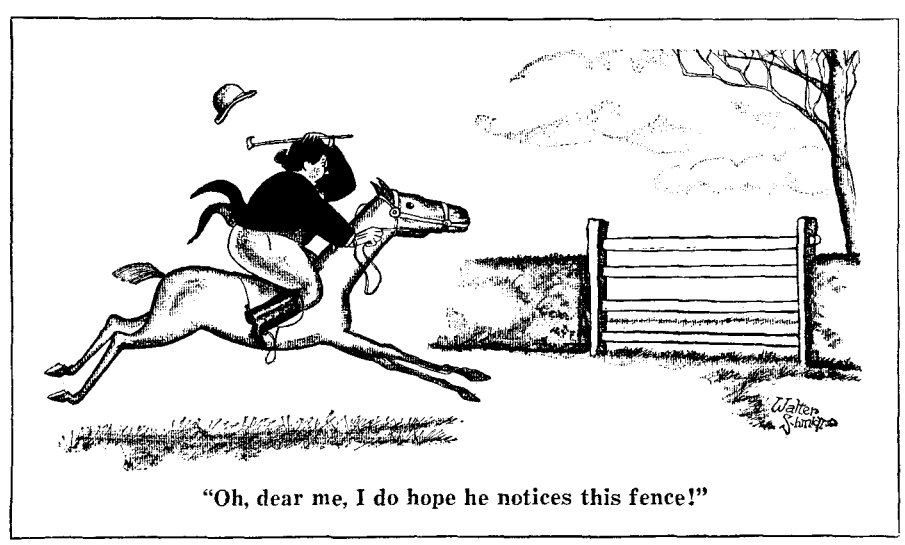
"Well, for a silly man who honestly doesn't know—you're rather nice," she said.

"Donna, will you wait right here while I put on some clothes and then we'll go downtown to the license bureau—"

"Gracious," exclaimed Donna. "I had a luncheon date with Sue Philemon, and she's waiting—"

"She'll have to wait," said Granby.

THE END



"Oh, dear me, I do hope he notices this fence!"

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You never know what the other fellow will do

It takes two careful drivers to avoid an accident on winter's icy thoroughfares. *You* will drive cautiously. But recklessness, inexperience, or chainless tires may send the other car hurtling toward you—crushing power on a rampage.

You need EMERGENCY TRACTION then—a bite to stop you quick—a road-grip to spur you forward out of danger's path. You need WEED Tire Chains to prevent skidding and wheel-spin—to deliver brake power or engine power.

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Makers of
BEECH-NUT
LEMON, LIME AND ORANGE DROPS

Druid's Eyes

Continued from page 21

"I'm leaving you," she stated. "You see I have a poor old aunt near here who takes in washing and she's sort of sick, so I promised to help her with her work this afternoon."

"That's darn' good of you," he declared warmly. "Wouldn't you like a man to wring out the clothes?"

"School's dismissed," she announced with a laugh. "What's your name?"

"Steve Gordon. And yours?"

"Molly will do. Meet me in the lobby of the Ritz at seven. And I warn you I love lots of food."

"The sky's the limit," he assured her.

Molly waved good-by and set off up Broadway but turned the first corner, hailed a taxi and was driven to Park Avenue.

SHE was smiling broadly as she leaned back on the cushions, and was more excited than she would have believed possible. Molly was unruly and impulsive and all that, but her madness didn't run toward this kind of thing. It was her first pick-up and she had had no intention of keeping the engagement when she made it. Only, Steve was a new type to her and he didn't degenerate under her druid's eyes as most men had done. It would be difficult to get out of the Lothian dinner engagement but she thought Steve would be more fun.

The poor gossoon from the mountain top thought he was sophisticated and he scoffed at her truthful statements. He assumed she was a working girl, either a trained nurse or a waitress. He didn't even know a mink coat worth three thousand dollars when he saw one; probably supposed it an imitation. It would be interesting to learn how he would behave at dinner.

At seven twenty-five she entered the Ritz, wearing a simple street dress and a cloth coat trimmed with cheap fur which she had borrowed from her maid. Gordon met her with fire in his eye.

"You're twenty-five minutes late," he said angrily. "That's no way to behave."

Molly withered him with a glance.

"I'm not accustomed to being rebuked, Mr. Gordon," she said haughtily.

"I certainly beg your pardon. I was frantic for fear you wouldn't come."

The head waiter recognized Molly and the choice table at which he placed Steve Gordon had nothing to do with the small tip which Steve handed to him. Molly was relieved to find none of her friends in the grillroom and became very gracious.

Her great black eyes were lustrous in the soft lights, her jet-black hair and brows contrasted gorgeously with her skin of milk and strawberries, her beautiful teeth flashed radiantly and poor Steve Gordon was so overwhelmed that he just goggled at her.

"Tell me more about your mines," she commanded after he had ordered.

"I'd rather talk about you," he replied. "You perplex me, Molly. I can't make you out. Why did you speak to me on that bus?"

She laughed. Her laugh was something to hear. "Oh, I had an uncontrollable impulse, let us say."

"A lucky one for me, Molly. Tell me, are you an actress?"

"I don't work at it. All women are actresses, they say."

"You're so ravishingly beautiful," he exclaimed. "Are you married?"

"No-o." She was blushing because this stupid fellow had said that she was ravishingly beautiful.

"What do you do for a living?"

"Oh, don't ask so many questions."

He took a sip of consommé and began again:

"It's a perfect crime for a girl like you to be struggling in a pest hole like New York. You are young and beautiful and full of hope but the town will get you. You'll meet the wrong kind of men. Molly, you need to be taken care of."

"Try that fish. It's good."

"It drives me wild to think of you slinging hash or washing clothes or kicking up your legs in a chorus or—or—anything," he finished lamely.

She gazed at him curiously. "And what do you propose to do about it?"

The answer dumfounded her.

"Marry you," he said.

"To think of my having dinner with an escaped lunatic," she sighed.

"I know it's sudden, darling. I don't expect you to decide at once. You don't know anything about me yet."

"All I know about you," said Molly, "is that you ought to be put in a padded cell. Proposing to a girl whose last name you don't know. And a pick-up, too."

"Bah! I'll throw my cards on the table, Molly. I've got twelve thousand dollars in cash in my hotel safe. We can live where you like for six months and then go to Peru. They'll give me a nice little bungalow if I'm married, and the salary is a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week and living expenses. Not so bad. Better than working for starvation wages in New York. And I ll buy you a thousand-dollar diamond ring for that little white finger. You'd like a diamond, wouldn't you?"

Molly had a box full of diamonds and rarely wore any of them because she detested ornaments, but the idea of a diamond ring given to her by Steve had a certain unreasonable attraction.

"If you'll come back to earth and eat your steak, Stevie," she said softly, "I'll give your proposition the consideration it deserves, maybe. But don't you think you're precipitate? After all, you're not Irish."

"But you are. So why consider?" he pleaded. Those blue eyes of his were really beautiful, she thought. She rested her elbows on the table and placed her fists under her chin. Her glance was maternal.

"How old are you, Steve?"

"Thirty-one. And you are the first woman I ever loved. I suppose I sound mad but I'm just as much in love with you as though I'd known you for years."

"Probably more," admitted Molly. "You wouldn't care much for me if you really knew me. I've a horrible temper. When I'm in a rage I smash things and beat people. You've seen me when I'm good-natured but when the blackness comes on me I'm dreadful. I'd probably push you into some abyss if I went with you to your Andes."

HE LAUGHED incredulously. "I'll take that chance."

"You're not going to get it, my friend. Now you haven't eaten a morsel and I've finished my dinner. And it's theater time. Come on, darling, let's find a good musical comedy."

They picked out a good one but Molly was more concerned with the man beside her than the show. He was such a fine, strong, kind and guileless boy.

When the show was over she refused a supper invitation and forbade him to accompany her home. She let him put her into a taxi after agreeing to dine with him at the Biltmore the following night, and gave the driver a spurious address which she corrected later.

She went to sleep determined not to keep the engagement. She liked Steve better than any man she had ever met. His impetuosity appealed to her and his earnestness impressed her. If she were the sort of girl he supposed her to be, she would be a fool not to take him at his word, but the proposal did not tempt Molly Dore.

Molly loved her New York and had no intention of leaving it and it seemed to her that life as the wife of a mining engineer in the Andes would be perfectly horrible. Steve was very impressionable, and in a few days he would meet someone else and forget all about the mysterious Molly.

When she woke the next morning she recalled with amusement her experience of the night before. Poor Steve would have to ornament the lobby of the Biltmore until he made up his mind that she wouldn't arrive. He would feel badly but he would get over it.

She persisted in this attitude until she returned from a tea at six-thirty and then she tore into her chamber and, in great haste, donned the costume of the night before. She was only ten minutes late in arriving at the Biltmore, but Steve was white with fear lest she would not come.

The dinner was very much like that of the previous evening. He continued to urge his suit and to wave before her his pathetic little bribes and she was even more sorry for him than on the previous evening and expostulated with him longer. It was ten o'clock before they moved from their table, too late for the theater, so they went on to dance.

WHEN his arm went around her Molly was astonished to experience a thrill, and she actually trembled because his lips were within a couple of inches of her own. There was a blue flame in his eyes which weakened her.

Nevertheless she danced with him until one o'clock. Then he called a taxi and, regardless of her protests, jumped in with her. The machine rattled along to the fictitious address she had given, while Steve pleaded with more eloquence than ever. There was magnetism in him at close quarters as she had discovered in the dance. His left arm was around her, was drawing her to him. She struggled silently; she was not the screaming sort.

A street light illumined the interior of the cab and displayed his face, white with passion, eager, handsome—and the volcano which was Molly burst into action. Both her arms went around his neck. Roughly she pulled his mouth against her lips.

"Oh, my love, my love, never leave me," murmured Molly Dore.

And at that second the taxi pulled up at the curb and broke the spell.

Involuntarily they separated. Molly, herself again, pushed open the door, jumped out and slammed it in the face of the man who would have followed her. The random street address chanced to be that of a cheap apartment house into which Molly ran. She darted up a flight of stairs and hid in the corridor of the second floor for five minutes, shaking like a leaf with reaction, weeping with contrition, white, terrified, humiliated and contemptuous of herself.

Finally she regained a semblance of composure, crept down the stairs and into the street, hailed a taxi and was carried to her father's house. Stripped bare of her assurance, she went to bed

(*Continued on page 42*)

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for a long cigar . . .

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BETWEEN THE ACTS

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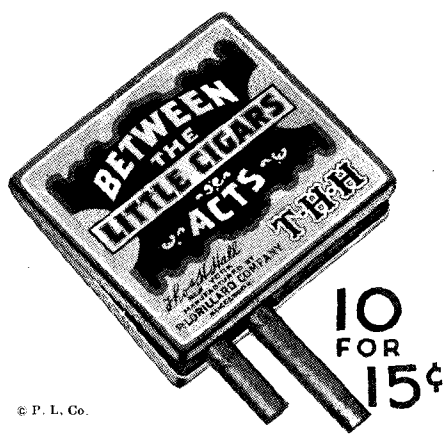

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If dealer can't supply you, send 15¢ for sample tin to P. Lorillard Company, 119 West 40th Street, New York.

Druid's Eyes

Continued from page 40

and it was a long time before she fell asleep.

Of course that settled the adventure. Since she could no longer trust herself, she must avoid temptation. Steve Gordon was impossible. Molly had always been aware that she was capable of terrific passionate outbursts but she had been confident that she could control them. Her angry tantrums had often shamed her but she had never before experienced amorous emotion. It was fortunate that it was Steve Gordon, instead of some man in her set, who had been with her at that moment, she thought. The boy was clean and decent. Nevertheless she didn't want to marry him and roost on a peak in the Andes.

SHE thought a lot about Steve during the next week. She had hated to break her word and leave him disconsolate the night following the dreadful incident, but it was something that had to be done. She went about a lot and was madly merry, but every now and then she could see his honest blue eyes with a hurt look in them.

She told herself that he was a stupid boor from the wilderness who really should marry a waitress. In no time he would find a shopgirl who would accept him joyously and that would be all right. She was having a good time herself. Certainly she was.

At the end of the second week she had nearly forgotten him, at least she had classified him as an exciting episode. Anyway he had passed completely out of her life and she was out of danger. There was not the remotest chance of his finding her and if he did she would laugh at him and send him about his business.

On the fifteenth night—yes, she counted the nights from the shameful incident—she came home shortly after six o'clock and ran up to her room to dress for a dinner at which she would be late as usual.

She was inspecting her wardrobe when the house phone rang and it was Michael Dore who was calling.

"Come down to the library a moment, Molly darling," he said. "I want to talk to you about something."

"Sure, Dad. Be right down."

Without a premonition of any sort, she entered the big red library. Michael Dore was standing with his back to the fireplace, hands under the tails of his coat, a pose inherited from his father. He was a tall, heavily built man, ruddy, clean-shaven, with Irish blue eyes and a Celtic love of fun.

"Thanks, Daughter," he said pleasantly. "I want you to meet a young friend of mine, Mr. Stephen Gordon."

Molly whirled and saw Steve standing a few feet away. The open door had partly hidden him. She drew in her breath. She grew red. Both hands flew instinctively to her breast.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Er—how—do—you do?"

"Very well, thank you," he said in a low tone.

"Entertain each other," commanded Mr. Dore. "I have business elsewhere."

"Don't go, Father," she cried in a panic.

Michael Dore laughed and walked out of the room, shutting the door behind him.

"Molly, haven't you anything to say to me?" he asked sadly.

She backed away from him. "No, certainly not. What should I say?"

"You might tell me why you broke the engagement. I waited two hours for you that night."

"That was very silly of you," she stammered.

"After what had happened I couldn't believe that you wouldn't come. How could you treat me so?"

Molly controlled herself. "I had no intention of marrying you and, for your sake, I just broke off the acquaintance."

Steve gazed at her steadily. "You love me and you know it."

"You flatter yourself, Mr. Gordon."

"I do not. I know the real thing when I find it. Oh, Molly, I hunted everywhere for you. I was half crazy for a fortnight."

"Indeed. If you wanted to find me it was easy. I told you my name."

"I know," he said with an apologetic smile. "But to us in the mines Mike Dore was the King of New York. How could I believe that the King's daughter would be riding on top of a bus and would condescend to speak to a strange man?"

Molly wanted an excuse to get angry and this was it.

"So you're still casting that up. I'm sorry I spoke to you."

"But you deliberately let me think you were some sort of working girl."

"Not I. That was your own complimentary theory," she said tartly.

He grinned exasperatingly. "Your aunt was a washerwoman whom you were going to help with her work."

"I said that in hope of getting rid of you," she tossed back.

"Well," he said with a deep sigh, "anyway I've found you."

Her little right foot began to tap the floor, a danger signal. Then—

"I'll tell you what I'd like to know—why my own father brought a man I didn't want to see into my home."

The Moose was exercising his uncanny influence again and she was becoming frightened. Best insult him and drive him off. She'd show him and Michael Dore too.

"For God's sake, Molly, don't talk like that," he pleaded.

"I asked you a question, I believe," said the girl nastily.

"Well, it was the purest chance," he told her. "It seems that the superintendent of the mine in Peru has died since I left, and the assistant is turning out badly. Your father sent for me and wanted me to go back and take charge of everything. A big promotion."

"I doubt if you deserve it. Go on."

"WELL, I went into his private office and there on his desk was a framed photograph of you. I darn' near fainted. Your father noticed that something was wrong with me and was kind enough to ask what was the matter.

"'Please tell me who that young lady is?' I begged.

"'That?' He laughed. 'The joy of my life, my pride and delight, the wildest little devil in New York City today, my daughter, Molly.'"

"Sounds like him," she commented angrily. "And what did you say?"

"Why, I told him the whole story."

"What!" she exclaimed, outraged. "You told him how we met?"

"Of course. And our dinners and that you loved me."

"Oh," shouted Molly Dore. "Oh, you cad! You bounder! You whelp! You—you—you!" Stumped for expletives, she replaced them by physical action.

She stretched out her arms toward him but the fingers were curled as she hurled herself upon him.

"Damn you," sobbed Molly.

He caught both her wrists in one of his big hands and grasped a handful of her thick hair with the other. He bent her head way back.

"You she-devil," he growled. "I'll tame you or murder you. How do you like this?"

He pushed her toward a big leather couch, tripped her deftly and toppled her upon it, where he pinioned her securely and viciously pressed his mouth against her lips. She shrieked insanely and kicked out savagely but the man had her and his kiss was hurting her.

Abruptly her cries changed to moans and then he felt the pressure of his lips returned and then she was muttering something.

It was: "Steve darling. Darling Steve."

He laughed excitedly. "Do you admit you love me?"

She was silent.

"Must I make you say it?"

She lay quietly and a slow smile parted her bruised lips.

"I—I guess you could do it—but, Steve—I love you."

"Will you marry me tomorrow and sail next day for the mines?"

"Please let me up, Steve," she pleaded.

He released her and she sat up, her bosom heaving, her breathing heavy.

"You're strong, darling," she said admiringly.

"You need a strong hand," he declared.

"I sup-suppose so. You hurt me terribly, but I deserved it."

Her tears began to flow again.

"I shouldn't think you'd want a girl with a temper like mine. Don't you hate me?"

STEVE laughed. "I don't mind your temper. I'll choke you when you get that way."

Molly's eyes danced. "I made myself angry because I was so afraid I'd weaken, and when you said you told Father everything, I just went out of my head for a second. But, Steve, Father will never let me marry you."

"You interrupted my story," he declared with a chuckle. "When I had told him everything, pick-up and all, this is what he said:

"'So she ran out on you? Well, the little rogue oughtn't to be allowed to get away with a trick like that. Want me to take you home with me?'

"'Of course,' I said eagerly.

"'I warn you it won't do you a bit of good. She'll probably chase you out of the house. No man will ever get that girl until he's knocked the Old Nick out of her.'"

Molly began to get angry again. "He said that, did he?" she cried.

"Sure, I said it," declared Mike Dore from the entrance. "Is the war over?"

"A fine father you are," reproached Molly. "Didn't you hear me yelling and screaming?"

"Sure. I'm so used to that I didn't think anything of it," he asserted with a droll look.

"What an impression of me you are giving Steve," complained Molly.

"It's my opinion he knows all about you. And you had a licking coming to you, miss. I give the boy credit."

"He's a brute," stated Molly, smiling. "Would you let me marry a brute like this?"

Mr. Dore shrugged his shoulders. "What good would it do me to tell you not to?"

"No good," said Molly. "What time tomorrow do we get married, Steve darling?"

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Great Philcos in 1929 made possible these *still greater* Philcos for 1930

A voice full of personality, such as that of Maurice Chevalier, Paramount star of "The Love Parade", if heard on a radio whose units are only in approximate balance, will reproduce only a blurred, distorted approximation as pictured at the left. Tune in with a new Philco and enjoy the wonderfully true, clear tone which Philco achieves in every set by extraordinarily exact balancing of all units.

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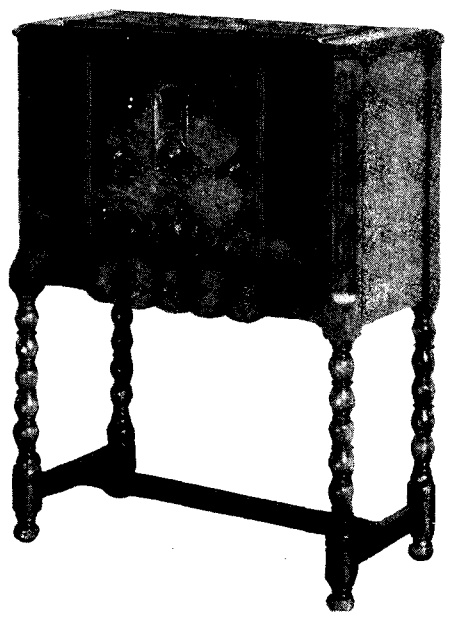

PHILCO

2. Philco Screen Grid Plus—a nine tube, automatic volume control set with built-in aerial; the same true, clear, balanced-unit tone; even greater power; and an automatic volume control, which counteracts fading and enables you for the first time to *hold* and *enjoy* fine programs from distant stations.

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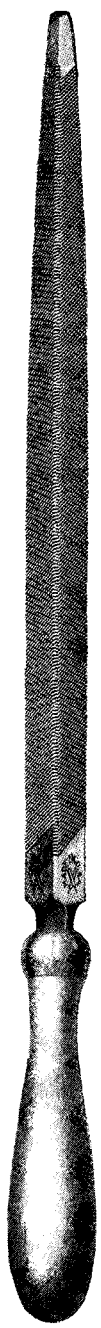

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NICHOLSON U.S.A. (TRADE MARK)

A File for Every Purpose

Lillian

Continued from page 13

just naturally cherry pie for Lillian.

Well, of course this causes great indignation among the dolls who own the pooches, particularly when Lillian come home one day carrying a Peke as big as she is herself by the scruff of the neck, and with a very excited blond doll following her and yelling bloody murder outside Wilbur Willard's door when Lillian pops into Wilbur's room through a hole he cuts in the door for her, still lugging the Peke. But it seems that instead of being mad at Lillian and giving her a pasting for such goings on, Wilbur is somewhat pleased, because he happens to be still in a fog when Lillian arrives with the Peke, and is thinking of Lillian as a beautiful leopard.

"Why," Wilbur says, "this is devotion, indeed. My beautiful leopard goes off into the jungle and fetches me an antelope for dinner."

Now of course there is no sense whatever to this, because a Peke is certainly not anything like an antelope, but the blond doll outside Wilbur's door hears Wilbur mumble, and gets the idea that he is going to eat her Peke for dinner and the squawk she puts up is very terrible. There is plenty of trouble around the Brussels in chilling the blond doll's beef over Lillian snagging her Peke, and what is more the blond doll's ever-loving guy, who turns out to be a tough Ginney bootlegger by the name of Gregorio, shows up at the Hot Box the next night and wishes to put the slug on Wilbur Willard.

But Wilbur rounds him up with a few drinks and by singing Melancholy Baby to him, and before he leaves the Ginney gets very sentimental towards Wilbur, and Lillian, too, and wishes to give Wilbur five bucks to let Lillian grab the Peke again, if Lillian will promise not to bring it back. It seems Gregorio does not really care for the Peke, and is only acting quarrelsome to please the blond doll and make her think he loves her dearly.

BUT I can see Lillian is having different moods, and finally I ask Wilbur if he notices it.

"Yes," he says, very sad, "I do not seem to be holding her love. She is getting very fickle. A guy moves onto my floor at the Brussels the other day with a little boy, and Lillian becomes very fond of this kid at once. In fact, they are great friends. Ah, well," Wilbur says, "cats are like women. Their affection does not last."

I happen to go over to the Brussels a few days later to explain to a guy by the name of Crutchy, who lives on the same floor as Wilbur Willard, that some of our citizens do not like his face and that it may be a good idea for him to leave town, especially if he insists on bringing ale into their territory, and I see Lillian out in the hall with a youngster which I judge is the kid Wilbur is talking about. This kid is maybe three years old, and very cute, what with black hair, and black eyes, and he is wooling Lillian around the hall in a way that is most surprising, for Lillian is not such a cat as will stand for much wooling around, not even from Wilbur Willard.

I am wondering how anybody comes to take such a kid to a joint like the Brussels, but I figure it is some actor's kid, and that maybe there is no mamma for it. Later I am talking to Wilbur about this, and he says:

"Well, if the kid's old man is an actor, he is not working at it. He sticks close to his room all the time, and he does not allow the kid to go anywhere but in the hall, and I feel sorry for the little guy, which is why I allow Lillian to play with him."

Now it comes on a very cold spell, and a bunch of us are sitting in Mindy's along toward five o'clock in the morning when we hear fire engines going past. By and by in comes a guy by the name of Kansas, who is named Kansas because he comes from Kansas, and who is a crap shooter by trade.

"The old Brussels is on fire," this guy Kansas says.

"She is always on fire," Big Nig says, meaning there is always plenty of hot stuff going on around the Brussels.

ABOUT this time who walks in but Wilbur Willard, and anybody can see he is just naturally floating. The chances are he comes from Good Time Charley's, and he is certainly carrying plenty of pressure. I never see Wilbur Willard mulled up more. He does not have Lillian with him, but then he never takes Lillian to Good Time Charley's, because Charley hates cats.

"Hey, Wilbur," Big Nig says, "your joint, the Brussels, is on fire."

"Well," Wilbur says, "I am a little firefly, and I need a light. Let us go where there is fire."

The Brussels is only a few blocks from Mindy's, and there is nothing else to do just then, so some of us walk over to Eighth Avenue with Wilbur teetering along ahead of us. The old shack is certainly roaring good when we get in sight of it, and the firemen are tossing water into it, and the coppers have the fire lines out to keep the crowd back, although there is not much of a crowd at such an hour in the morning.

"Is it not beautiful?" Wilbur Willard says, looking up at the flames. "Is it not like a fairy palace all lighted up this way?"

You see, Wilbur does not realize the joint is on fire, although guys and dolls are running out of it every which way, most of them half dressed, or not dressed at all, and the firemen are getting out the life nets in case anybody wishes to hop out of the windows.

"It is certainly beautiful," Wilbur says. "I must get Lillian so she can see this."

And before anybody has time to think, there is Wilbur Willard walking into the front door of the Brussels as if nothing happens. The firemen and the coppers are so astonished all they can do is holler at Wilbur, but he pays no attention whatever. Well, naturally everybody figures Wilbur is a gone gosling, but in about ten minutes he comes walking out of this same door through the fire and smoke as cool as you please, and he has Lillian in his arms.

"You know," Wilbur says, coming over to where we are standing with our eyes popping out, "I have to walk all the way up to my floor because the elevators seem to be out of commission. The service is getting terrible in this hotel. I will certainly make a strong beef to the management about it as soon as I pay something on my account."

Then what happens but Lillian lets out a big mer-ow, and hops out of Wilbur's arms and skips past the coppers and the firemen with her back all humped up, and the next thing anybody knows she is tearing through the front door of the old hotel and making plenty of speed.

"Well, well," Wilbur says, looking much surprised, "there goes Lillian."

And what does this daffy Wilbur Willard do but turn and go marching back into the Brussels again, and by this time the smoke is pouring out of the front doors so thick he is out of sight in a second. Naturally he takes the coppers and firemen by surprise, because they are not used to guys walking in and out of fires on them.

THIS time anybody standing around will lay you plenty of odds—two and a half and maybe three to one that Wilbur never shows up again, because the old Brussels is now just popping with fire and smoke from the lower windows, although there does not seem to be quite so much fire in the upper story. Everybody seems to be out of the joint, and even the firemen are fighting the blaze from the outside because the Brussels is so old and ramshackly there is no sense in them risking the floors.

I mean everybody is out of the joint except Wilbur Willard and Lillian, and we figure they are getting a good frying somewhere inside, although Feet Samuels is around offering to take thirteen to five for a few small bets that Lillian comes out okay, because Feet claims that a cat has nine lives and that is a fair bet at the price.

(*Continued on page 46*)

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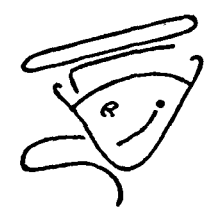
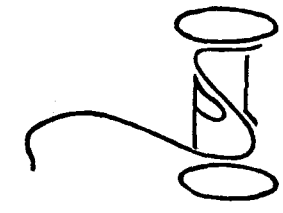


"Sailor," by Genevieve T. Sebelon, 15 N. Newstead Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

"Automobile," by Edward J. Flynn, 411 Warren Ave., Brockton, Mass.



"Spool," by Miss L. Pauline Rosenberg, 238 West 106th St., New York City

"Napoleon Bonaparte," by William Hermann, 9418 32d Ave., East Elmhurst, L. I.

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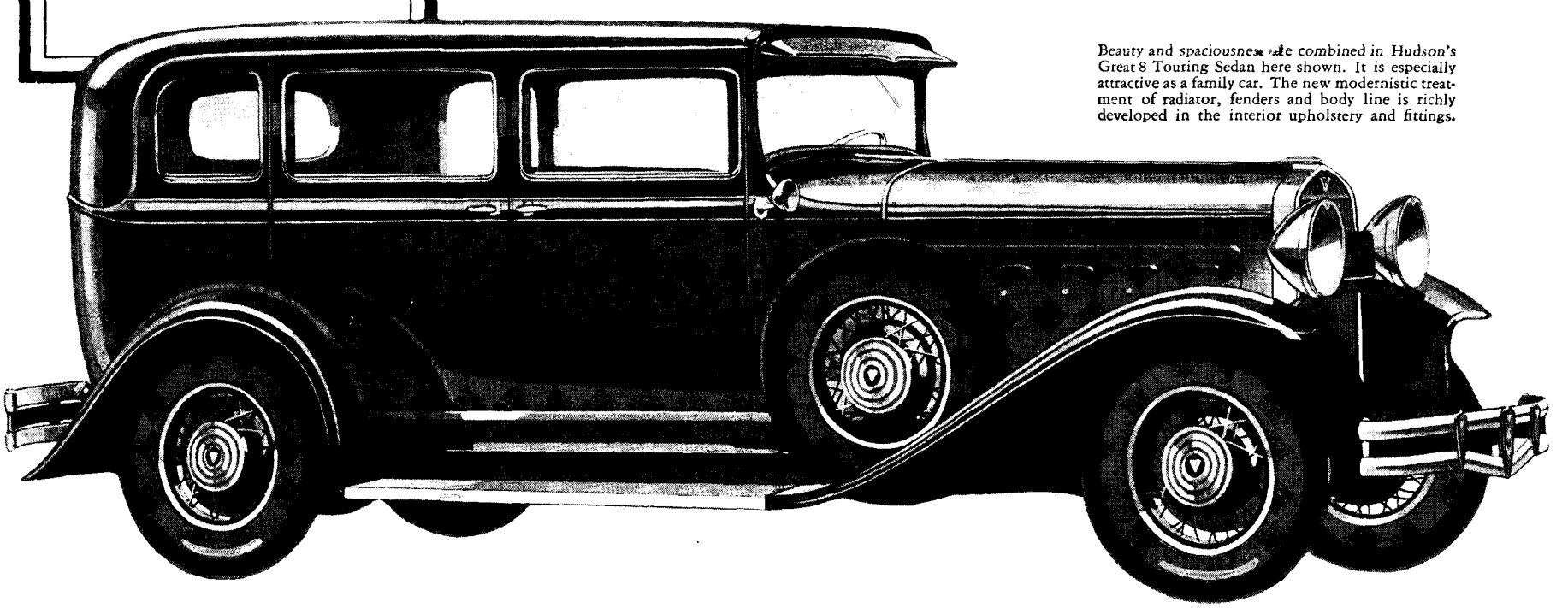

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Lillian

Continued from page 44

Well, up comes a swell-looking doll all heated up about something and pushing and clawing her way through the crowd up to the ropes and screaming until you can hardly hear yourself think, and about this same minute everybody hears a voice going ai-lee-hi-hee-hoo, like a Swiss yodeler, which comes from the roof of the Brussels, and looking up what do we see but Wilbur Willard standing up there on the edge of the roof, high above the fire and smoke, and yodeling very loud.

Under one arm he has a big bundle of some kind, and under the other he has the little kid I see playing in the hall with Lillian. As he stands up there going ai-lee-hi-hee-hoo, the swell-dressed doll near us begins yipping louder than Wilbur is yodeling, and the firemen rush over under him with a life net.

Wilbur lets go another ai-lee-hi-hee-hoo, and down he comes all spraddled out, with the bundle and the kid, but he hits the net sitting down and bounces up and back again for a couple of minutes before he finally settles. In fact, Wilbur is enjoying the bouncing, and the chances are he will be bouncing yet if the firemen do not drop their hold on the net and let him fall to the ground.

Then Wilbur steps out of the net, and I can see the bundle is a rolled-up blanket with Lillian's eyes peeking out of one end. He still had the kid under the other arm with his head stuck out in front, and his legs stuck out behind, and it does not seem to me that Wilbur is handling the kid as careful as he is handling Lillian. He stands there looking at the firemen with a very sneering look, and finally he says:

"Do not think you can catch me in your net unless I wish to be caught. I am a butterfly, and very hard to overtake."

Then all of a sudden the swell-dressed doll who is doing so much hollering, piles on top of Wilbur and grabs the kid from him and begins hugging and kissing it.

"Wilbur," she says, "God bless you, Wilbur, for saving my baby! Oh, thank you, Wilbur, thank you! My wretched husband kidnaps and runs away with him, and it is only a few hours ago that my detectives find out where he is."

WILBUR gives the doll a funny look for about half a minute and starts to walk away, but Lillian comes wiggling out of the blanket, looking and smelling pretty much singed up, and the kid sees Lillian and begins hollering for her, so Wilbur finally hands Lillian over to the kid. And not wishing to leave Lillian, Wilbur stands around somewhat confused, and the doll gets talking to him, and finally they go away together, and as they go Wilbur is carrying the kid, and the kid is carrying Lillian, and Lillian is not feeling so good from her burns.

Furthermore, Wilbur is probably more sober than he ever is before in years at this hour in the morning, but before they go I get a chance to talk some to Wilbur when he is still rambling somewhat, and I make out from what he says that the first time he goes to get Lillian he finds her in his room and does not see hide or hair of the little kid and does not even think of him, because he does not know what room the kid is in, anyway, having never noticed such a thing.

But the second time he goes up, Lillian is sniffing at the crack under the door of a room down the hall from Wilbur's and Wilbur says he seems to remember seeing a trickle of something like water coming out of the crack.

"And," Wilbur says, "as I am looking for a blanket for Lillian, and it will be a bother to go back to my room, I figure I will get one out of this room. I try the knob but the door is locked, so I kick it in, and walk in to find the room is full of smoke, and fire is shooting through the windows very lovely, and when I grab a blanket off the bed for Lillian, what is under the blanket but the kid?

"Well," Wilbur says, "the kid is squawking, and Lillian is mer-owing, and there is so much confusion generally that it makes me nervous, so I figure we better go up on the roof and let the stink blow off us, and look at the fire from there. It seems there is a guy stretched out on the floor of the room alongside an upset table between the door and the bed. He has a bottle in one hand, and he is dead. Well, naturally there is no percentage in lugging a dead guy along, so I take Lillian and the kid and go up on the roof, and we just naturally fly off like humming birds. Now I must get a drink," Wilbur says. "I wonder if anybody has anything on their hip?"

WELL, the papers are certainly full of Wilbur and Lillian the next day, especially Lillian, and they are both great heroes.

But Wilbur cannot stand the publicity very long, because he never has no time to himself for his drinking, what with the scribes and the photographers hopping on him every few minutes wishing to hear his story, and to take more pictures of him and Lillian, so one night he disappears, and Lillian disappears with him.

About a year later it comes out that he marries his old doll, Lillian Withington-Harmon, and falls into a lot of dough, and what is more he cuts out the liquor and becomes quite a useful citizen one way and another. So everybody has to admit that black cats are not always bad luck, although I say Wilbur's case is a little exceptional because he does not start out knowing Lillian is a black cat, but thinking she is a leopard.

I happen to run into Wilbur one day all dressed up in good clothes and jewelry and chucking quite a swell.

"Wilbur," I say to him, "I often think how remarkable it is the way Lillian suddenly gets such an attachment for the little kid and remembers about him being in the hotel and leads you back there a second time to the right room. If I do not see this come off with my own eyes, I will never believe a cat has brains enough to do such a thing, because I consider cats extra dumb."

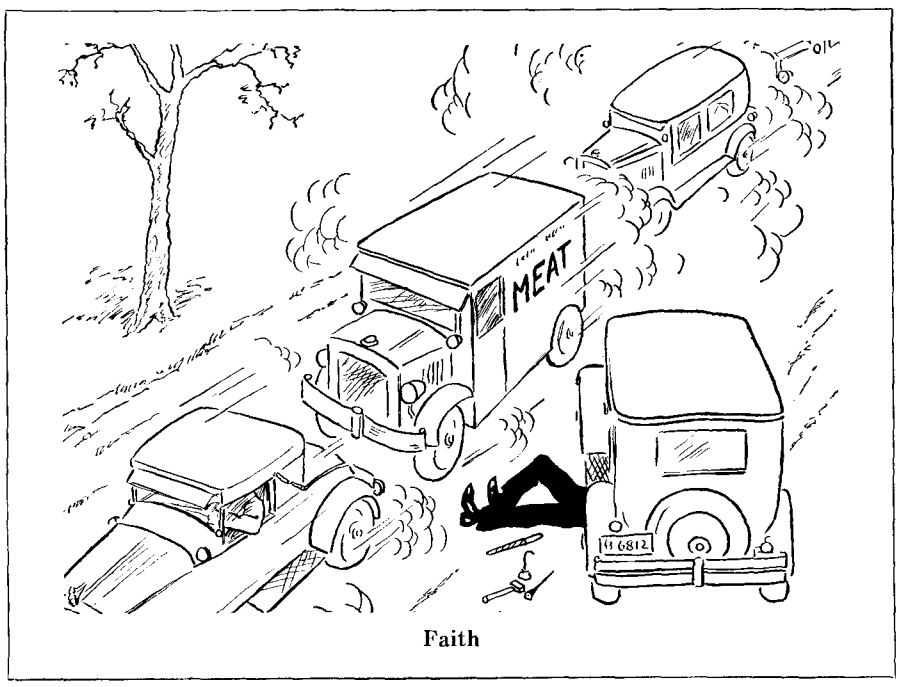
"Brains nothing," Wilbur says. "Lillian does not have brains enough to grease a gimlet. And what is more she has no more attachment for the kid than a jack rabbit. The time has come," Wilbur says, "to expose Lillian. She gets a lot of credit which is never coming to her. I will now tell you about Lillian, and nobody knows this but me.

"YOU see," Wilbur says, "when Lillian is a little kitten I always put a little Scotch in her milk, partly to help make her good and strong, and partly because I am never no hand to drink alone, unless there is nobody with me. Well, at first Lillian does not care so much for this Scotch in her milk, but finally she takes a liking to it, and I keep making her toddy stronger until in the end she will lap up a good big snort without any milk for a chaser, and yell for more. In fact, I suddenly realize that Lillian becomes a rumpot, just like I am in those days, and simply must have her grog, and it is when she is good and rummed up that Lillian goes off snatching Pekes, and acting tough generally.

"Now," Wilbur says, "the time of the fire is about the time I get home every morning and give Lillian her schnapps. But when I go into the hotel and get her the first time I forget to Scotch her up, and the reason she runs back into the hotel is because she is looking for her shot. And the reason she is sniffing at the kid's door is not because the kid is in there but because the trickle that is coming through the crack under the door is nothing but Scotch that is running out of the bottle in the dead guy's hand. I never mention this before because I figure it may be a knock to a dead guy's memory," Wilbur says. "Drinking is certainly a disgusting thing, especially secret drinking."

"But how is Lillian getting along these days?" I ask Wilbur Willard.

"I am greatly disappointed in Lillian," he says. "She refuses to reform when I do and the last I hear of her she takes up with Gregorio, the Ginney bootlegger, who keeps her well Scotched up all the time so she will lead his blond doll's Peke a dog's life."



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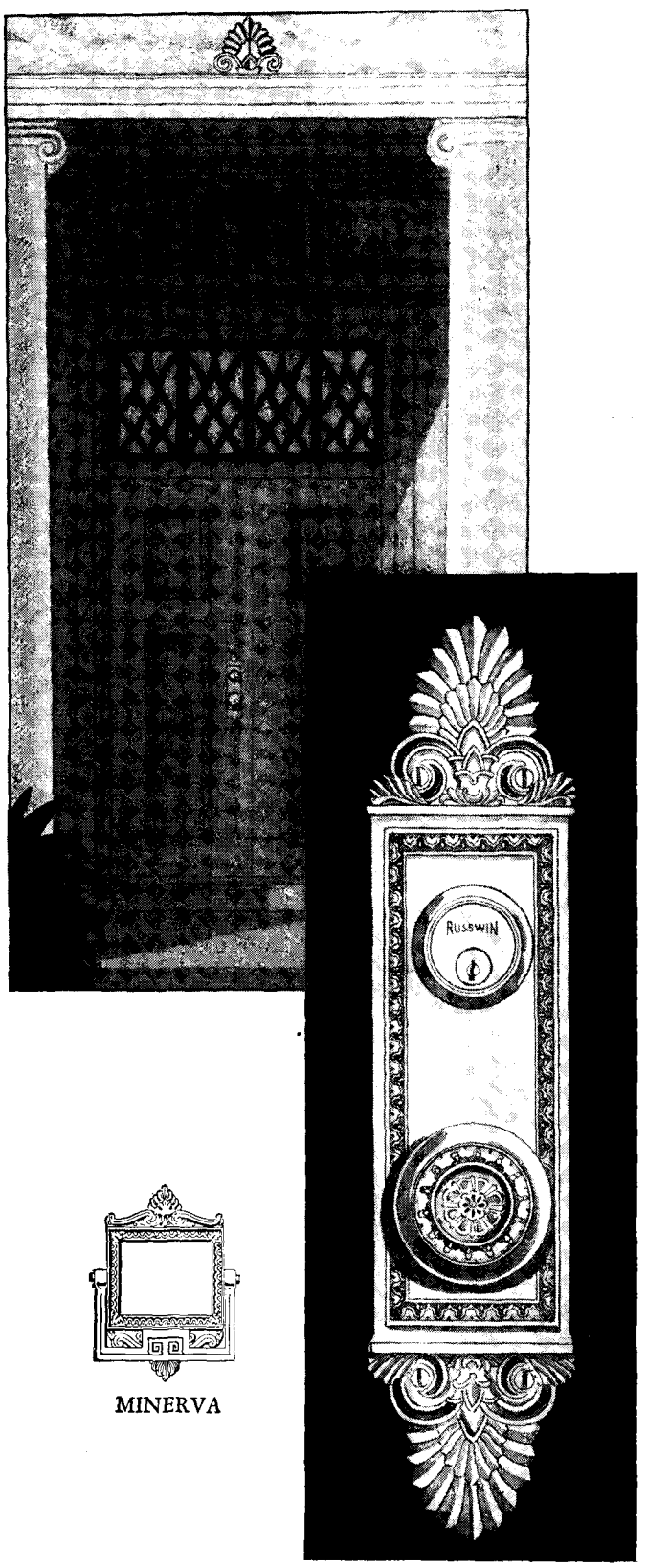

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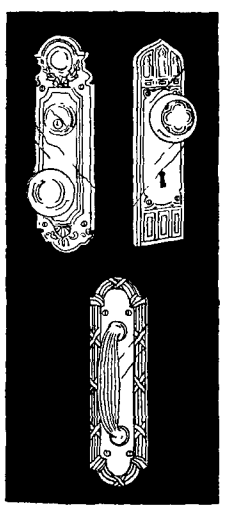

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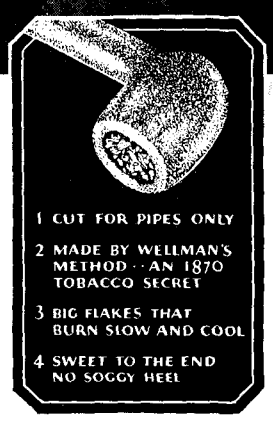
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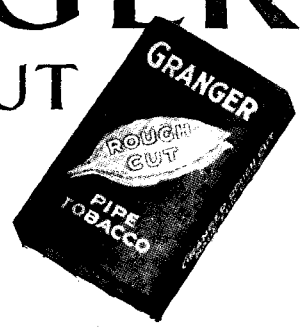


...in more pipes every day!

The Lion and the Lamb

Continued from page 23

on, with a quick, furtive glance at her. "Hasn't he fallen for you? I thought when you chose to do a little vamping you were supposed to carry a man off his feet. You generally succeed, you know, don't you?"

"Do I?" she rejoined indifferently.

"Talking it over this morning," Reuben continued, "Lem and I came to the same conclusion. If I told you that you weren't being watched up here, you wouldn't believe me. Of course you're being watched. The plain facts are that you've had one interview, and one interview only, with David. It lasted quite a short time, and since then you have not been to see him again, nor has he been here to see you. Yet you report success."

HE SIPPED thoughtfully the whisky-and-soda which the waiter had brought him. She remained silent, looking at him with an air of barely concealed disgust.

"I could understand David believing your story," he went on, "if you had got him under your thumb, if he were crazy about you. As he isn't, we don't tumble to it, Lem and I, why he believes it at all. In plain words, we don't understand why he's coming to Widows' Row expecting to find only a dozen of us, and unarmed."

"If he doesn't come, I can't help it," she said coldly.

The young man looked across the table at her. His black eyes were hard and brilliant. His lower lip had fallen a little, showing the red of his gums. He was intensely in earnest.

"Now sit tight, Belle," he admonished, "and keep your temper even if you don't like what I'm going to say. David is one of the biggest fools for obstinacy and bravado who ever joined the gang, but I'll grant you that he's not by nature a squealer. Yet, supposing—keep cool, Belle—that he, or you and he together, had decided to work this scheme a different way, and that we found a squad of police with machine guns, and armored wagons, down at Widows' Row, eh?"

She leaned back, genuinely horrified. He watched her expression with satisfaction. Nothing could have been more convincing.

"David would get his later. That you know," he went on. "And so would you, but David might say to himself that so long as he doesn't give up the Blue Diamond he's bound to go out anyway unless we crumple up. He may have decided to take the risk."

"I think," she said deliberately, "that you and Lem are the two biggest fools I ever knew in my life. God help the Lambs if ever Tottie Green goes and you two try to swing the show. Personally, I don't believe that David has the Blue Diamond. Secondly, you know as well as I do that if he'd wanted to squeal, he could have done it a great deal more safely and reasonably than by arranging for a sham fight. And thirdly, you dare to sit there and suggest that I, Belle, would turn on the gang, with Tottie there, still alive, and knowing for an absolute certainty what was coming to him! If you run your scheme for tomorrow night with the same brains you're using now, you won't need any trap from Scotland Yard. The police constable at the corner of the street will be equal to the job of marching you all off where you ought to be."

"Yes," he remarked, "I thought you'd be bitter."

She leaned back in her chair, looking at him coldly and distastefully.

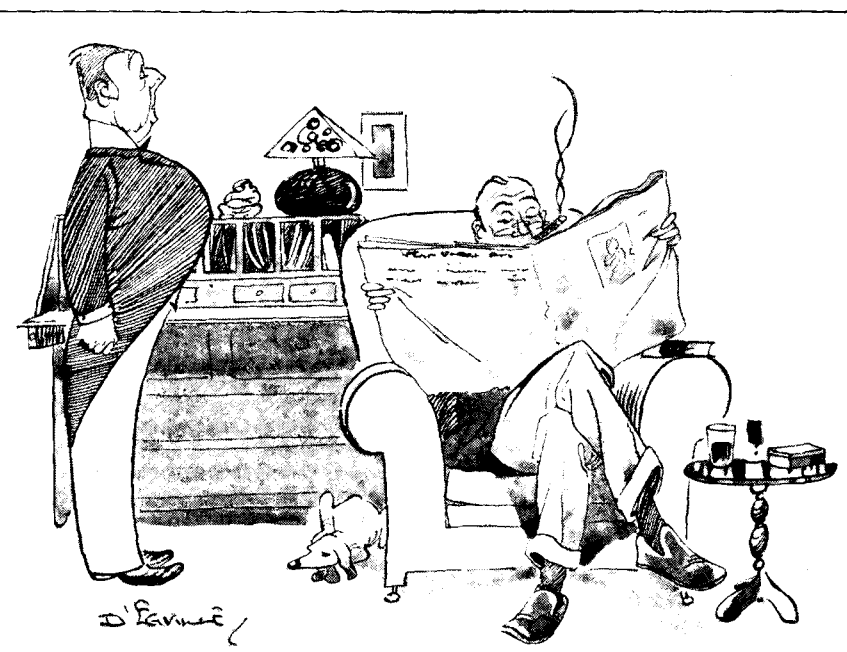
"If Saturday night's scheme is a failure," she continued, "you and Lem will be the only ones to blame. You see what is happening? David has found a boy to dance with his little protégée, and he is coming over to speak to us. Clever fellow, aren't you, Reuben?"

DAVID paused before their table. He bowed to Belle, and when she held out her hand he raised her fingers gallantly to his lips. Reuben's hand he affected not to see. He addressed him in a half-bantering tone, under which there lurked, however, some shadow of menace.

"My old associates are finding courage," he remarked. "Isn't this just a little risky, though? Reuben, chief of the staff of the noble company of Lambs, and Miss Belle, their presiding goddess, exposed together to the gaze of a hundred curious eyes!"

"There's no one here likely to know us," Reuben muttered uneasily.

(*Continued on page 50*)



"If you please, sir, I think there's a burglar in the house!"
"I'll see him in the library, James."
"Certainly sir!"

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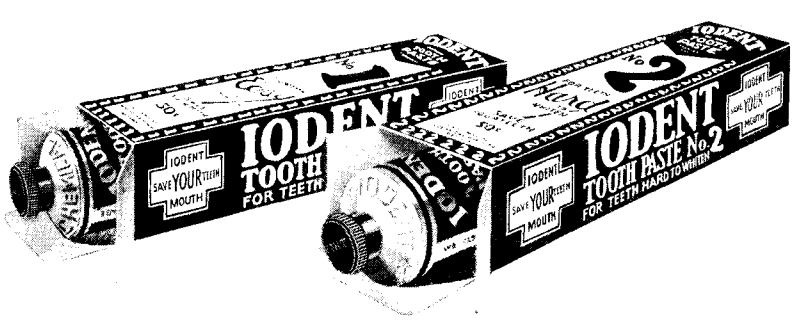

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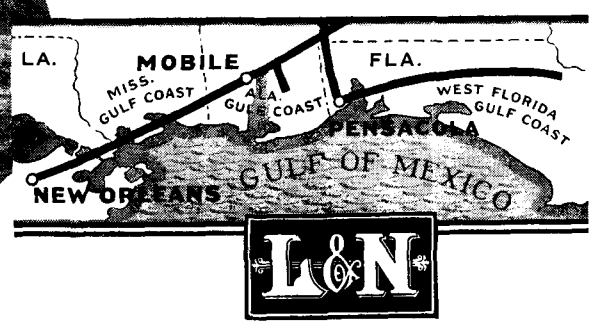

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The Lion and the Lamb

Continued from page 48

"One makes strange mistakes that way sometimes," David observed. "You may yourself be possessed of a somewhat elusive personality—very useful to you, naturally, in the matter of disguises—but Miss Belle, here—that's a very different matter. Now, I'm not a flatterer, but I suppose you realize already," he added, turning with a little smile towards her, "that you have attracted a good deal of attention?"

"Have I?" she murmured. "I notice that you, however, have not been one of my victims. You have not even asked me to dance."

"Up to the present," he explained, "I have been the sole escort of a youthful connection of mine. I have parted with her now, though temporarily, to some naval boys up from Greenwich. If you will do me the honor!"

SHE glanced up at him for a moment, almost embarrassed. She had had, indeed, very little idea that he would accept her challenge. David, who, in a general way, was not observant in such matters, noticed for the first time the almost purple depths in her deep, velvety eyes. The rough insolence of her poise towards the world had suddenly departed. She rose with unaccustomed diffidence.

"You are sure that you mean it?"

They were dancing before he answered, a merely mechanical exercise, for the crowded state of the floor forbade anything very much in the shape of enterprise. He kept well on the outside.

"Of course I meant it," he said. "I am very much afraid of you, Miss Belle, but I agree with the rest of the people in the room that you are very beautiful."

She sought for his eyes, but missed them. He was looking over her shoulder, smiling at Sophy.

"You are very plain spoken," she remarked.

"Isn't that rather the custom amongst the noble company of Lambs?" he rejoined. "I've always thought that in the directness of their conversation, to say nothing of the language used by some of them, they were almost crude."

"They are crude people, and therefore they are natural," she admitted. "I wish you would be. I should like to talk to you very much. Three times this evening, whilst I was changing for dinner, I went to the telephone, and came away. There is something I should like to say to you. I cannot whilst you are in this mood. I suppose you're a human being like I am. Be natural. It may be for your good."

He sighed.

"It's that fellow Reuben annoys me," he confided. "I don't think I was really cut out to be an associate of criminals. I know that he once killed a man in cold blood in this hotel, and there he sits, perfectly well content, and pleased with himself. I believe the brute goes to my tailor, too, by the look of the lapels of his coat."

"He is a fool to have come here," she said shortly. "I am very angry with him. He and Lem have got it into their heads that I have fallen for you, and they're afraid that I shall let them down."

"Tell me things, eh?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, I hope they won't call that affair down at Widows' Row off. I'm looking forward to the prettiest scrap of my life. Why, Miss Belle, what's wrong?"

He looked at her in genuine surprise. There had been a little catch in her breath, almost it might have been a sob. She was looking over his shoulder, looking, it seemed, at nothing in particular, with a queer light in her eyes. It was as though she saw terrible things.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked kindly. "Your friend Reuben is watching you," he added, in a slightly lower tone.

"Turn me away from him," she begged.

He reversed quietly.

"Is it possible to talk to you somewhere alone?" she whispered.

"Not tonight. I have this child to look after."

"Tomorrow?"

He shook his head.

"Very difficult, I am afraid. I shall have to put some time in down at the gymnasium, and afterwards you know I'm pretty busy. I do wish there was something I could do for you, though, Miss Belle, to show my gratitude for your information. To tell you the truth," he went on, "that's just what I wanted—a real, hard scrap with the very fellows you say are going to be there. I'll have to be content with what Lem's got for the present, I suppose, but I'm coming after him later. I'm as fond of a fight as most men, but I *hate murder. I don't mind telling you* that if I could have brought Lem away without involving Tottie Green and the rest of you, I should have sent our friend Milsom down for him before now."

The music drifted into a waltz. There were fewer dancers, and David drew his partner a shade closer to him. For once she felt herself the weaker. Her eyes sought his boldly enough, but remained a little fixed, a little terrified.

"Lem is going to swing," he whispered, and curiously enough his voice seemed to drift into the rhythm of the music. "Lem is going to hang, and if there is anything left of Reuben after I have done with him tomorrow night, he is going to hang, too. . . . You're tired. You would like to stop?"

SHE opened her lips, but made no reply. Suddenly he felt almost her dead weight in his arms. They were close to her table, and he supported her there without attracting observation. Reuben half rose as they approached.

"Belle, are you ill?" he exclaimed.

"Nothing serious, I hope," David replied, as she sank into her chair. "Leave that glass alone."

The two men were facing each other now, standing. David had been the quicker. In his left hand he held the tumbler of Evian water, from which Belle had been drinking before she got up to dance. There was not exactly a commotion in their vicinity, but the slight unusualness of everything had brought the manager of the restaurant up. David turned to him.

"I believe," he said firmly, "that there has been a deliberate attempt to poison this young lady. There's the fellow who tried to do it—the man who was sitting at her table. Don't let him get away. You'd better send for a doctor quietly, and put this tumbler I am holding into a safe place."

The manager took the glass, and passed it on to a *maître d'hôtel*, with a whispered word of instruction. David swung swiftly around, for he knew something of Reuben's unpleasant habits. A small crowd of people had left their places, and hurried over to see

(*Continued on page 52*)

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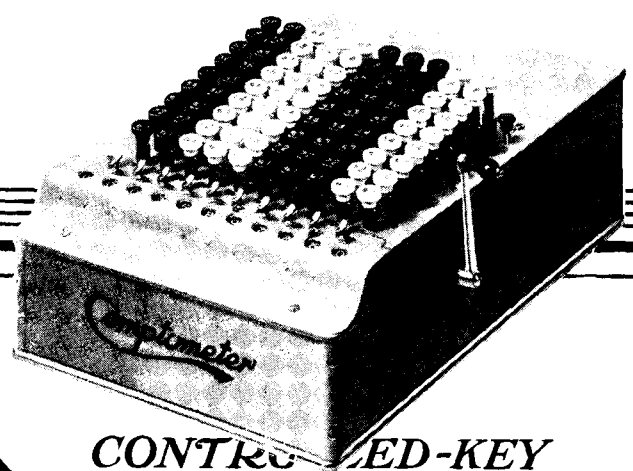

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(*Continued from page 50*)

what was the matter. There were one or two scared-looking waiters, and a mixed crowd from the adjoining tables, all making impossible suggestions, and getting into everyone's way. Belle, as pale as death, was leaning back in her chair with closed eyes. Sophy, with her partner, had hastened up. The head waiter, with flying coat tails, was on the spot. But of Reuben there was no sign.

THE disturbance at what was called the "pillar" table in the Milan Restaurant was never thoroughly understood even by people in the immediate neighborhood. All that they could see was that the striking-looking lady who had excited so much admiration, and who had been dancing with so much apparent pleasure, had been taken suddenly ill and had been brought back to her seat; that the young man who had come over to speak to her, and had remained with her for some minutes, had disappeared, and that there was some trouble about a glass of Evian water, which had been carefully removed by the head waiter.

The lady herself was assisted from the room through a side entrance, and the manager went about assuring everyone that it was only a case of an ordinary faint. The band crashed out once more with its noisiest foxtrot, and Sophy, shivering with excitement, dragged David on to the dance floor.

"David," she exclaimed, "you're wonderful to come out with! Do things always happen like this when you're around?"

"There are exceptions," he admitted, "but infrequent ones."

She shook his arm.

"Don't ride on your high horse with me, please, dear," she begged. "What was the trouble? What was it all about?"

"The trouble was that I ought not to have spoken to the lady at all," he told her.

"But why should she faint when she danced with you?" Sophy persisted. "I think you dance so nicely, David. It seems to make our future so different."

"You little hussy," he reproved her. "Now tell me how you got on with those nice boys?"

"Not at all well," she acknowledged. "One trod on my foot at least half a dozen times; another seemed to think that I was in the chorus at the Winter Garden, and asked me if I'd care for a week-end at Le Touquet; and the third boy I danced with never opened his mouth. I like you best, David. I wish you'd tell me more about that amazing girl. Why did she faint? And who was the cold, glittering-looking young man who disappeared?"

"You saw him?"

"Yes, I saw him."

"Notice him particularly?"

"I rather think I did," she replied. "He seemed funny. Everything about him was all right, and yet he seemed somehow or other as though he didn't belong. What is he?"

"A gangster," David whispered in her ear. "A real, true, bona fide gangster. I suspect him," he went on, "of being afraid that the lady was going to be too confidential with me."

"How thrilling! And is she gangster, or gangsteress?"

"She's one of the crowd," David confessed.

"I wish I could have spoken to her," Sophy sighed. "She's a strange type, of course, but I think she's almost the most beautiful animal I ever saw in my life. And her diamonds, David! Did you see that necklace?"

"Yes, she has plenty of diamonds," he agreed. "All collected from various aristocratic households—little midnight offerings."

"DO YOU mean," Sophy gasped, "that they were stolen?"

"Pretty well every one of them, I should think. You asked for this, you know, Sophy. You're out with the black sheep tonight. Never mind. I'm due to have a wash and clean-up any time after Saturday. I'm lunching with the chief commissioner of police on Sunday, and I may tell him a few things that will open his eyes. I've an intuition that the days of my respectability are close at hand."

"And after that?"

"What would you like to have after that?" he asked.

"St. George's, Hanover Square, and a honeymoon in Capri."

"You're a forward child!"

"Men are such laggards nowadays," she sighed.

They returned to their table. The manager approached, and addressed David in an undertone.

"The doctor has examined the Evian water, my lord," he said. "It had certainly been tampered with. He would like to speak to you in the lounge—at once!"

(*To be continued next week*)

"I think the mouth is a bit vulgar, don't you, Kelly?"

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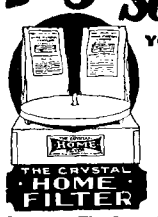

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The Romance of a Great Man

Continued from page 9

grateful to her always, because she existed.

If the world ever questioned Freddie, it was because of his affairs with women. So many women's names linked themselves about Freddie's famous one. It shocked them a little to consider Freddie in the rôle of a Don Juan. Even his few intimate friends thought him fickle. They believed that he had a complex about women, that women were to him something new and bright and stimulating.

But the world was wrong and his friends were wrong.

Freddie did admire pretty women. But the moment he attached himself to one of them for more than a passing conversation, it was because something—some one thing—reminded him of Janey.

IT WASN'T Fanita's glowing amber hair that snared him. It was her trick of watching his lips when he talked to her and gently veiling her own eyes when she answered. It wasn't the exotic charm of the Italian princess, but her hands—her small, quiet, folded hands. Nor was it Madame Abrantes' deep understanding and stately beauty that brought about their friendship. She used a perfume that reminded him of lemon verbena, crushed between delicate fingers and giving out its fragrance.

He concentrated on these things.

Then suddenly he looked and realized they were not Janey. They would force themselves through that little delicate illusion, that sweet, suggested memory and he lost interest in them.

No man was ever a more true and constant lover than Freddie.

But he had allowed so much sand to run through the hourglass while he fitted himself to write to her that now when he contemplated it the painful shyness engendered by his childhood engulfed him in darkness. Perhaps she wouldn't even remember him!

Besides, he didn't know where she was or what had happened to her. He read the London weeklies, hoping to see some mention of the Avalon sisters. When his friends returned from Europe he asked many questions about the London stage, about the girls in the musical comedy hits. But no one ever spoke of the Avalon sisters. The welter of his thoughts confused his sensitive spirit until he did not know what method to pursue that he might find her.

And still Janey did not write.

Then he saw in a London paper that Gladys had indeed achieved success. She had married an American millionaire. Later there were pictures of the couple landing in New York and of the Fifth Avenue ancestral mansion where they would live. And one New York paper carried this brief paragraph: "The bride is accompanied by her sister, Miss Jane Avalon, who is to pay her an extended visit."

Freddie read it carefully. Then he said to his business manager, "I'm going to New York."

Just as though it were a new, bright idea of his own. His biggest picture was soon to open. There was every advantage to be gained from a trip to New York, where he had never been since he became famous. Yet with his peculiar stubbornness he had refused to go. New York held memories too terrible to be faced.

Now he was going. But he knew what they didn't—that he would attend no opening, that his shyness could never endure that exposure to crowds of people. But he was going to New York. If the gods willed, he would see Janey.

"Where the hell does that guy get to?" said Freddie's harassed and tortured press agent to the equally harassed and disturbed secretary.

"I don't know," said the secretary wearily. "The governor wants him to lunch with him, but I can't find him. I don't know where he goes."

This—while reporters and interviewers besieged his suite in the expensive Park Avenue hotel, while crowds waited outside the theater hoping for one glimpse of their beloved Freddie, while the great and the near-great kept his telephone hot with invitations—this was where he went.

There was a bench opposite a certain house on Fifth Avenue. Day after day, ignoring the snow that had begun to fall, Freddie sat upon that bench and watched the door of the big stone house.

Hundreds of people passed the bench and saw sitting upon it a small man in a plain, dark overcoat pulled well up about his nose and a soft gray hat pulled well down over his eyes. But none of them suspected that the small man was the great and only Freddie.

Just what he waited for he did not know. But there were queer streaks in him. He had a tremendous respect for destiny. Life had made him a fatalist. And he had a sensitive pride. Also, the dramatist in him had written the scene a certain way. That way and that way only it fitted into the picture.

Some day, she would come out that door. A little thing, with winged feet and the bottomless eyes of a faun. She would get into a car and drive down Fifth Avenue and he would follow her in the taxi he kept waiting for him by the day. When she got out, he would get out, too, and casually, in the crowd, they would come face to face.

He would say, "Janey, is it really you? Now this *is* nice."

Then they would drive about in the taxi, as they had driven that first day in London. And he would know whether he might offer her the gifts he had collected for her.

THE days went by and she did not come. As he was getting out of his taxi in front of the hotel late one afternoon, white with discouragement, a young man spoke to him.

"Freddie," the boy said.

The great man looked up.

"I guess you don't remember me," the boy said shyly. "I'm Percy Binder."

The pavement swayed beneath Freddie's feet, but he flicked the ash carelessly from his cigarette as he smiled.

"Percy," he said, "well, well, well, well, this *is* nice. It's been a long time."

"Yes," said Percy, moving closer to avoid the crowd, "it has. I never thought when you said you were coming to America—that—that you—"

"I've had a bit of luck," said Freddie airily. "You look well, Percy. How's—Gladys?"

The boy grinned. The grin tore away the intervening years.

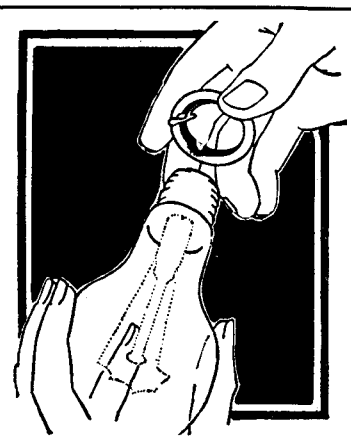
"She's all right," he said. "Bit above herself. Leads that poor chap a dance, but he seems to like it. Freddie, do you remember the monkey act you used to do for me when I was a kid?"

"Monkey act?" said Freddie. "Oh, yes—yes, yes, yes. And—your other sister—Janey?"

"Janey's fine. She's gone back to London. Sailed a couple of weeks ago. She didn't like New York."

"Well, well," said Freddie. "Gone to London, eh? Good old London."

(*Continued on page 54*)



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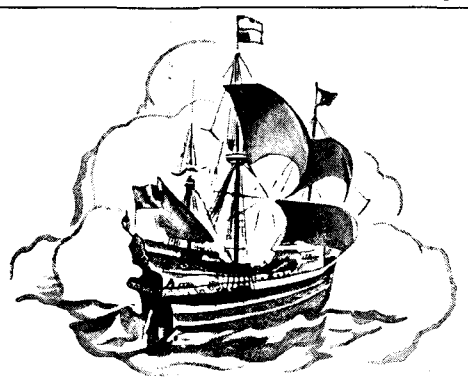

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Collier's Radio Hour
Every Sunday Evening

(*Continued from page 53*)

"Yeh," said Percy, "I'd like it better myself. How do you like pictures, Freddie? Good as the theater?"

"Oh—different," said Freddie, flipping his cigarette into the gutter. "Well—I've some people to see. Nice we met."

The next thing he remembered he was in his room.

"We're leaving for California on the Century tomorrow," he said.

"But, Freddie," in unison spoke the business manager and the press agent and the secretary, "you can't do that—"

"Can't I?" said Freddie and for the first time they noticed how white and sorrowful was his face.

"No, because you promised to wait and sign that contract."

It was a contract involving many millions, but that Freddie would have ignored. However, if he had promised—

"I'll stay one week, no longer," he said.

On the last day of the week the contract was duly signed and the exhausted secretary—Freddie had been no dove of peace during the intervening days—came in with the reservations for California.

"I brought you a letter, too," he said, rather apologetically. "You said you always wanted to see any letters from old friends in London."

Freddie took it with a steady hand. Those funny little d's, with their curly tails.

"Dear Freddie," the letter began, "I don't know whether or not you will remember me."

Freddie threw back his head and laughed to check his tears. The precious little thing.

"I don't know whether or not you will remember me. But I have thought of you often and followed your wonderful career with much interest. I am Janey Binder, whom you used to know years ago in London. When I have seen you on the screen, I have had much pleasure in remembering that we knew each other and when I saw that I had just missed being in New York during your visit I wanted to write and say that perhaps, if you ever come to London, you will come to see me. I suppose that sounds rather 'cheeky' when you must have so many interests, but I thought you might enjoy talking over old times. I wish you continued happiness and success, dear Freddie."

It was signed "Janey" and there was an address.

Janey!

Freddie shouted and people came running.

"Find out the first sailings for England," said Freddie. "I'm going to London."

THE boat sailed a rough and stormy ocean. On board were the usual crowd of people who sail on big and expensive liners. Freddie noticed neither the one nor the other.

"I've seen the old boy on his ear before," said his valet, to the still harassed secretary, "but never like this. You'd think, what with going back to his home town a great man when he left it a bum, he'd be like a lark. You'd think he'd pay a little attention to all the excitement they're planning. But he's got a pan on him that looks like it got froze in one of those New York snowstorms. And jumpy—my word."

The truth was that Freddie was paralyzed with suspense.

What would she be like?

Had she changed greatly?

How would he feel when he saw her?

Would he still love her, as he had loved her, or would he find that all these years he had been loving someone who no longer existed?

The renewing of his love would be a blessed and beautiful thing. He had had almost no happiness from life. Fame and fortune had not meant happiness. He had asked so little—had given so much.

Now for the first time he found himself pleading—pleading—for happiness.

But suppose she had changed, as women did change. Or suppose *he* had changed, so that he no longer saw in her the beauty that was to him all womanhood. It hardly seemed possible. He had loved her for and with the things of the spirit that do not change.

If that happened, it would be all right. He would always be grateful to her. So much had she molded and controlled his life that he must always think tenderly of her. Yet he knew now that he dreaded that. He wanted Janey. But above all he felt that he could not survive the destruction of the altar on which he had built his art and his fame.

THE boat docked. The place was black with people; the air mad with cheers.

"Freddie! Freddie! Freddie!"

Impressive men greeted him. He was gracious. He smiled his rather sad little smile. He was very shy and nervous and self-conscious.

Suddenly, in that mob, he saw a face. It was Percy. He broke through the crowd and seized the boy.

"Hello, Percy, my lad," he said. "Well, well, it's certainly good to see a familiar face. Kind of you to come down."

He beamed. Casually, it seemed, he held the boy beside him through the ceremonies and when they reached the London train he pulled him into the carriage, alone. He must have a bit of rest, he said, before London.

"You might as well ride with me, though," he said. "I'll see enough of those people later. We're old friends, eh, Percy? Remember the monkey act I used to do for you?"

The boy was terribly touched, excited, overwhelmed.

"It must be great to come back like this," he said. "We've all hoped you'd come some day. Janey used to hope so. She—Janey liked you, Freddie. When you went to America, she cried."

"Did she, really?" said Freddie, in an agony of embarrassment. He burst into a flood of nervous speech. He looked out of the window and spoke of the green fields of England. He spoke of America and of pictures. Talked and talked and talked. He *dared* not listen to the joy of his heart. Genius cannot quite believe in happiness.

At last, though, he could stand it no longer. The train was pulling into the outskirts of London.

"I must go and see Janey," he said. "Talk over old times. Do you think she'd really care about seeing me, Percy?"

He was flicking the ash from his cigarette and staring out the window, as though he were making mere, polite conversation.

A little silence.

"Janey died the day after I got back from New York," he said quietly.

Then he shrank back almost frightened by the horrible loneliness that stared out at him from Freddie's eyes.

Just ahead, the populace of London waited, crowd upon crowd, such as had seldom filled those ancient streets.

But to Freddie, London was as empty as his heart, where hope lay dead.

But Freddie had kept his love story perfect to the very end, and that is what made him a great man.

Only—it is too bad that Janey never knew.

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Uncle Sam

Continued from page 16

the institution. Looking at it in the large, he was a bit surprised that it all was so matter of fact, that he had had no deep emotion while talking with Mary, that he was so little excited now. If he were to review his whole life, could he say that at any time he had ever been profoundly stirred by anything? Perhaps he was endowed, or handicapped, with a peculiar mind, too practical, too unresponsive.

WHEN he came in for lunch, Ralph Stockton, the minister, was there, a tall young man with rugged hair and a bristling mustache. He was nearly of Sam's height and quite as thin. He had honest eyes and a sympathetic voice. In any profession calling for unselfish impulses and intellectual power he would have been at home.

Sam greeted him with a studied effort to avoid any tribute to the cloth as such. Ministers, he held, would be more comfortable if treated as men.

"How are you, Stockton? Glad you came in. Fine weather."

"Isn't it fine! I walked out here today, one of the smartest walks I've had in an age."

Priscilla and Irene came in.

"By the way," Mr. Stockton remarked, after he'd said grace, "I suppose you've heard the great news."

Sam and Priscilla glanced up at him.

"They think they've struck oil, just the other side of town."

Priscilla looked disappointed that the news wasn't more important.

"Whose land?" said Sam.

"James Whitcomb's."

"Good for Jim! He's fixed for life."

"That's the same Whitcomb that's in your church, isn't it?" Priscilla began to see ways to use the money.

"That's the one," said the minister. "One of my best friends here. I'm very glad for his sake."

"If he'd donate the new roof, now," Priscilla said, "it would take a lot of worry off the Ladies' Aid."

Apparently Mr. Stockton wasn't hopeful of generosity on Jim's part. He hardly noticed the suggestion.

"If there's oil around here, I'm wondering what it will do to the town. The wells spoil the landscape horribly. If the folks sell their land and move away, there'll be nothing here but a camp."

At this point Irene demanded attention, and Priscilla lost the drift of the talk. When she was free again, Sam was saying:

"That's the way the country will have to change—shifting around till we find the best spot to live in. I don't consider any of these towns permanent."

"It's a bit sad, isn't it," said the minister, "to keep tearing down what has cost so much trouble to build? We were just thinking of developing parks and good roads outside the town, and now we may raise a crop of oil pumps all over the landscape."

"You might as well object to clearing the land in the first place. Plenty of people grieve when you cut down a fine tree, but I don't know any other way to start a farm. Of course, if nobody wanted oil, we could keep the town as it is, but it's foolish not to develop our resources."

Mr. Stockton seemed to be talking to himself:

"The question is, what *are* our resources? Some things in ourselves count as heavily as oil, or iron, or gold. If we move around too much, some of those assets may be lost."

"Nothing of any consequence," said Sam. He was aware of a tone he didn't like—the preacher's note.

"The home is of some consequence," said Mr. Stockton, "and if we become a wandering people, there will be no home. If there are no permanent homes, there'll be no real church life."

PRISCILLA nodded approval, Sam looked bored.

"If I remember," he said, "we are told that the true church isn't made with hands, and I'd say the true home also is not confined to one spot. It's wherever we are, and the people we love."

"He makes me feel as though we were to be gypsies," said Priscilla. "You needn't take him seriously, Mr. Stockton—no one is fonder of his easy chair and everything in its usual place. He's more settled than he thinks."

"What I'm talking about," said Sam, "has nothing to do with my character—it's the sort of times we live in. Certainly we'll move around like gypsies, at least for a while—there'll be no help for it. I'm not ashamed of it, either."

"You wouldn't do it if you didn't like

(*Continued on page 56*)

"I think he'd better thrown th' body in th' cistern"

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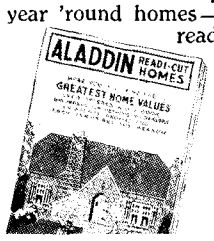

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(*Continued from page 55*)

it, I'm sure of that," said his wife.

"It isn't the moving around I dread so much," said the minister, "as the effects of this possible wealth. I don't know that the community can stand being so rich. Money suddenly made may do something to our character."

"It makes people selfish," Priscilla said. Sam didn't like the word.

"Look here, Priscilla, that sort of talk is nonsense! You can be selfish poor as well as rich. Without money you can't afford to be generous. That's as clear as A B C. If we hadn't done well, we couldn't be eating this good lunch, and—"

IRENE injected herself into their attention. She pushed back her chair suddenly.

"I'm through with my lunch. I'm going out."

Priscilla cleaned off the child's mouth and hands, and they waited in silence till she had left by the side door.

"She's always nervous when you raise your voice, Sam."

"I wasn't raising my voice. Just as well she's gone, for the moment. I wanted to say that if we hadn't had a few of the comforts of life, we couldn't have taken her in when you suggested it."

His wife shifted the debate.

"We're thinking of adopting Irene. Sam was at the asylum this morning to meet her mother. The woman doesn't like giving her up."

"Well, that's natural. Perhaps the child will do her good, some day. A rather unusual woman, I should think. She's an actress, or something of the sort."

"A pretty bad sort, I fancy," said Priscilla.

"You know, I doubt it," said the minister. "A girl can get into trouble without being bad. We forget that. I don't know her story, but my suspicion is that Irene's father is a rather solid sort of person, a man of position. They both may have lost their better judgment for one tragic moment."

Priscilla looked at Sam to see how he would take this unexpected lenience on the part of the church. She remembered afterward that he was sitting with bowed head, as though something in the situation crushed him.

"I don't mean to condemn anyone harshly," she said, "but the solid father, whoever he was, deserted the woman, and the woman deserted the child. That's enough for me. Sam was much impressed with her, too, I believe. Men aren't very wise when it comes to a pretty woman."

"She isn't pretty, not to speak of," said the minister. "When I saw her she was in great trouble, and perhaps not looking her best. But there seemed to be real quality in her character—I rather expect her to grow out of her difficulties, and be somebody."

"Well, the one member in that family I'll associate with is Irene. We can't adopt her, Sam says, but we can keep her for a while at least. I wanted to give her our name. It doesn't seem decent to let her be called Irene Gordon."

The minister looked up, surprised.

"The woman," said Priscilla, "calls herself Martha Gordon."

"But that's an assumed name, of course."

"I dare say, but it's all we know about her!"

"Oh, they know who she is at the asylum. It's no particular secret. The mother's name is really Mary Stewart."

Priscilla turned cold, a woman of stone. When she spoke, her voice was suddenly hard:

"There was a girl—of that name—in school with us."

Sam occupied himself with a pattern in the tablecloth. She noticed that he avoided her eye.

"If this was the same one, you must have recognized her this morning, Sam!"

"Yes. It's the same one."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"If she wants to hide her name, why should I give it away?"

"Sam, you didn't want me to see her!"

"That was before I knew who she was."

"Was it?"

Mr. Stockton was visibly embarrassed. "If I'd supposed you could possibly know the woman, I'd have kept the name a secret."

"It would have leaked out, sooner or later. . . . Sam, you said you didn't know where she came from!"

It was no use trying to reply. He pressed his lips together and gazed out of the window, toward the barn, where Irene was playing.

"What I really wanted to talk about today," said the minister desperately, "was the Ladies' Aid. The society needs an active chairman. I was wondering—"

Sam left them to select the chairman, and went about his afternoon's work. But he knew that Priscilla was deeply stirred, and the questions would be resumed when next he entered the house. He found it hard to grasp her point of view. She was angry because for once he hadn't been frank with her. Well, it was none of her business.

(*To be continued next week*)

We always call it Home

Continued from page 28

that does not mean to say that they did it without suffering.

Much time and thought had been given to the question of the date of the coronation of King George and it was fixed at last for June 22, 1911. On the day when the date was proclaimed the King and Queen went down to Portsmouth for a week's cruise on the royal yacht, inspecting Portsmouth and the Royal Naval College at Osborne. They were very much interested in the latter place, which was familiar to them as the former home of Queen Victoria, and they spent much time there talking to the cadets. The King noticed that some of his old toys had been preserved at Osborne. The Queen was presented with roses from a tree which she had planted twelve years before.

"It makes me feel very old," the Queen said as she accepted them. "But, of course, I keep forgetting that I have a grown-up son now."

Salmon Fishing at Balmoral

The King was asked if he, too, would plant a tree, and he said there was nothing he would like better to do. When he was offered the ceremonial trowel, he refused it with a laugh. "Give me a spade," he said. "Do you think I cannot use a spade?"

He dug the hole "double-spit," in the most workmanlike manner and called Prince George and Princess Mary to help fill in the earth.

The King and Queen were able to go to Balmoral in August. Balmoral, so

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much beloved by Queen Victoria, had been much altered in King Edward's reign, and was again modernized before King George took up his residence there. After Sandringham, it is King George's favorite residence.

When the Sovereign is at Balmoral, it is the rule that a Cabinet Minister should always be in attendance, and during this visit Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George successively attended the King. The long, quiet days were very refreshing to the King after his arduous year in London, and he and his suite enjoyed some excellent salmon-fishing, one of the King's many loved sports, although he is perhaps more famous as the best shot the royal family has had for a long time.

"A Grand Shot"

Once when I was at Balmoral I overheard a woman visitor to the Highlands in conversation with one of the King's ghillies. She was one of those women who gush, and she talked long and excitedly on the high rank of such a ruler of a mighty empire. I could see the ghillie was thoroughly bored and at last his native politeness was worn out and he interrupted. "But dae ye ken that he is a grand shot?" he asked. That was what mattered at Balmoral.

Horses he understands and appreciates although he has never won the Derby. On the eve of the Derby in 1924 his horse, Knight of Garter, was entered by the King but could not run, much to the disappointment of the King and his trainer, Mr. Marsh. The King's pleasure in racing consists chiefly of racing horses of his own breeding at Sandringham and Mr. Marsh considers him a better judge of them than King Edward VII.

As well as being a sportsman King George is a farmer, though his liking for farming is not very well known generally. At Sandringham he cultivates three farms totaling about 1,000 acres and he also owns outlying farms which are in the hands of tenant-farmers.

On June 22, 1911, the King was crowned with all the splendor of his forefathers' coronations. Following his father's affectionate action, he embraced the Prince of Wales tenderly after the act of homage.

The year 1911 also saw the greatest Durbar that had ever taken place in India, and the King-Emperor and the Queen-Empress went to India to be present at it. After a short stay at Bombay the royal visitors went to Delhi for the Durbar, returning home in a blinding snowstorm on February 5th. The crowds cheered to see their King again and I shall never forget the King turning to me and saying: "The English climate may be changeable, but her people certainly are not."

The Prince of Wales came down to meet his parents. It had been decided that he should matriculate at Magdalen College, Oxford, after spending six months in Paris to perfect his French. "I want the visit to be quite a private one," the King said. "I had a wonderful time in Heidelberg because my visit was private, and I want David to get away from the pomp and splendor of court life for as long as he can."

The year 1914, which was destined to be a landmark in history, dawned as any year might. Britain had settled down into what seemed certain to be a peaceful and prosperous reign. The King and Queen and their children were loved universally, and everything pointed to the year's being a happy and successful one except that the political situation was not so good, and the Home Rule Bill cast a shadow which was not easily dispersed.

The King, and in fact the whole of the nation, went calmly on with work during those July days. The Austrian menace to Serbia was quite obscured by the anxiety created by the Home Rule for Ireland Bill that was coming before Parliament. The mantle of the "Peacemaker" had descended from King Edward to his son. He was keenly desirous of bringing about a settlement by all parties meeting for friendly discussion. It was a most delicate business, for the King was, of course, entirely independent of all parties and occupied an impartial position. On July 21st when the Home Rule question was becoming acute the King delayed his visit to the fleet at Spithead to call a conference of the leaders of the four political groups at Buckingham Palace—the Government, the Unionists, the Nationalists, and the Ulstermen.

The King made an entirely new departure in modern history at this conference by acting directly and personally in a matter of controversy. In his speech he pleaded earnestly for peace through compromise.

But a greater terror than trouble in Ireland now became daily a more absorbing fear. The King, who had worked hard and anxiously over the Irish question, was plunged into a conflict which was to eclipse every controversy during the next four years. It was during these three years of horror that King George came into his own as a courageous leader of his people, though he hated the war with all the hatred of a peacemaker. No man ever worked harder for peace than King George during those last days of July, 1914. He was at his desk all day and took no rest except to walk round the grounds of the palace.

On August 1st King George sent his famous message to the Czar of Russia. No sincerer words than this plea to avert war have ever been uttered: "I cannot help thinking that some misunderstanding has produced this deadlock. I am most anxious not to miss any possibility of avoiding the terrible calamity which at present threatens the whole world. I therefore make a personal appeal to you to remove the misapprehension, which I feel must have occurred, and to leave still open grounds for negotiation and possible peace. If you think I can in any way contribute to that all-important purpose, I will do everything in my power to assist in reopening the interrupted conversations between the Powers concerned. I feel confident that you are as anxious as I am to secure the peace of the world."

The Four Horsemen Ride Forth

But the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse had already begun to gallop and on August 4th fighting began and Great Britain declared war on Germany. On August 9th the British Expeditionary Force landed at Boulogne. The King had gone to inspect the men before they left for France. The meeting between the King and Sir Douglas Haig was brief but cordial. His Majesty shook hands with him and his commanding officers, wished them luck, and started back for London and his almost overwhelming duties again. How his thoughts traveled with the expeditionary force crossing the Channel I can only guess, but I saw tears on his Majesty's cheeks when he bade these pioneers of his army farewell.

The last article of this series, King George, Gentleman, will appear in next week's Collier's

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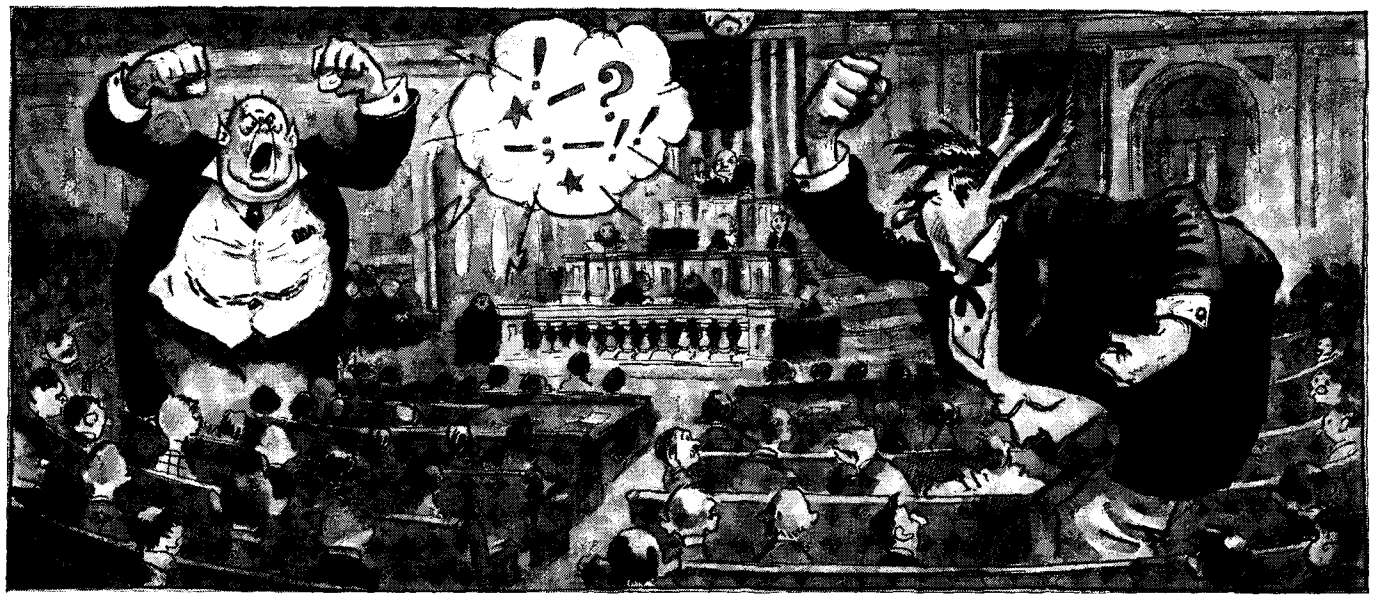

The Other Fellow is always Wrong

FOR its actual virtues Congress has been more than ordinarily despised this winter.

Criticism of our lawmakers is perennial. Congress is a large and unwieldy body and is always proper game. During the last few months, however, it has been peculiarly the target of contempt and ridicule. This is a safe sport. Congress does not bother to hit back.

What we forget is that the members of Congress do actually represent the ruling sentiments of their constituents. Congress as a body is representative of the diverse opinions of a large and various nation.

When we are particularly annoyed at some expression or action coming out of the Capitol, we are actually being irritated with those of our fellow citizens whose opinions we don't share.

Senator Grundy, the former Pennsylvania lobbyist, hit the nail on the head when he blurted out his feeling that senators representing what he called "backward states" ought to keep quiet while the tariff is being discussed.

Grundy was merely indiscreet enough to say what many people think regardless of where they live.

The Kansas or Georgia "dry" would muzzle the Maryland or Illinois "wet." The Nebraska farmer entertains a low opinion of Senator Grundy. The Connecticut manufacturer or the Chicago merchant believes that Senator Moses told the truth when he referred to the Progressive Republican senators as sons of wild jackasses.

The man who struggles for a living on the Western prairie cannot possibly have the same outlook on life as his brother who manages a factory in Pittsburgh or his friend in the shipping business at Baltimore. The very facts of life tend to breed conflicting opinions.

Quarreling and acrimony in Congress and over Congress, however, as we have seen this winter, get us precisely nowhere.

So long as the fundamental interests of the American people differ, and congressmen are honest, we are going to have these clashes in Washington.

The senator from Idaho who saw eye to eye with the man from Pennsylvania simply would not be representing the men and women who sent him to Washington. If Moses of New Hampshire and Norris of Nebraska thought and talked alike, at least one of them would be misrepresenting his state.

The interests of Massachusetts are bound to conflict at certain points with the desires of the people of Iowa. New York wants an all-American canal while Middle Western states prefer the St. Lawrence route between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic Ocean. A representative or a senator from New York will be as partisan in his talk about canals as the man from California is in his discussion of Boulder Dam.

Congress represents not the United States but the districts and the states into which our country is divided. So congressmen are essentially local in their opinions and provincial in their prejudices.

A few men have broad vision and try to think of the national welfare rather than of the particular interests of their constituents. Many others would like to put the country ahead of their districts. Voters, however, must be pleased or the member will be a lame duck looking for a job.

As a matter of history the members of Congress whose vision has risen above local issues have come from states with small populations quite as often as from the larger communities.

Smoot of Utah, Borah of Idaho, Robinson of Arkansas, speak for their own states and also are able to take the national view.

Representatives of "backward states" have upon the whole served the nation quite as well as any of their colleagues from richer regions.

We are as strong and as prosperous as we have become because as one nation we have been able to develop the heart of a continent. If the United States were actually divided, as Europe is, into independent nations, our progress would have been much slower.

The intelligent course is not to deride Congress when warring groups reach a stalemate, but to try to put emphasis upon those things which all Americans have in common.

At the present time this means, among other things, that the agricultural regions be given every practicable aid in reaching economic equality with their more prosperous fellow citizens of the industrial sections.

The manufacturer and the merchant will prosper as the farmer is able to satisfy his wants. The Westerner will thrive as the Easterner enjoys good times. Nobody can be benefited by misunderstanding and prejudice.

Congress represents more than a hundred million different people. The marvel is that we have so much in common. All things considered, Congress does well in reconciling our differences.

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Cadillac	8	...	...	...	...	x.
Chrysler	De Soto	x.	x.	x.	...	x.
	Plymouth	x.	x.	x.	...	x.
	70, 77	x.	x.	x.	...	x.
	Imperial	x.	...	...	...	x.
Cord	8	x.	x.	...	x.	x.
Cunningham	8	x.	x.	x.	...	x.
Dodge	6	x.	x.	...	...	x.
Durant	63, 66	x.	x.	x.	...	...
		x.	x.	x.	...	x.
Elcar		x.	x.	x.	...	x.
	96, 120	x.	x.	...	...	x.
Ford	V8	x.	...	x.	x.	x.
Franklin	8	x.	x.	x.	x.	x.
Gardner	8	x.	x.	x.	...	x.
Graham Paige		x.	x.	x.	x.	x.
	837	x.	x.	...	x.	x.
Hennes		x.	x.	x.	...	x.
Hudson		x.	x.	x.	...	x.
Hupmobile	8	x.	x.	x.	x.	x.
		x.	x.	x.	x.	x.
Jordan		x.	x.	x.	...	x.
Kissel	95	x.	x.	x.	...	x.
		x.	x.	x.	x.	x.
Kleiber		x.	x.	x.	...	x.
LaSalle		...	...	...	...	x.
Lincoln		x.	x.	x.	x.	x.
Locomobile	88	x.	x.	...	...	x.
Marmon		x.	...	...	...	x.
		...	x.	...	...	x.
	Roosevelt	x.	x.	x.	...	x.
McFarlan		x.	x.	x.	...	x.
Moon		x.	x.	x.	...	x.
Nash	6	x.	x.	x.	x.	x.
———		x.	x.	...	x.	x.
Peerless		x.	x.	...	...	x.
Pierce-Arrow		x.	x.	x.	x.	x.
Reo Flying	Master	x.	x.	...	x.	x.
	Royal	x.	x.	...	...	x.
Roamer		x.	x.	x.	...	x.
Stearns-Knight	90	x.	x.	x.	x.	x.
	60	x.	x.	x.	x.	x.
Studebaker and Erskine	V8	x.	x.	x.	x.	x.
Stutz	V8	x.	x.	x.	...	x.
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An interesting example

... of how "kitchen-tested" flour simplifies baking

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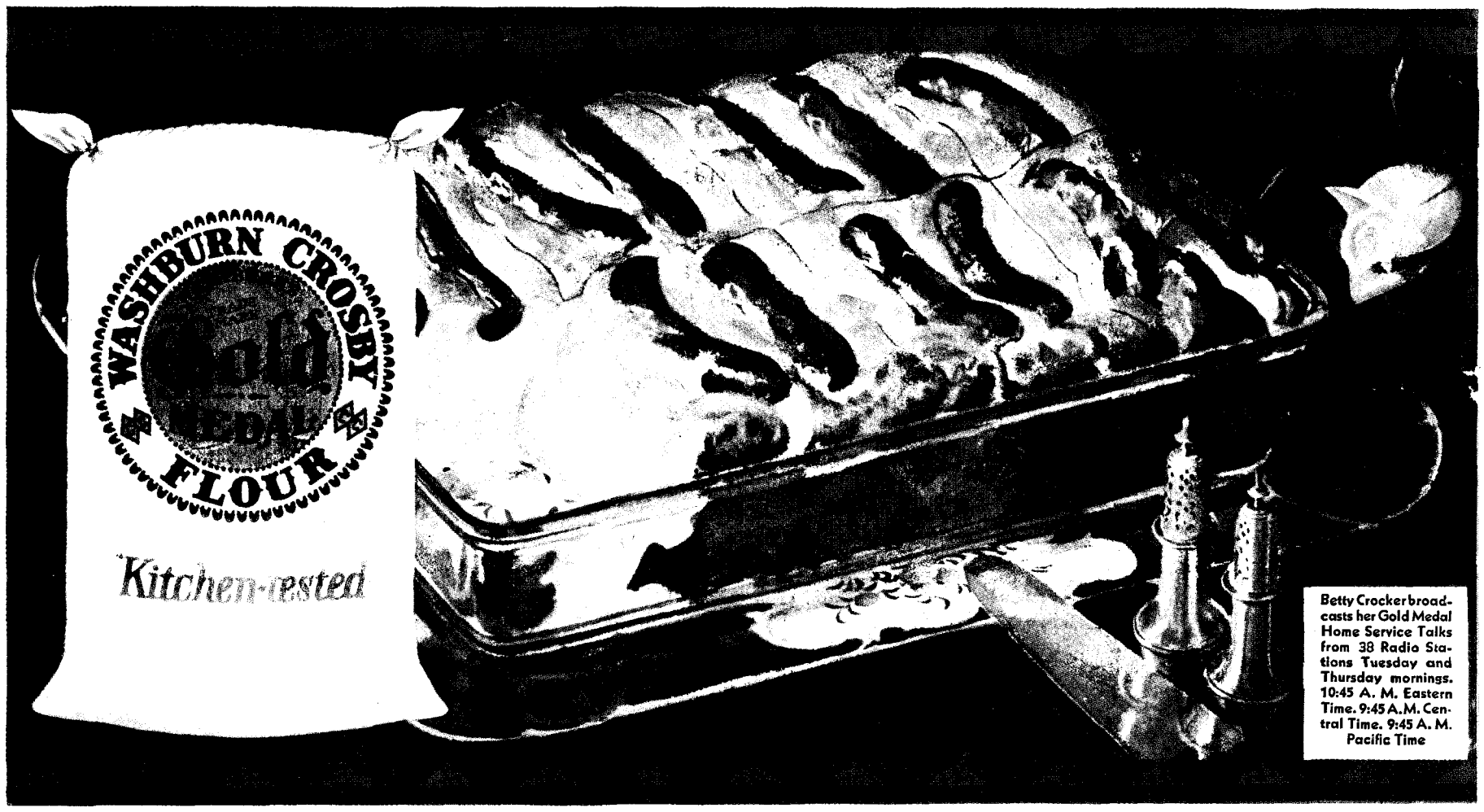
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